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Train about to Leave Station.

RAILROAD TRAVEL IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

By H. G. Prout

THE untravelled Yankee, and often the travelled one, is apt to have a notion that the whole arrangement and conduct of passenger business on English railroads is inferior to what it is in the United States, and the Briton disapproves at first of pretty nearly every effort that we make to serve his comfort or convenience as he journeys over our land. It is not my purpose to try to settle this old difference; I would not, if I could, for the English-speaking world would lose a precious subject of debate. But both systems are interesting to the casual traveller and to the student of the mechanics or the economics of carrying.

The English railroad is the most

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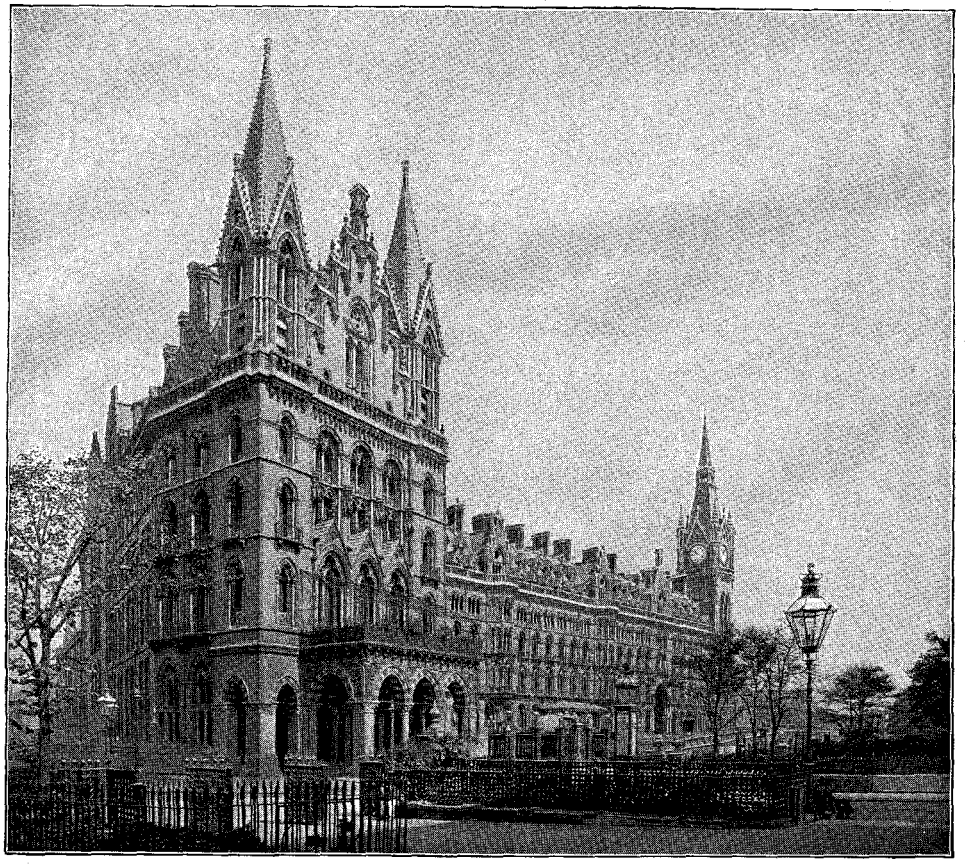

St. Pancras Station, London—Midland.

highly organized instrument of transportation in the world. I do not say the best, but as a machine it is the most complete in its many parts. But it is only as a machine for carrying passengers that we shall consider it now, and as such it does a wonderful amount of work, far more work than any other railroad in the world. In 1892 the English railroads carried 67,200 passengers per mile of railroad worked, and ours carried 4,900. This gives a faint notion of the density of their traffic compared with ours; fourteen times as much work was done in a given space.* Surely such a machine is worth looking at, and I shall try to describe some of its features, with now and then a comparative glance at the railroads of the United States.

*The demonstration of this will be given in a later article.

The chief elements of public service in a railroad system are safety, cost of service rendered, speed, frequency, comfort, and punctuality; and probably these elements stand in relative importance about in the order named; although even this varies. Perhaps safety is the most important element for any man or group of men; the order of the other elements might be fixed for some one man or small group of men, but not for a nation, certainly not for two nations. For an active man earning $25 a day, speed and frequency of trains are more important than cost of travel; while a man earning $1 a day can wait half a day to start and add half a day to the length of his journey to save $1.10 in fares and still make ten cents by the delay. Probably we shall not go far wrong if we consider the elements of service of English

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Passengers Entering a Train.

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and American railroads in the order named.

In safety, then, the English railroads are far beyond those of the United States. In six recent years the railroads of the United States killed sixteen times as many passengers as those of the United Kingdom, in proportion to the number carried. This is not a fair comparison, however, for the journey of each passenger was longer in the United States—how much longer we do not know, for the English statistics are incomplete in this particular. Relatively to the total train movement of all kinds, which is a rough basis of comparison, but fairly just, the United States railroads killed about four and a half times as many persons as the English, in six years.

This question of safety is mostly a question of cost, and it is possible to pay too much for safety; indeed, there are good observers and students who think that the English railroads have paid too much for this element; at any rate, they have cost something like five times as much a mile as ours. If our railroads had cost as much, or anything like as much, we should not have now nearly as many miles, or as low rates, or as much service. Had the restrictions of the British Board of Trade been laid upon the railroads of the United States for the last twenty-five years, the development of the country would have been retarded beyond calculation.

Corridor Train (first-class), Great Western Railway.

Granted that the Englishman travels safer, does he travel cheaper? Here we plunge into very deep water, indeed. Strange as it seems, there are no statistics of passenger-rates in the two countries that can be compared accurately, and all that any student has yet been able to do is to make more or less close guesses. We know that in 1892 the whole passenger traffic of the United States, leaving out the elevated railroads of New York and Brooklyn, paid an average rate of 2.14 cents a mile. But we do not know the rate per mile in England, for the length of journeys made is not published.

After all, averages from general statistics would, if we had them, give us only an abstract idea of the public service of the railroads; and we shall do better to make the comparison specific, examining actual fares for actual distances. From such an examination we find that in our Western States the local fares, say for 100 miles, more or less, are about 3 cents a mile, and in the Eastern States they are about $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents. For longer distances they are $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents in the West, and 2 cents in the East. This is without sleeping-car or drawing-room-car fares, and these are the rates at which the great mass of the people travel. For the present we will leave out of the analysis the suburban movement at "commutation" rates; and we may also neglect the extra fare movement, for the relative number of those travelling in sleeping- or drawing-room cars is very small.

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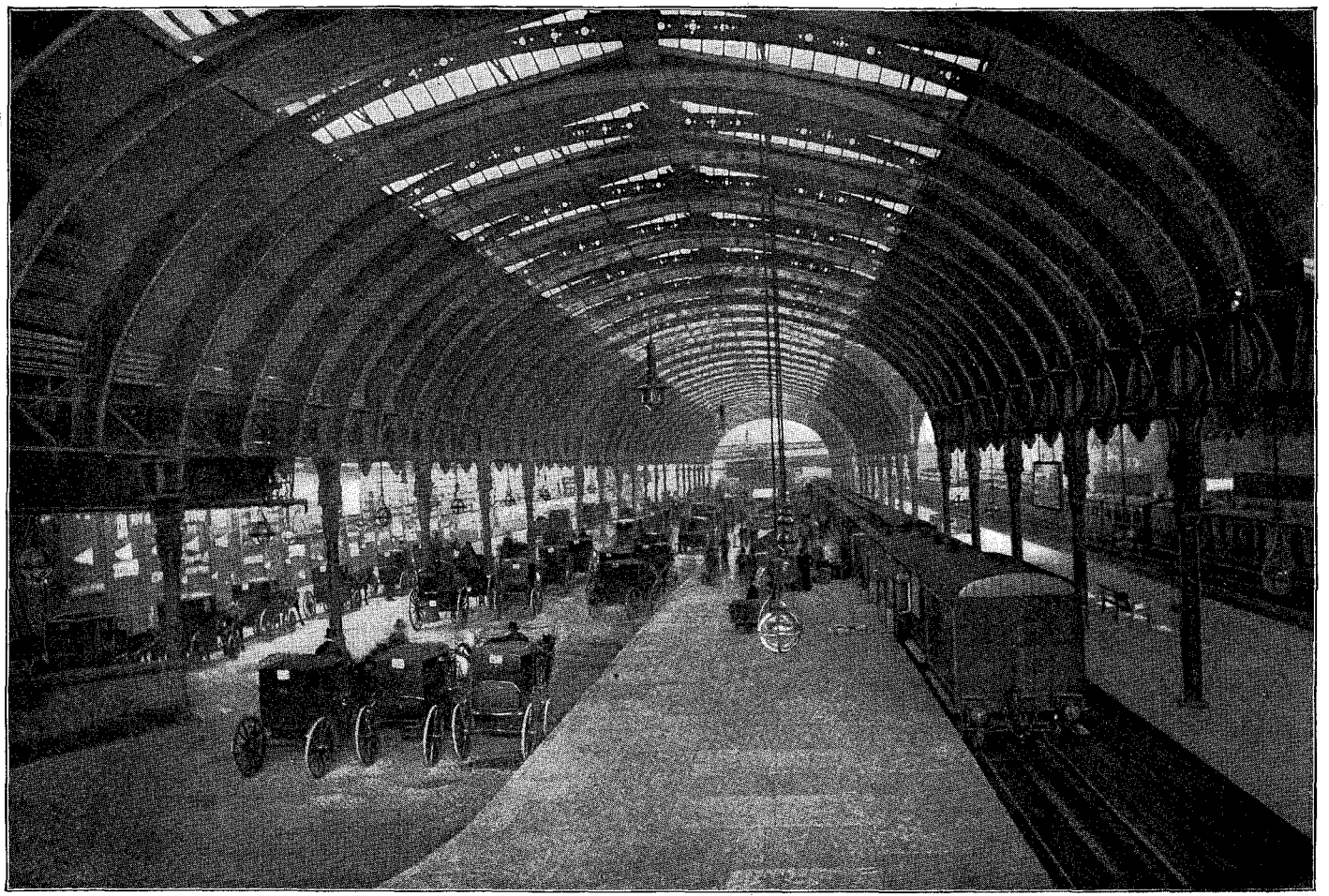

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Paddington Station, London—Great Western.

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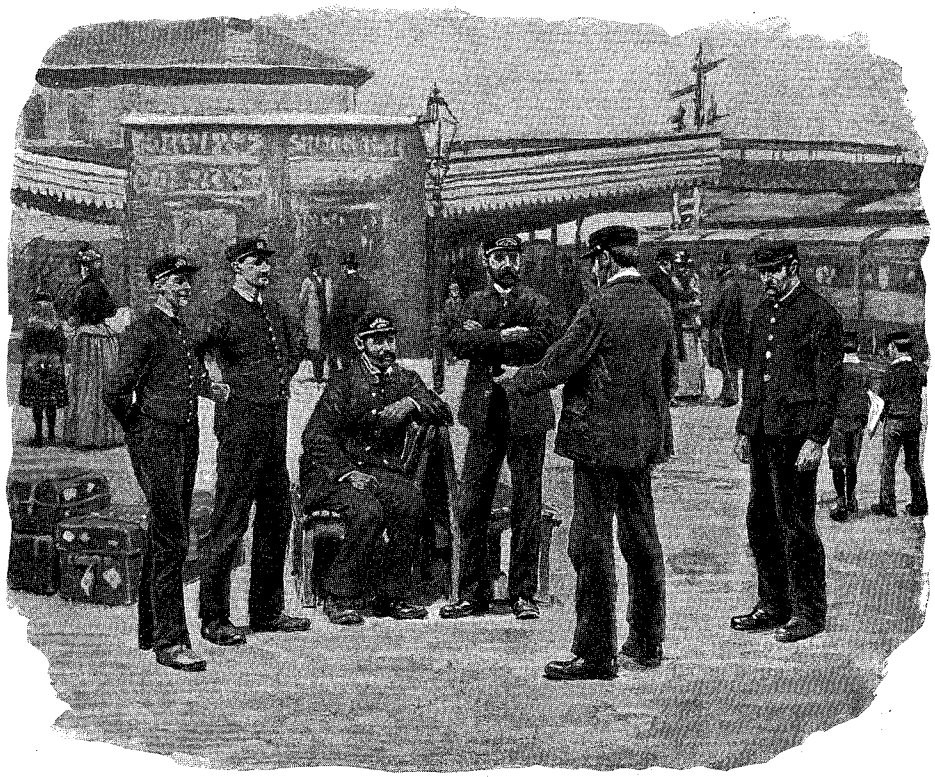
Here again statistics are lacking, but careful inquiry leads me to believe that, outside of the suburban zones, about ninety per cent. of all passengers are carried in "day coaches," paying no extra fare. The great, typical American passenger movement is, then, at fares of from 2 to 3 cents a mile, varying with region and distance. Similarly, the characteristic passenger movement in England is third-class. Leaving out the season ticket-holders, eighty-nine per cent. of all the passengers in the United Kingdom, in 1892, were third-class, and but three and one-half per cent. were first-class; the rest were second. The uniform third-class fare is 2 cents a mile, varying slightly above or below that, and all but three or four special trains carry third-class passengers.

The English first-class fare is entirely irregular: it varies neither with distance nor with competition, but it is highest south of the Thames. It runs from about $3\frac{1}{4}$ cents a mile up to 5. This must be compared with our ordinary fare plus sleeping-car or drawing-room fares, say $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 cents a mile, a little more for quite short distances.

But this is not all. In the United States the two-cent rate is the minimum of *regular* rates (ignoring for the time excursion rates, and the like, in both countries), and holds only for long distances. The short distance passengers who make up the great bulk of travel pay more, and a few examples of actual fares will show how much higher our local rates are than the English third-class rate. From New York to Boston the fare is $5. At the English rate per mile, reckoning by the shortest distance, it would be $4.26. From New York to Albany the fare is $3.10; at the English rate it would be $2.46. From New York to Philadelphia the fare is $2.50; by the English



A Group of English Porters.

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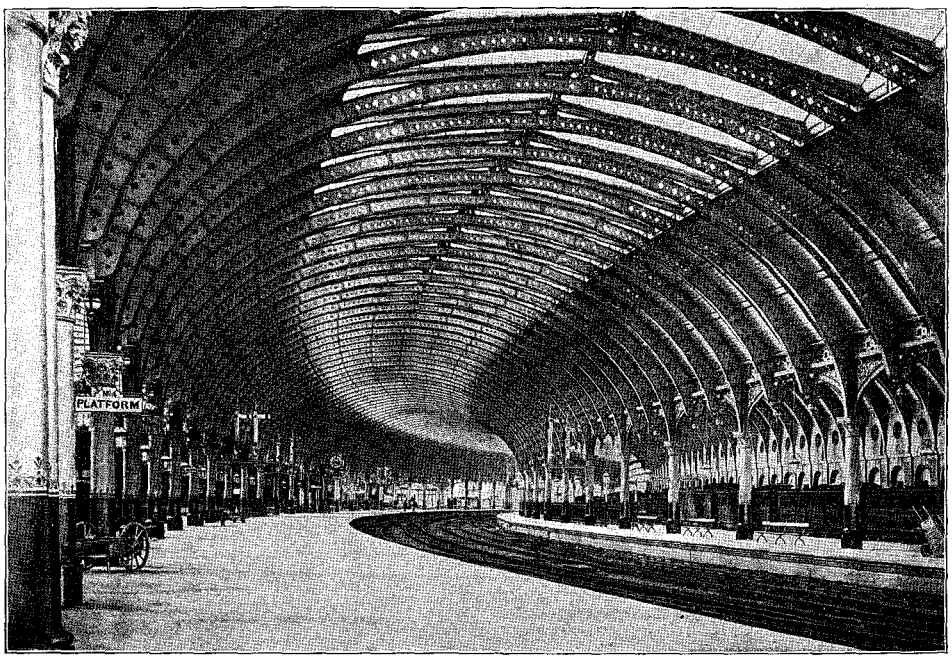

Station Built on a Curve at York, England—North Eastern Railway.

rate it would be $1.84. From New York to Baltimore the actual fare is $5.30; by the English rate it would be $3.63. From Chicago to Milwaukee the present fare is $2.55; by the English rate, $1.70. From Chicago to Rockford the actual fare is $2.50; by the English rate, $1.86. Chicago to St. Paul, present fare, $11.50; English rate, $8.18. Galesburg to Dubuque, $4.33; English rate, $2.80. Galesburg to Quincy, $3; English rate, $2.02. These examples serve to illustrate my point, which is that two cents a mile is the maximum English third-class rate, and is the minimum for the American day-coach travel (excepting excursions and the like); and that the mass of the people moving here pay a higher fare than the English.

But we have not yet come to the bottom of this analysis. In our own country there is a considerable travel at specially reduced rates; for instance, round-trip tickets and special excursion and mileage rates; but in England the making of special low rates is carried far beyond anything that we have in this country. One finds there a great variety of excursions, not for special seasons or occasions, but extending over the whole year, and at remarkably low rates. The denser population, the shorter distances to places of interest, and perhaps a habit of getting more amusement out of life, have conspired to make the excursion and tourist traffic far more important in England than with us. In Mr. Carroll D. Wright's recent statistics of wages and cost of living in certain great industries, he finds that in a year, the English family engaged in those industries spends $23.55 on "amusements and vacations," when the American family spends but $14.48. That may be one cause or one result of the greater development of excursions there.

Tourist tickets, first, second, and third class, good for long times and long distances, all over the kingdom, are issued in great variety and at important reductions.

"Week end" tickets to sea-side resorts are issued the year round, up to distances of 150 miles or more. These are good "from Friday or Saturday to Monday or Tuesday," and in some cases, for the longer distances, from Friday to

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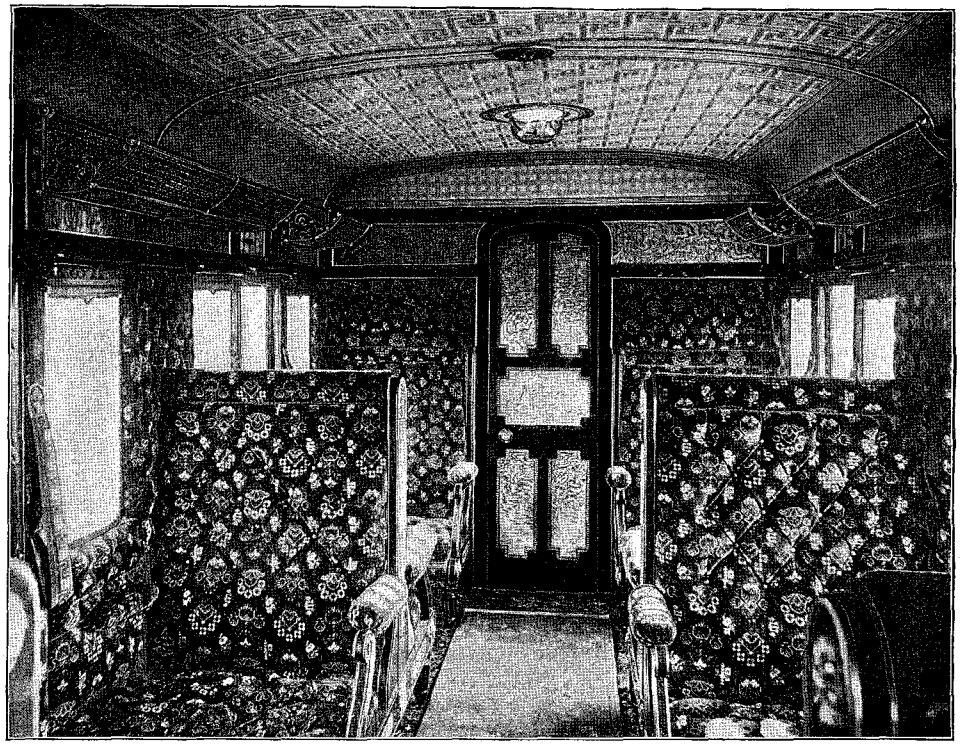

American Eagle Express—London and South Western Railway.

Tuesday. These are generally good on any ordinary train. These tickets seldom cost as much as $1\frac{1}{2}$ cent a mile for the third-class, oftener $1\frac{3}{10}$ cent, and in one case at least are as low as 0.67 cent a mile. That is to Mablethorpe, 152 miles from London. That is equivalent to $2 for an excursion ticket to and from a sea-side place 150 miles away. One can go to places all around the British coast for $1\frac{1}{4}$ cent a mile.

Tickets are often sold for any day and any train, good for fifteen days, for $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ cent a mile, and for short or long distances. Others are sold good for any two week days, but restricted to use on a few trains, for $1\frac{1}{4}$ cent.

Another class of excursions is by special trains on special days; say Sundays only, one train carrying all classes; or Mondays only, carrying only third-class; or bank holidays, one train, third-class only. These trains serve long distances and take passengers at 0.6 cent a mile. That is, they will carry you to a sea-side place seventy-five miles away, and back, for ninety cents.

Still another class of excursion tickets is, into London from country stations, for about 0.7 cent a mile. These are often arranged in connection with some special amusement, but not necessarily so, and the cheapest rates are restricted to certain trains. The rate of 0.7 cent a mile would allow one to go to New York and back, for the theatre or circus, say, for seventy cents railroad fare, from a station fifty miles out. Such are in force almost every day in the year to and from many English stations. Other very cheap fares are made to and from small market towns in the country districts, for certain trains on market days.

The great volume of third-class travel by these special rates brings the average considerably below the nominal parliamentary fare of a penny a mile; but even these do not include all the special rates. In 1889 the fourteen companies serving the district around London, sold nearly nineteen million workman's tickets at an average rate of 0.64 cent a mile, and a committee of

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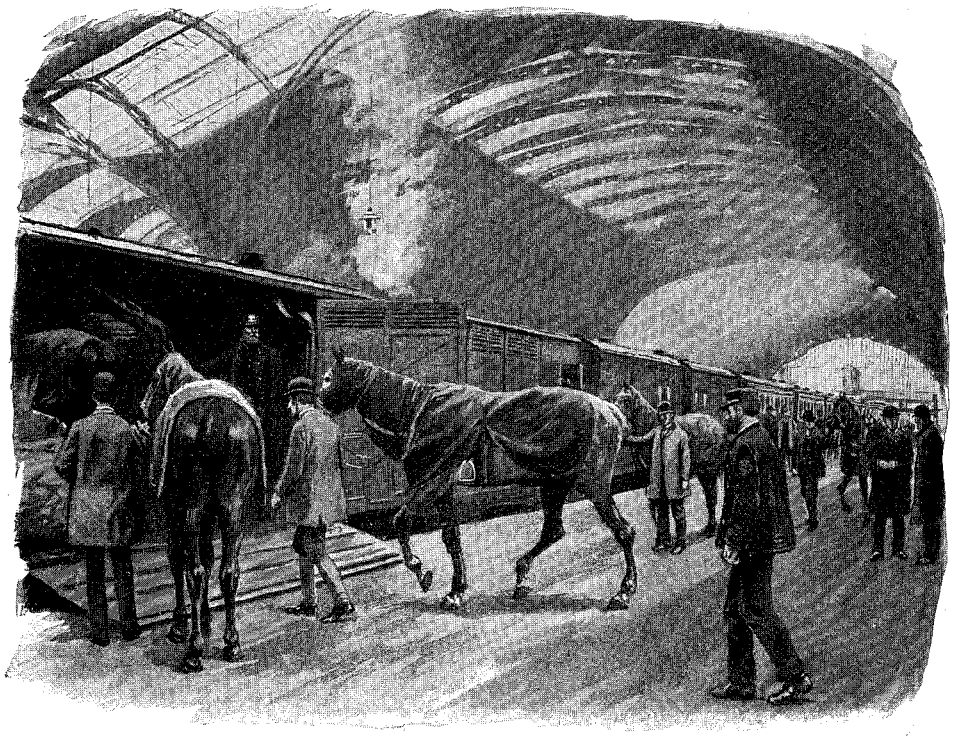
the County Council reported that this traffic has largely increased since that year.

Season tickets, corresponding to our commutation tickets, are generally issued for first and second class only, and the rates are considerably higher than ours. And here comes in a peculiar condition. On those roads where season tickets are sold only for first and second class, which are the larger part of the railroads, many men take first-class tickets, but their wives going back and forth from and to suburban stations, will oftener travel third-class. Hence it happens that you will frequently see what you never see in America: a man going up to town of a morning in a first-class compartment, and his wife going by the same train third-class; and an American living in one of the suburbs told me how often English women had spoken of the courtesy of her husband in leaving his first-class compartment and coming to sit with them in the third-class. An American would, I fancy, have taken this as a matter of course.

Setting aside the suburban business (season ticket) as a special class, the outcome of the analysis is that the English fares for those who are willing to pay for special comfort are a good deal higher than ours; but for the ninety per cent. who go in day coaches here and third-class there, the English fares are actually lower.

Speed may be considered as a matter of glory or of public accommodation. Glory may be won by one or two trains running long or short distances, or by special runs. The public service depends on the miles run regularly by trains at sustained high speeds. In high speeds of the first sort, the United States seems just now to hold the world's record. Neither England nor any other country in the world has any trains as fast *for the distance* as the Empire State Express, which runs 440 miles at 50.7 miles an hour, including four stops; or as fast *for the distance*



Horses Loading on a Special Horse-box.

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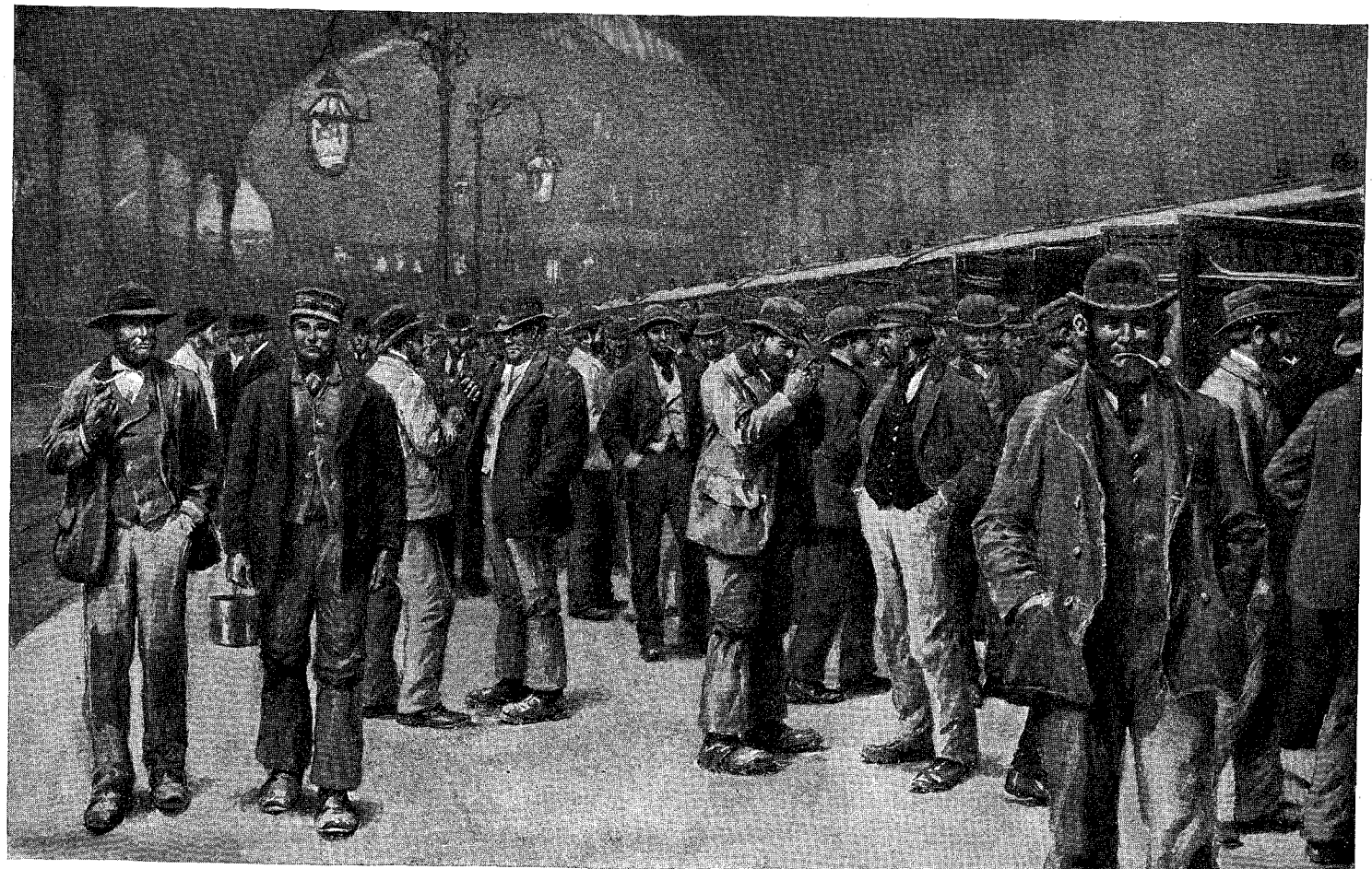

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

Workmen Waiting for a Train—Great Eastern.

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as the defunct Exposition Flyer of last summer, which ran 964 miles at 48.2 miles an hour, including nine stops.

Among the very fast special runs we find the following pretty authentic records of performances in the United States, which, so far as I know, have not been equalled in England since a run made on the Great Western, in 1848, of 53 miles at 68 miles an hour; and that was not up to the best of those given here. September, 1891, on the New York Central, New York to East Buffalo, 436 miles, at 59.6 miles an hour, including three stops; 1892, same railroad, 21⅓ miles at the rate of 72.7 miles an hour, no stops; Pennsylvania Railroad, 1891, Jersey City to Washington, 227 miles, 54.3 miles an hour, two stops; New York Central, 1893, 80.4 miles at 68.5 miles an hour, no stops.

For very short distances we find no record in England at above 86 miles an hour, which speed was probably touched on the North Eastern, in 1890. We find, however, in the United States reasonably well-attested records, on two different railroads, of runs of from one to four miles, at speeds of from 90 to 103 miles an hour. There is an apocryphal record of 112 miles an hour, but this I should not dare to quote. My point is that, for high speeds sustained for very long distances, and for extremely high speeds for short special runs, the United States now has the record.

When we come to consider regular trains running, say for half an hour or more, at over 50 miles an hour, we find few such here or in England, and probably none in any other country, and England probably has more than the United States. In England there are eleven trains running from 33 to 100 miles at speeds of from 50 to 55½ miles an hour. In the United States I find ten trains running from 40 to 95 miles at from 50 to 56 miles an hour.

But the public is served by the amount of high speed that can be had every day under normal conditions, and here England leads the world, with the United States second, but far in the rear, and all other countries out of the race entirely. Exact figures to show the present condition can only be got by an immense amount of very careful work, but fortunately we may take second-hand figures that are recent enough, exact enough, and authentic enough for comparison. In 1889 Messrs. Foxwell & Farrer produced a little book called "Express Trains, English and Foreign," which was then, and still remains, unique. The authors define an express train as one running 40 miles an hour or more, including stops, and they found that Great Britain and the United States were the only countries where *any* such trains were run. Since that time a few changes have taken place, doubtless, but the figures of 1889 remain good enough for our purposes. It was found then, that in England there were 63,000 miles run every day at 40 miles an hour or more, and in the United States there were 14,000.

Frequency of trains is possibly an even more important element of public accommodation than speed. At any rate it is important, and in this respect the British public is wonderfully well served. Here again accurate comparisons involve great labor; it is not easy to dig out from the time-tables the number of trains running between two cities, unless one is familiar with the railroad geography. An acute and well-informed Englishman writing about American railroads, complained of "the confused and ill-arranged mass of time-tables" from which he had to get his information. Now is my chance to retaliate. I find the American time-tables simple and well arranged, while Bradshaw's "Guide" is ably contrived to distract one's mind and ruin his eyes. It is quite probable that in the figures which follow, giving examples of frequency of train service, there are a number of mistakes, and probably some of the Englishmen who do me the honor to read this will expose my ignorance.

I find in England that from London to Manchester, 183 miles, there are 35 trains a day one way; to Birmingham, 113 miles, 20 trains; to Brighton, 51 miles, 29 trains; to Liverpool, 201 miles, 30 trains; to Sheffield, 158 miles, 18 trains; to Hull, 151 miles, 19 trains; to Edinburgh, 400 miles, 18 trains; to

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Glasgow, 401 miles, 18 trains. From Edinburgh to Glasgow, 45 miles, there are 30 trains; from Liverpool to Manchester, 34 miles, there are 62 trains. In the United States it would be impossible to select so great a number of cities nearly so well served. From New York to Philadelphia, 90 miles, there are 44 trains each way every day, but this is by far the greatest service. From New York to Albany, 143 miles, there are 22 trains; New York to Buffalo, 440 miles, there are also 22 trains, which is a very frequent service *considering the distance*—more so than anything found in England. From New York to Boston, 234 miles, there are 15 trains (including three combined rail and boat services); from Chicago to Milwaukee, 85 miles, 16 trains.

In punctuality I can make no comparisons; critical writers on the English railroads, as well as railroad officers themselves, and those who use railroads, agree in the main that the English roads are rather more punctual than those of the Continent; they may be more or less so than those of the United States.

The comfort element includes cars, stations, and all arrangements for taking care of passengers and their baggage, and is naturally the largest division of our subject. The standard English passenger carriage is considerably shorter than our car, has three axles, no end platforms, and is entered by side doors. The first-class car contains four compartments, each with six places, three with backs to the engine, and three facing. The seats are separated by broad and comfortable arm-rests, and there are arm-rests on the sides of the carriage also. These rests are low enough, broad enough, and soft enough to be comfortable. The compartment is about seven feet square inside, giving ample room for the six seats, which are deep, wide, padded to the height of the head, and upholstered better than anything that I know of in America. There are ample racks for hand luggage, a rug on the floor, and one lamp in the roof. The second and third class carriages have five compartments, making the seats less deep, fore and aft, and giving less room for the knees than in the first-class. The second-class compartments seat eight persons, and the bench across the car is divided by but one arm-rest, so that if the places are all full you and one neighbor are separated by only an imaginary line. The third-class compartments seat ten persons, and the benches are not divided at all, the five persons on a side being in pretty close contact. These are not nearly as well upholstered as the first-class, but are good enough in that respect. These are the standards, but there are many exceptions. For short distance traffic, for example, it is quite common to seat eight in a first-class compartment, and to seat ten in a second-class compartment.

Another very common variation from the type is the division of one carriage into compartments of two or three classes, or the introduction of a luggage compartment.

A variation from the standard type of considerable antiquity, is the use of Pullman cars. As much as twenty years ago the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway introduced Pullman drawing-room cars, and the Midland introduced Pullman sleepers. Pullman drawing-room cars are now used on the South Western, on the Great Eastern, particularly in its through trains from York to Harwich, and on some other lines, but the Pullman car is not of great importance on the English railways. The runs are too short to call for much use of sleeping-cars, and the Englishman as a rule prefers for his journeys by day the standard first-class English carriage.

A variation of great importance, which has been introduced on several roads, is the corridor trains with first and third class dining-cars. In this the Midland was, I believe, the pioneer, but last summer this example was followed by the "East Coast" line to Scotland, composed of the Great Eastern, North Eastern and North British, and by the "West Coast" line, being the London and North Western, and the Caledonian. By each route there is one of these trains up and one down every day, leaving London at one end, and Glasgow and Edinburgh at the other, at 2 and 2.30 P.M., and running

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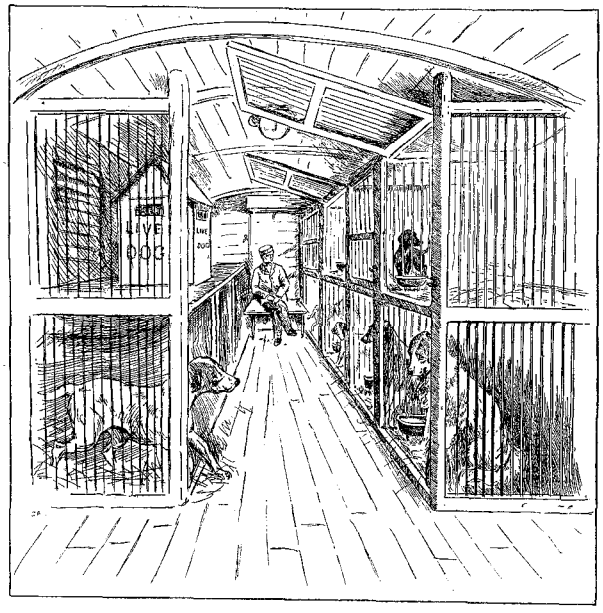
through in eight and one-half and eight and three-quarter hours. The service is fast and fine, and the trains are popular.

These corridor dining-car trains are now the most celebrated in England, for they not only have communication through from end to end, and cook and serve meals on board, but they have third-class dining-cars, and give third-class passengers first-class service. A description of the compartment-cars (not the dining-cars) will serve for the corridor-cars run on the Great Western, the Midland, and on the Great Eastern from the north to Harwich.



A Dog Box.

The compartments are entered by side doors, like the ordinary compartments, but they are only two seats wide, seating four persons in each, although the third-class are supposed to seat six. Along one side of the car runs the narrow aisle from end to end, and the compartments open into this by glazed doors and have windows also looking on to the aisle, so that the occupants of the seats can see out both sides and get about as much light as in an ordinary compartment.

The dining-cars of the first-class have centre aisles, with one seat on each side, two seats facing with a small table between. In the third-class there are two seats on one side of the aisle and one on the other. The cars have end lavatories and are connected by vestibules. They are lighted by compressed gas, and pretty well lighted. They are supposed to be heated by hot water circulation, the water heated (on the North Western) by a gas arrangement. The guards are instructed to keep the temperature at 60° F., but on a February day it was as low as 48° F. in Scotland, and rose to 55° F. as we went south, and was probably not more than 5° F. above the outside temperature. But at 55° F. I took off my overcoat, like an Englishman, and was, without affectation, comfortable.

The upholstering is, as is usual with English cars, excellent; the backs of the seats rise a little higher than one's head and the cars are altogether most comfortable. To one used to the splendor of the Pullman cars they seem severely plain, but they are all the better for that; they are in better taste, and the tax on the railroad companies and on the community is less, for the splendors have to be paid for.

The operation of the dining-cars is peculiar in that one may take his seat for the whole journey. The advantage to him is that he is sure of a roomy seat to himself all the journey, if he goes first-class, and he is in an open car. The disadvantages are that he is liable to be asked to give up his seat while some passenger from one of the compartment-cars dines, and that he sees the process of setting and clearing the tables. The first disadvantage might be serious in the busy season; the second is really trifling with tidy, civil, and quiet English boys doing the work. It would be more serious were the cars served as ours are. But wherever one sits in these corridor trains, he has the immense advantage of possible

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communication with others at any instant, and my friend, an old Scotch station-master, assured me that for this they are much liked by timorous ladies.

Another important variation from the standard type is found in the special saloon trains, built by the South Western for the service between London and Southampton, in connection with the American Line steamers. These differ from the compartment-cars in that the main saloon is open, with a longitudinal aisle. It seats about eighteen persons, the seats on one side being two places wide and on the other side one place. These carriages have smoking-compartments and lavatories, and like all of the good English carriages, are admirably upholstered and as comfortable as anyone need ask for; but they are not heated.

It would be too long a story to tell accurately of all the variations from the standard type; it is perhaps enough to mention a few more. Sleeping-saloons are common on the roads which have long runs. These are not nearly as large or commodious or well provided as the Pullman sleeping-car, but nevertheless answer very well for rides of but part of one night, and are cheap, the excess fare being but five shillings. They are divided into compartments with a corridor along one side, each compartment containing upper and lower berths and lavatory, and they are sometimes heated by hot water circulation.

Dining-cars other than those attached to the corridor trains already described, are somewhat used, but for two reasons they are of far less importance in England than in the United States. First, the runs are so short that one seldom needs to take more than one meal on a journey; and second, the lunch-basket system is so complete that one can be very comfortable without a dining-car. Probably the lunch-basket is well known, by reputation at least, to most Americans. You tell a guard or porter at your departing station that you will want lunch, and make your choice of the limited variety offered, and at a lunch-basket station a neat basket will be put into your compartment containing cold fowl, or ham, or other cold meat, bread, butter, celery, cheese, beer or claret or sherry, as you choose, and you can lunch comfortably and put the basket out at some later station, all for three shillings, or two and six if you do not take beer or wine.

A still further variation in the passenger coach is the family saloon, which can always be had by ordering a little in advance. This is a large, open compartment with sofas on the sides and ends, a few chairs, a card-table in the middle, and a lavatory at one end. The use of this can be had without extra charge by paying a minimum number of fares.

One of the most important of all the more recent modifications of the English passenger carriage, is the introduction of the lavatories, which are now very common on fast long-distance trains. They are found not only in carriages of the first class, but of second and third. In the standard compartment-carriages two lavatories are introduced, between two consecutive compartments; that is, a transverse slice of the carriage is divided into two lavatories, one of which is entered from the forward compartment and one from the rear, in each of these compartments one seat being left out to give space for the door into the lavatory. As in all such arrangements in England, these are simple but very neat and well provided.

The horse-box and dog-box must not be forgotten, for they are an essential part of the passenger equipment, and are run on a great many passenger trains, always probably where there is a call for them. The horse-box is a short four-wheel car with three stalls lengthwise, a small compartment in one end for the groom, with a window through which he can look at his horses, and another compartment at the other end for the horses' luggage. The stalls are padded and the side of the box opens in two folds, the upper one being raised and the lower one falling on the platform, making a ramp or gang-plank for the horses. The English horse is so much accustomed to travelling that he enters and leaves his box with perfect gravity, quite as a matter of course. The dog-box is a hole built into the luggage van with a small side-door, and

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will carry several dogs. It is quite common, however, to put the dogs in an open crate in the guard's van, which arrangement the dogs prefer as being more sociable. This arrangement may be called the dog-saloon, and is a step above the standard box, which may be considered the dogs' third-class. The rates from station to station for carrying dogs and horses, as well as carriages, by passenger trains, are published in the time-tables, the horse-rate being about fifty per cent. more than the first-class fare. You can send your dog up to London by the regular rate, to be delivered at your house by the parcels delivery, or if you wish him to be served more quickly and comfortably, you can have him delivered by cab, simply paying the cab fare. These arrangements are a capital illustration of the thorough organization of English life in matters of comfort and convenience, but probably they could be profitable to the companies, and would be largely used by the public, only in a country where one may see this sign on a real estate agent's office: "Salmon fisheries, grouse moors, and deer forests to let."

Finally, it must be remembered that the passenger rolling stock is by no means the same on all the railroads of England. What have been described are the standards and the principal variations, but in spaciousness and finish there is as great variety as there is in the United States.

When the American first finds himself shut in a tight little compartment on a train scheduled to run two hours without stopping, at a speed of fifty miles an hour, he will probably wonder what under the sun he is going to do in case of an emergency. Much more will the shy and respectable American female wonder, because for two hours one gives himself up irrevocably to fate, so far as fate is held in that compartment. The surrender is complete and humiliating.

Dantès, in the dungeon of the Château d'If, was not more helpless. Suppose you should have a fit; suppose your companion in the compartment should be a homicidal maniac; suppose he be a drunken blackguard, and you the shy female; or suppose she be a blackmailing adventuress, and you a timid and inexperienced young clergyman; suppose, in fact, a hundred things, anyone of which has happened, what are you going to do about it? Fortunately the immense majority of those who travel by rail in England are sane and sober, and in fairly good health, and know that British justice is very reliable if a little costly; fortunately so, for you have just about as much chance of getting into communication with anyone outside of your dungeon as Dantès had. He waited fourteen years to get thrown into the sea by mistake; you will wait a hundred for your train to stop between stations by mistake. You must serve out your time.

"But there is the cord communication, you know." True, so there is, and I will copy the instructions for its use as I read them in a first-class compartment, on an admirable express train, on one of the best lines in the world: "To call the attention of the guard and driver, passengers must pull down the cord which will be found outside the carriages, close to the cornice, over the window of the carriage door. There are cords on both sides of the train, but that on the right-hand side, in the direction in which the train is travelling, is the one by which alone the communication can be made. Passengers are earnestly requested themselves to protect the communication from improper and mischievous use, as it is very important that it should not be used without real and urgent necessity." Then follows a citation from the Regulation of Railways Act, 31 and 32 Victoria, cap. 119, under which any passenger who makes use of the means of communication without reasonable and sufficient cause will be liable for each offence to a fine not exceeding £5.

I do not quarrel with the language of this document—it is sonorous and definite; the fine of £5 for each time one uses the cord injudiciously I do not object to, but fancy having to read this, then lowering the sash and putting your head and shoulders out of the window on the right and finding the cord under the cornice, and pulling in two or three yards of slack to call the

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attention of the guard and driver, ten coaches away, while the homicidal maniac is sticking his knife in your back. As I suggested, these emergencies do not happen often, but one could not afford to have them come more than once in a lifetime.

Even the untravelled Yankee knows that the standard method of heating the English car is by the historical hot-water can, on which you put your feet if you want to. There is no harm in it; it will not burn your boots, and generally it will keep you from actual suffering; further it is not worth talking about. On a few trains of a few lines steam-heating from the engine is being used rather tentatively, but these are very exceptional cases—in general, there is no heating at all other than the hot-water can.

It must not be supposed that the Englishman sits and suffers in unconscious ignorance. On the contrary, he knows that our cars are hot and his are cold, and he likes his way best. He says that our hot cars and houses are unwholesome, and conduce to colds and pneumonia and general deterioration of the race. The American says that he does not want to sit two hours or eight hours in his overcoat, with a rug over his knees and thick gloves on his hands. He wants to expand himself, to read and write, and smoke and chat in comfort. An old Mahratta chief who had considerable experience in trying to keep the Englishmen out of his pastures, once wrote: "These English are a strange people. They came in here this morning, looked at the Pettah wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast. Who can withstand them?" It is not necessary to inquire here how far living in cold houses has gone toward producing the hardihood of body and spirit which conquered and held India, or whether warm cars and warm houses would endanger the British Empire. This interesting speculation we will leave to the social philosopher. Our present business is simply to record the facts, which are, that American cars are often too hot, but the passenger can get some relief; the English carriages are sometimes too cold, and the passengers can get no relief; and while railroad travel is always possible and generally comfortable in England, without heat, it would be not only uncomfortable, but impossible in the ordinary American winter. And right here we may add that the low-roofed English carriage would be intolerable in the fierce heat of many of our summer days.

The English car is generally lighted by oil-lamps set into the roof from above, and inaccessible from within the compartment. The use of compressed gas is, however, now quite common, and a few trains are lighted by electricity, the power being taken from an axle. In all the cars that I saw the lighting was dim as compared with the average here; but perhaps it satisfies an Englishman, for I have a notion that the Englishman has developed an eye which requires less light than the American eye. At any rate, he reads and writes and appears to be contented in rooms that seem to us dim. If Taine had thought of this, he would probably have mentioned it as one of the consequences of dwelling in a land of perpetual clouds and rain and fog.

While still considering the comfort element, we may take up the order and arrangement of stations, and on these it is hard to generalize, they vary so much. In England, as elsewhere, there are big stations and little ones, good stations and bad ones; but the country abounds in comfortable and interesting ones. To begin with, one must free his mind from the bad impression due to the climate. There is a certain sombre aspect about the English stations, especially in London and the great manufacturing towns, that is no part of their architecture; they are gloomy because the sky above and the air around are dark with smoke and fog; not because they are badly designed in general, or mean in detail. There are among them many good buildings and some stately ones. St. Pancras, for instance, in London, is a building which, considered only as a piece of architecture, would ornament any city in the world, and which, as a railroad station, is admirable in design. The North Eastern station at York, with the mag-

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nificent sweep of the train-shed building on a sharp curve, is another structure worth seeing. In London, again, the Euston Square Station of the Northwestern, while no longer modern, has dignity both in its approaches and in its façade and main entrance. The Paddington Station of the Great Western is also one of the old stations, having been built now, perhaps, twenty-five years, but it is still worth study, for it is a remarkable combination of brightness in appearance, with comfort and convenience of operation. The Liverpool Street Station of the Great Eastern, which is now undergoing immense additions, is not beautiful at present, if it ever was, but it is a wonderful place in which to watch the handling of great crowds.

Those characteristics of English stations that may be said to be common enough to be called typical are small waiting-rooms, good dining-rooms and restaurants, large accommodation for buyers of tickets, great platform room, and last, and perhaps most significant of all, as indicating a high civilization, ample and clean lavatories. In this feature they are an example to the world; our own stations, except a few examples, are, as compared with the English, barbaric in those humble particulars which are a sign of the refinement of a household or of a nation.

In the general scheme of the English station the booking-office is, as it should be, the first place that you see on entering from the street. It is not in a general waiting-room, but is ordinarily a sort of great booth lying directly in the route from the street to the departure platforms. The waiting-rooms, usually for the three classes, open off the halls which surround the booking-office and into the main departure shed. While the waiting-room is not bright or gay the chances are that it has a cheerful fire in the grate, a rug on the floor, and well-cushioned chairs. The bookstall and the stock of the man who sells rugs and such other matters as the wayfarer may want are all out in the train shed; thus the unfortunate who has to wait for trains may do so in peace and quietness quite apart from the great stream of people who pass at once from the ticket-office to the train. In the typical American large station the waiting-room is a great hall in which much of the business of the station is carried on and through which in the busy hours a hurrying crowd tramps unceasingly. This great waiting-room may be handsome and even imposing, but I find the English arrangement much pleasanter.

I have said that ample arrangements for booking (buying tickets) are characteristic of English stations. This is especially true in London and the great towns where at times the throng is prodigious. The three classes first divide the crowd, separate ticket windows being provided for each; then several windows, more or less, are provided for each class, according to the actual needs of the place and occasion. Having procured his ticket, one goes freely, usually without any opening or shutting of doors, to the spacious platform, and then the long trains with their side doors absorb the crowd with amazing rapidity. Indeed, I would advise anyone who cares to see how crowds of passengers can be disposed of to stand on the bridge in the Liverpool Street Station of the Great Eastern for an hour or two early Saturday afternoon. Trains of twelve to twenty cars are following one another out at short intervals, and the platforms are filled as fast as they are emptied. A train rolls into the station, the doors fly open along its whole length, the mass on the platform disappears, the doors are closed, and the train departs. Meantime an incessant stream is pouring past the ticket windows, and the same thing is going on on several other platforms.

The cab is almost as important a part of the passenger-carrying system as the railway train itself, hence great provisions are made for the accommodations of cabs in all the larger stations. One will find within and without the train-sheds ample drives and stands and plazas for the accommodation of the hansom, the four-wheeler, and the companies' omnibuses.

However big or however little the station, the passenger never crosses the tracks. Overhead bridges or tunnels are universal, and both are often found

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in the same station. In some of the stations a convenient movable bridge will be found for crossing tracks that must be occupied sometimes by trains.

The primitive methods of heating and lighting passenger-trains necessitate a lot of novel paraphernalia in the stations. One will see on the platforms double-decked trucks full of roof-lamps, and other trucks each carrying half a cord, more or less, of hot-water tins. These are run to hydraulic lifts, by which they are dropped to subterranean levels where the lamp-trucks are run to the lamp-rooms for cleaning and filling, and the hot-water cans to the room where the apparatus is arranged for "boiling them up." I did not attempt to collect any figures of the cost of all this apparatus and manipulation, but it would not surprise me to know that it actually costs the English railway companies more to inadequately warm their passengers' feet than it would to heat their trains comfortably by steam from the locomotive.

The station hotel is a characteristic part of the great English station. Of the thirteen terminal stations in London eleven have hotels, either an integral part of the same structure or close by, and in other large towns throughout the kingdom similar hotels are often found. Of these little need be said. They are nearly always modern and thoroughly good, and of course they are extremely convenient for passengers arriving and departing. The station restaurants and refreshment-rooms are naturally varied in quality, but, generally speaking, I should say that while they are not as attractive as those of France, they are much more so than those of the United States. In all stations of any importance that I have examined I have found dining-rooms where the china, the linen, the service, and all the arrangements were worthy of a good hotel, and have often found them really elegant. The grill-rooms and refreshment-counters are also, as a rule, neat and cheap. In these respects it may be safe to say that the average of English service is up to the best of American.

The British porter and the British cab are famous adjuncts to the British railway, and first of these is the porter. Civil, cheap, and wise, he pervades the vast stations of London and watches on the platforms of the country stations, and makes your life easy for threepence, and thanks you into the bargain. I cannot speak too highly of him. We will assume that you alight from a cab. It is much the same if you arrive in a 'bus or on foot, for it is your pennies the porter regards, and not your quality; and cabs are so cheap in England that mighty mean men ride in them. You come in a cab then; the porter is at hand to open the door, and before you know it he has your bags, your rug, and your box on a hand truck if necessary, otherwise in his numerous hands; he has learned where you are going, the train, and the class, and has steered you to the booking-office. When you have your ticket the porter conducts you to a compartment of your class and destination, puts your traps in the racks, putting enough in the seat to secure it if you do not enter at once, sees that your big luggage is properly labelled and put in the van, touches his cap and departs on further errands of mercy. Or, if you come in by train, a like thing happens. Before the train stops a porter is running alongside to open your door. He takes your hand parcels, extracts your boxes from the luggage van, calls a cab, and puts you and your goods aboard. It is hard to see why this valuable man is so seldom found in American stations; or why, in the few cases where he is found, he is so deficient in alacrity and usefulness.

The subject of the porter leads naturally to the English system of handling baggage. It is simple in the extreme. The porter gets from a convenient case beside the departure platform a label bearing the name of your destination, which he pastes on your "box," which goes in the luggage van. You get no receipt of any form, nor is your baggage registered. On arrival at your destination you must claim it. Theoretically it is a bother to have to look up your baggage, and articles ought frequently to go astray. Practically, I am assured that they very seldom go astray, and when they do it is a matter of but a few hours to get them

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back. The inconvenience of claiming your baggage is offset by the convenience of having it go with you to your hotel or residence. If you arrive at a station at the moment of departure of the train your baggage goes with you; it is the work of a moment to label it and put it in the van. When you arrive at your hotel you can at once dress for dinner. There is no question of waiting hours for the express delivery, and with the cab system you and your luggage are taken to your hotel for less money than you would have to pay here to have your baggage alone delivered. For our country our own system is probably better, as we have no porters and few cabs. The Englishmen find their system more convenient for them.

If you divide your passengers into classes it is handy to divide your cars into compartments, for in order that all the public may have the best service all classes must be carried on every train, and this is where English practice is far ahead of that of any other country which has the class system. Further, it is desirable that the seats for the different classes should be distributed through any one train, and not bunched, so that the passenger may find his place without walking too far. It is also desirable that the number of seats of any one class in any one train can be easily added to or subtracted from. In England, covered with short branch lines, serving towns and regions of some importance, it is desirable to have through carriages that may be dropped at junctions. With the English system of dealing with baggage it is desirable that one should be near its place in the train, so that he need not have far to walk to claim it; that is, that there should be in any one train a number of luggage compartments. From all this it follows that the carriage unit of any class should be small. This is easily accomplished by dividing your carriage into compartments — that is, making the compartment, not the car, the unit. The compartments in any one carriage may be of one class, or any carriage may have compartments of all three classes.

The Englishman will tell you that he likes the privacy and the quietness of the compartment; that he dislikes the constant opening and shutting of doors at stations, and the going and coming of trainmen, peddlers, and passengers through the car. He says that once settled in a compartment there is a reasonable chance that the door will not be opened, exposing him to a draught, and that it is easy to regulate the supply of fresh air in a compartment, for where three or four persons may be brought to agree as to what is or is not fresh air, it is hard to make a car-load agree. And just here the untravelled Yankee may like to know the law of the window in England. The movable sash in the compartment is the one in the door. But if you should be sitting with your back to the engine or in the middle of the compartment and should open the sash, or in fact if you should do so while you occupy any but one particular seat, you would probably be scowled at as an impertinent person by other passengers in your compartment; but if you happen to sit in the seat next the door, facing the engine, you can do what you please with the sash in your door, and nobody will find fault. This is the law of the window, and the law-abiding Englishman would suffer tortures cheerfully rather than violate it.

In fact the British first-class compartment is always roomy and always comfortable and quiet, and so is a Pullman car, and those are the vehicles to be compared. The second and third class English compartment is disagreeable when full, for the seats are more cramped, and so is the American day-coach; but the English compartment has the great disadvantage that you sit face to face and knee to knee with your neighbor, and there is much more disagreeable personal contact than in the day-coach of the United States, where you look at the back, instead of the front, of the head of the person before you, and where his legs are kept away from yours by the car-seat. The privacy of the English compartment is a cherished delusion, but still a delusion. You can usually get it if you pay for it, but you cannot be sure of it, and

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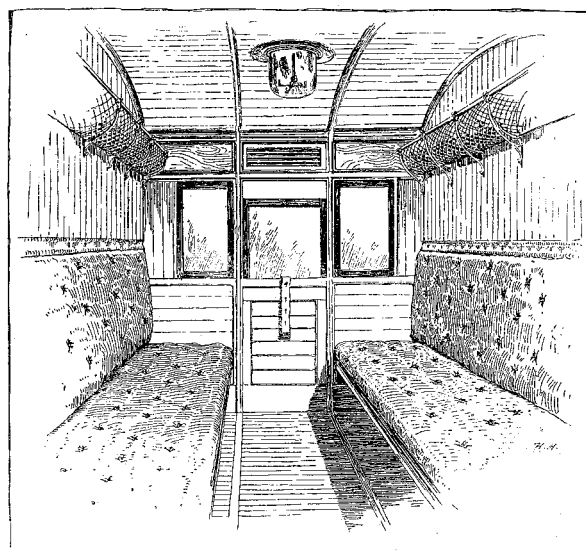

Interior of a Third-class Compartment, Long-distance Trains.

there is really more privacy in the open American car than there is in an English compartment, unless you are alone there or with your friends or acquaintances. In the American car you have the protection of the crowd, and of the constantly passing officials, and this for a woman must be a great comfort, and yet, even on this point, the evidence is conflicting. An American lady who has lived much in England, who is a most sane and sensible person and who is fairly self-reliant, tells me that she never enters a compartment alone to go up to London without a good deal of apprehension as to who her travelling companions will be. If she goes first-class and tips a guard, she can be very secluded. On the other hand, English women assure me that they have not the slightest apprehension, and never have heard of any disagreeable instances; and so you see again the difficulties of making history.

In the American car one has also the occupation and amusement of the crowd. He gets the greater height and spaciousness which makes the car look better ventilated whether it is so or not, and unfortunately it ordinarily is not. He gets freedom to move about and if he arrives at the station late he can hop on the train and select his seat after it starts. Altogether, comparing the vehicles of the two countries, kind for kind, I find that the sum of the advantages is greatly on the side of the American car, but after all, this depends upon how you have been brought up.

From the standpoint of the operating officer the compartment system has one advantage which seems important. The train can obviously be loaded and unloaded quicker than a train of cars entered by end doors. Practically this is probably true at terminal stations and not true at way stations, for reasons which will be explained in another article.

While the division of cars into compartments is probably inferior to our own arrangement, I am inclined to think that the division of passengers into classes is an improvement. It begins to sort the passengers at the station, and those who are particular about having room, clean surroundings, and well-groomed neighbors, can have what they want and what they are willing to pay for from the moment they enter the booking-office. The class system, then, simply amounts to this, that the passenger can get more nearly what he pays for. We have the same thing, imperfectly carried out, in the United States, in the trains, the Pullman cars being the first-class, but not in the stations, although we do attempt to separate the emigrants even there; and in the United States we run first-class cars on only a small number of our trains.

I do not discover that the class division in England is anything more than a commercial one, simply a means of giving passengers what they care to pay for. There seems to be no social question involved. A duke may go third-class if he wants to, and a man who wants to be mistaken for a duke probably will go first-class. A man who can afford to travel first-class will naturally do so. But there are crowds of well-to-do men and women travelling third-

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class, especially for short distances, every day in England.

I have dealt but superficially with a great subject, and have no notion that what has been said will be taken as final. So long as people differ in opinion about anything, they will disagree about the most obvious facts in the conduct of their own little local lines of railroad. How much more, then, will they disagree about the vast and complicated system of a nation! A small boy of my acquaintance once wrote an essay on goats, of which he was a high connoisseur. He said: "Some folks think they smell awful; I think it is lovely." So much depends upon the point of view!

AN AUTUMN SUNSET

By Edith Wharton

I

Leaguered in fire
The wild black promontories of the coast extend
Their savage silhouettes;
The sun in universal carnage sets,
And, halting higher,
The motionless storm-clouds mass their sullen threats,
Like an advancing mob in sword-points penned,
That, balked, yet stands at bay.
Mid-zenith hangs the fascinated day
In wind-lustrated hollows crystalline,
A wan valkyrie whose wide pinions shine
Across the ensanguined ruins of the fray,
And in her lifted hand swings high o'erhead,
Above the waste of war,
The silver torch-light of the evening star
Wherewith to search the faces of the dead.

II

Lagooned in gold,
Seem not those jetty promontories rather
The outposts of some ancient land forlorn,
Uncomforted of morn,
Where old oblivions gather,
The melancholy, unconsoling fold
Of all things that go utterly to death
And mix no more, no more
With life's perpetually awakening breath?
Shall Time not ferry me to such a shore,
Over such sailless seas,
To walk with hope's slain importunities
In miserable marriage? Nay, shall not
All things be there forgot,
Save the sea's golden barrier and the black
Close-crouching promontories?
Dead to all shames, forgotten of all glories,
Shall I not wander there, a shadow's shade,
A spectre self-destroyed,
So purged of all remembrance and sucked back
Into the primal void,
That should we on that shore phantasmal meet
I should not know the coming of your feet?

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LENOX

By George A. Hibbard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. S. VANDERBILT ALLEN

THAT artless lady who has been known to the world for such a long time because of her famous wonder as to how it happened that large rivers always ran past large towns, and who commented favorably upon such an advantageous arrangement of things, might have wondered as to the "why" of Lenox. She might have wondered, perhaps, but it would almost seem that, in this case, in spite of her engaging intellectual misadjustments, she must have put the horse before the cart, and announced that Lenox "was" for the simple reason that nature had fitted it so to be. Granted literally the "premises," the hills and the lakes, and the place that has grown up, is, as it were, an inevitable logical conclusion. There are many who do not care for the mountains, and there are many who do not willingly seek the sea, and to these Lenox offers a perfect mean. There is a number of other reasons for the continuance and the permanence of Lenox, but it is safe to say that its "first cause" was, or that its "first causes" were, the changing country, the woods with the frequent, fragrant clumps of pine, and the sky across which the clouds drifted so serenely day after day. Of Newport, of Bar Harbor, of the North Shore, and of Lenox, the last is the only one without the sea, and this, of course, is the chief characteristic in which it differs from the others, and, with such a difference, the dissimilarity must be very great. Where the sea is there is unrest, and at all the others it is impossible to escape the consciousness of the ever-changing, all-absorbing ocean. But at Lenox that disturbing element is wholly absent, and there is, above all else, a sense of peace and calm that is missing at the first three. Indeed, it may be written that the first and the lasting impression made by Lenox is one of quietness and rest, and there are other reasons for this besides the absence of the luring and troubling waste of waters. Lenox, almost more than any of the other three places, seems to have the air of having always "been." Newport may be as old, but the Newport that is now known — the characteristic Newport — seems much newer, for Lenox in some mysterious way has gathered up something of the old life, and has carried it on and made it a part of the new, and this feeling of continuation certainly tends to make it the reposeful abiding place it is. Lenox, as Mr. Henry James says in his "Life of Hawthorne," has "suffered the process of lionization," but it has more gently or more skilfully shaded into what it is now than the rest which have left more behind. One does not think of it as having been "discovered" as Bar Harbor was discovered, well within the memory of even the middle-aged diner-out. Society was represented, and gracefully represented, at Lenox, years ago in many a great, white, elm-shaded house. It seems that there never can have been anything crude about it at any time. The famous Bar Harbor story of the "summer boarder" who asked his landlord if he should put his boots outside his door, and was promptly informed that there was not the slightest danger that "anybody would tech 'em," is a tale that could never conceivably have been told of Lenox. The Berkshires seem always to have been civilized, and indeed it is an old country. The ancient houses and the good roads prove this—those good Berkshire roads to which we Americans can always turn with assurance when taunted by our English friends—as our English friends will *sometimes* taunt us—with the condition of our common highways. And indeed these Lenox roads are blessings

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Curtis's.

that must be appreciated by anyone who has driven much in other parts of the country. The relief that is afforded by the knowledge that before him lie miles of firm, sure ways, is very comfortable, and freedom from constant thought of his horses, enables him to enjoy the more fully the glorious country that rolls about him. And what a land it is! It would seem that no fault could be found with the Berkshire scenery, and the only fault ever found with it that came within the notice of the writer, was one of surfeit rather than of any lack of satisfaction. But if there is any difficulty with the Berkshire landscape, it is in the number of its brooks. Two, three, or half a dozen are all very well, but when, in effect, they seem endless, and everyone apparently more delightful than the others, it is different. You start into quick enthusiasm at the sight of the first, tumbling clear and cool over its rocky bed—here in quiet pools catching reflected gleams of color—there breaking over scattered rocks into flaky foam. You are charmed by the second, and decidedly interested in the third. But you cannot keep it up. Power of admiration is almost lost and your superlatives quite exhausted. There was, once upon a time, an impressionable but easily wearied mortal, who was heard to remark, after he had been taken for a Berkshire drive, that he was "*blasé* on brooks."

But though the Berkshires are often called, in a general way, Lenox, still Lenox is by no manner of means the Berkshires. Lenox is something quite separate and independent and different. It is a distinct locality and the centre of the life round about. Lenox was a place of considerable importance before it became a place of great importance, but of an importance of a different kind. It was a very distinguished, self-respecting New England village before it became the "smart" place, with more or less "swagger" attributes, that it is to-day. The traditions, however, of its former state still abide, and influence and color its present condition. The Congregational Church was a good deal of a building for the New England of the latter part of the last century, though it is a "far cry" from it to the latest palace-cottage; but the older still exists, at least holds its

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own, and will not be put down. Indeed it may be said that Lenox—the village—is old, and that what is new, lies, for the most part, about it. Along the wide main street there are many houses in which dwell the temporary sojourners; but they are almost all of an earlier date, or have been made over to fit modern requirements.

When approaching from the north, as the visitor generally approaches Lenox, it is only after he has driven through the wide main street, after the actual village is passed, that there comes the first full realization of all that has made the place what it is. There may have been glimpses along the Pittsfield road of roofs and porticos, but nothing to give any idea of the glories to follow. The chief memory of this approach to Lenox will be of a gateway standing at the beginning of a grass-grown drive that turns aside from the main highway. There are flanking supports against which the weeds bend and over which the boughs droop, and through the iron traceries of the gate itself there appears a dark verdancy that is melancholy and impressive. It is a gateway that offers great suggestion of possible romance. The imagination may wander through it into all sorts of things, and if it has no history it ought to have one, and anybody who has been properly brought up upon solid English fiction of the country-family sort, with lots of ghosts in it, will at once proceed to make one after his own heart. But this gateway is almost all that is in the least unkempt about Lenox, and it is perhaps for this reason that it has hung, as the writer has discovered, in the memories of many others besides himself. All in Lenox is tended, trim, and tidy. The usual neatness of a New England village is apparent everywhere, and more too, for there are park-like innovations in the way of care that are lacking in many other Massachusetts townlets. And this guarded regard for appearance is still another thing that gives Lenox its air of repose, to come back to the quality to which one must be always returning who speaks of Lenox at all. There are other streets than the one main street—streets running from it at various slanting angles, and on some of them the first country houses begin. But it is when you go a little farther into the open toward the south and west that the largest "places" are to be found. And large is the word that best describes them. They are large—larger in reality or in seeming, than the other "villas" of other places. Great structures they are, of wood and of stone, ornate and severe, Queen Anne—although Queen Anne may at last be said to be dead—colonial and, so to speak, composite—reminiscent, but all of them evidently pearls of price, and many the results of an immense expenditure. Crassus is understood to have said with a fine scorn, that he alone could be called rich who could support an army; but for practical modern purposes the construction and maintenance of one of these great Lenox abodes might well be taken by the richest of the Romans as a test, and even as a rather severe standard of wealth. There are not only two or three, but there is a considerable number of them, and that number is growing every year. The land which once was valued for its possibilities in raising potatoes, holds quite a different price when its worth is determined by its adaptability for raising palaces. There are strange stories of the sudden appreciation in price of old farms all through this part of the country, but there are no more marvellous tales told anywhere than those recounted of the advance of Lenox real estate. Tens have been used as multipliers, and now almost all the best land is "out of the market."

There are two lakes—the Stockbridge Bowl, or Lake Mackeenac, and Laurel Lake—about which the country houses are chiefly gathered; but it is on the east side of the Bowl, and up and down and around its ends, that perhaps the largest and finest are to be found. There are others between the Bowl and Laurel Lake, and all around the latter, but then there are country houses everywhere in this land—on nearly every good spot, and sometimes so anxious are people for "places," on spots that are not so good. The newcomer is shown these, one after another, with the mention of some familiar contemporaneous name, and

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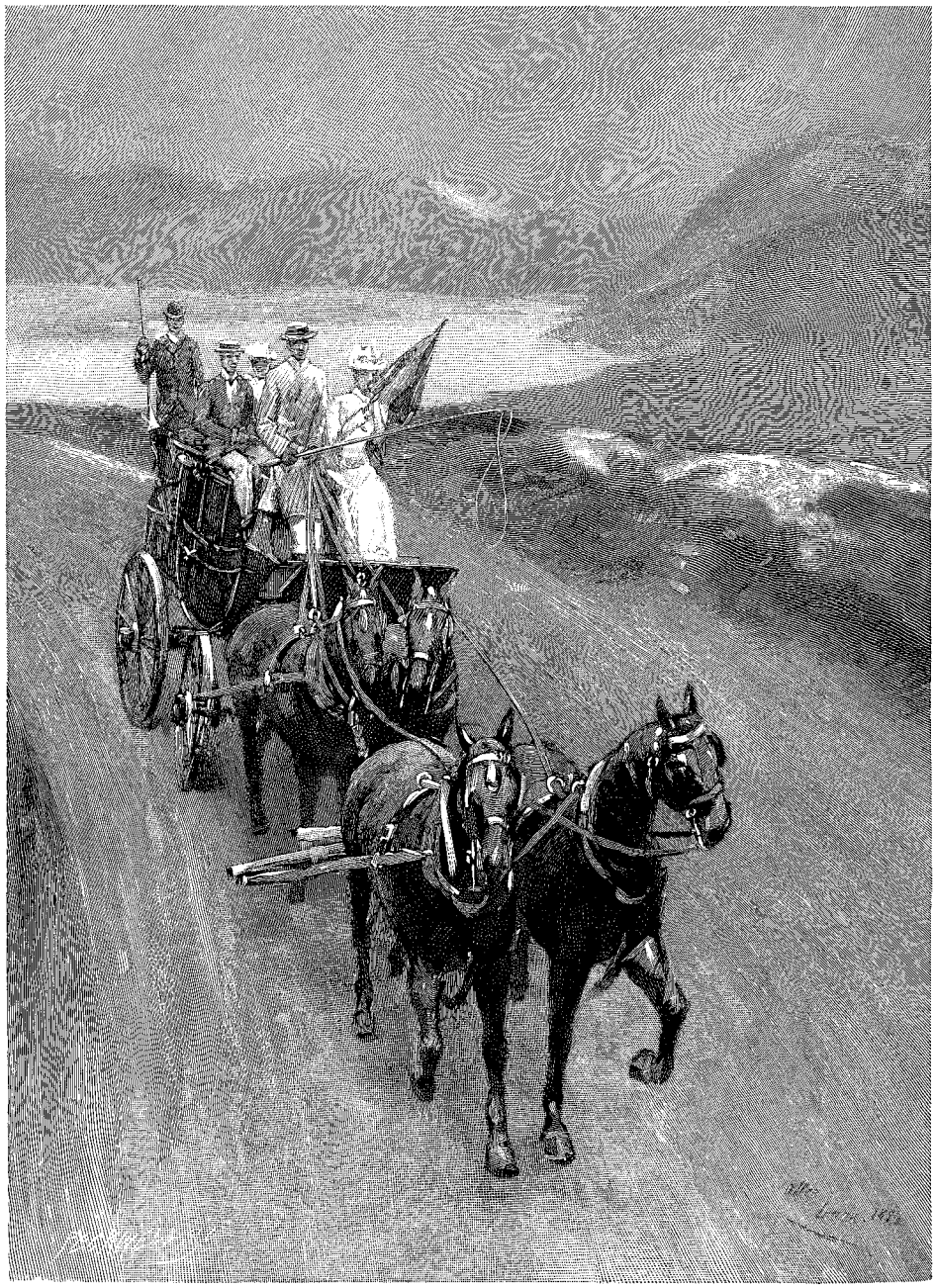

DRAWN BY W. S. VANDERBILT ALLEN. ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

One of the Drives.

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Boating on Stockbridge Bowl.

gradually he becomes very much mixed up, or else the houses do, and, in retrospect, he sees vague conglomerate shapes never dreamt of by any respectable architect, or, if so dreamt, then in a nightmare in which the *porte cochère* of one millionaire is put upon the spreading wing of another, and the stack of chimneys from the dwelling of this magnate upon the sloping roofs of that. He asks is this the place of So-and-So only to be told that it is the cottage of Some-One-Else, and it requires days before he can get them sorted out. Then how proud he is, and how glibly, by way of testing his information, he hastens to inform his informant, with still a slight questioning inflection, it is true, but with almost a tone of proprietorship.

But in connection with "places," there is one experience that is peculiar and in a measure significant. It is very distinctly within the memory of the writer that, having been driven, one gray afternoon, along miles of road that lie around and among the well-kept grounds that surround many a great country house, and after having had these costly structures, as it were, paraded before his eyes, he was driven along a road that ran upon the crest of a hill, on one side of which were fields that extended down a sharp declivity. Between the fence and the beginning of the descent there was a small plateau, on which the weeds waved in the freshening evening breeze. There, in the field, was what at first appeared hardly more than a somewhat pronounced inequality in the ground. It was only upon looking more closely that it was possible to discover a number of stones arranged in what seemed irregular heaps. They were moss-covered, and the grass had grown up so tall and thick that they could hardly be distinguished at all. "That was Hawthorne's house," he was told. It was noticeable that the interest with which

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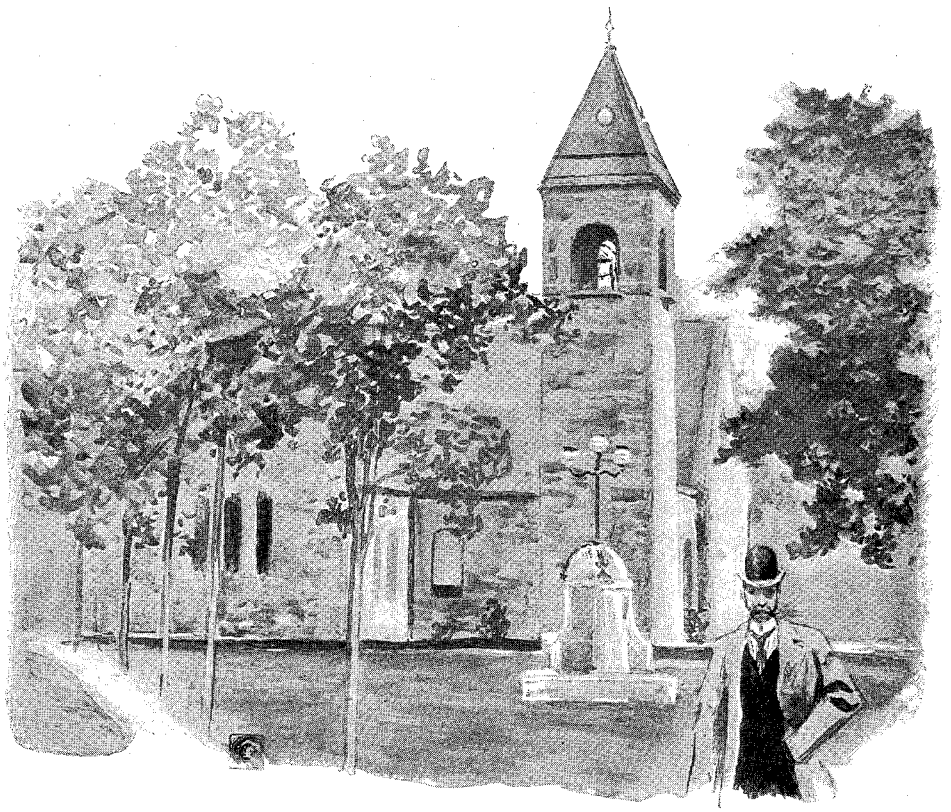
this ragged remnant of an abode was indicated, differed but little in its expression from the manner and tone with which some great villa had been brought to notice. And, indeed, that sad little cairn is one of the "show places" of Lenox, as much as any proud residence on the shores of either lake. It may be that this is because of our pathetic American craving for anything picturesque—that feeling that leads us to make the most of the slightest Revolutionary relic, and feel the pulse of our emotions as we gaze upon any vestige of a scarcely vanished past. It may be because of this, but it is true that even in this so-called materialistic age, and in this place where materialism may be said to offer one of its finest and most luxurious displays, the remains of the "small red house" are, and long will be, distinguishable and distinguished. Hawthorne came to Lenox in 1850, and remained there only until the autumn of 1851, and there is hardly anything of the charm of age, or long continuance in place, to give his presence there its still abiding influence. But he lived there; there wrote "The House of the Seven Gables," and there imparted to the place an enduring interest that has something of the charm peculiar to himself. Fredrika Bremer, writing from the New World, and from Lenox at the time when the Hawthornes were there, speaks of the prospect from the small dwelling. "Immediately in front of Hawthorne's house lies one of those small, clear lakes, with its sombre margin of forest which characterize this district, and Hawthorne seems greatly to enjoy the view of it and the wildly wooded country." She adds, after spending an evening at the house: "His amiable wife is inexpressibly happy to see him so happy here. A smile, a word, conveys more to her than long speeches from other people. She reads



The Episcopal Church.

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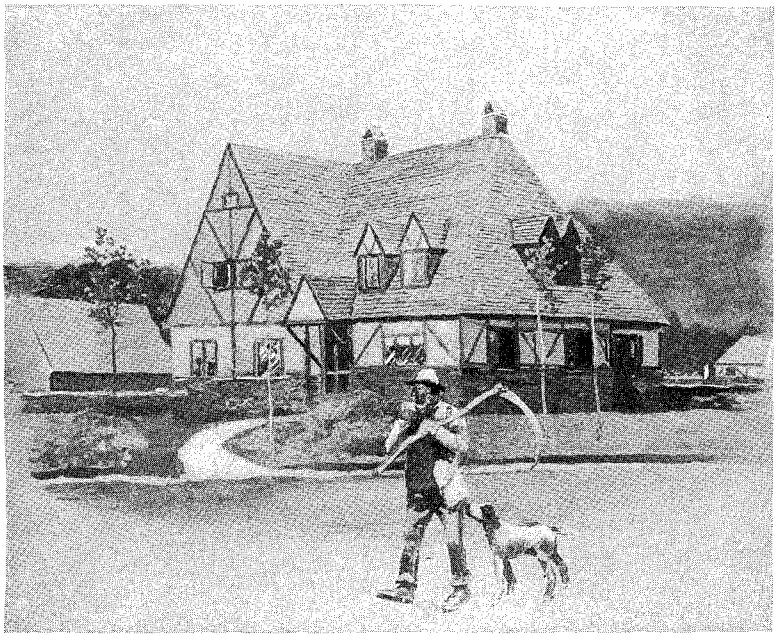
his very soul,—and 'he is the best of husbands.'"

It was about 1833 that Mrs. Kemble brought herself and her fame to the Berkshires, and became very directly associated with Lenox in the minds of all. She came there first for a visit—and she stayed, off and on, for thirty years—stayed on as many another has stayed, who at first had no such intention.



A Model Farm Building.

Mrs. Kemble always felt about Lenox very strongly, and wrote about it very warmly. Again, to quote Mr. James, although the words are not from the book mentioned before: "Late in life she looked upon this region as an Arcadia, a happy valley, a land of woods and waters and upright souls." A description that she has given conveys an excellent idea of a characteristic Lenox scene. Writing from New York in 1838, she says: "Immediately sloping before me, the green hillside, on the summit of which stands the house I am inhabiting, sinks softly down to a small valley filled with rich, thick wood, in the centre of which a little jewel-like lake lies gleaming. Beyond this valley the hills rise one above another to the horizon, where they scoop the sky with a broken, irregular outline, that the eye dwells on with ever new delight, as its colors glow and vary with the ascending or descending sunlight and all the shadowy procession of the clouds. In one direction, this undulating line of distance is overtopped by a considerable mountain, with a fine jagged crest, and ever since early morning troops of clouds, and wandering showers of rain, and the all-prevailing sunbeams have chased each other over the wooded slopes, and down into the dark hollow where the lake lies sleeping, making a pageant far finer than the one Prospero raised for Ferdinand and Miranda on his desert island."

There are drives about Lenox—drives without end and in all directions, but there is no "drive." That is, there is no place where "society" gathers with its equipages, for purposes of display, and where is held, as is so often the case in other places all the world over, a sort of informal "dress parade." There is no spot where you can go with the absolute certainty of

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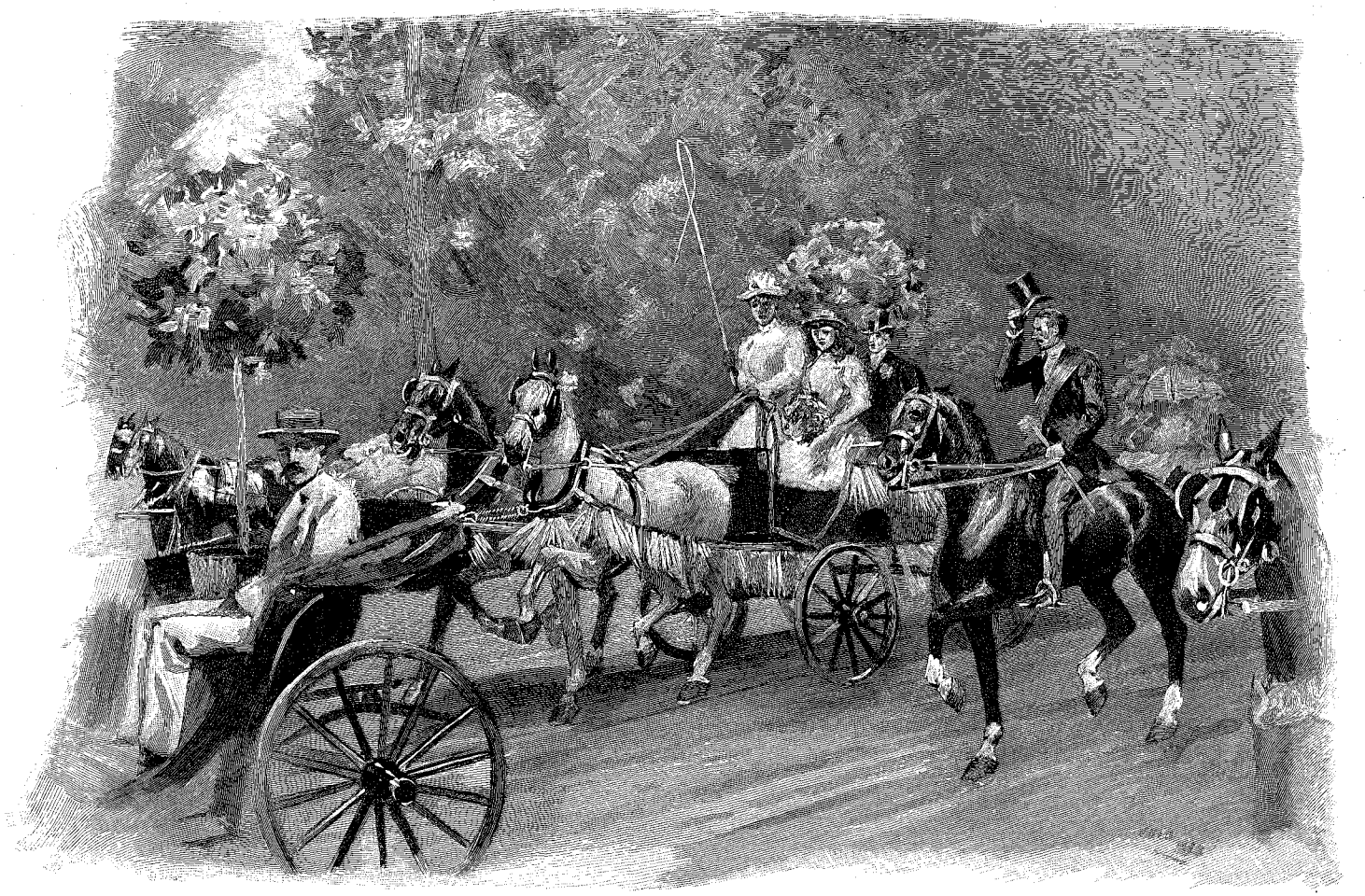

DRAWN BY W. S. VANDERBILT ALLEN.

Forming the Flower Parade.

ENGRAVED BY GEORGE DEL'ORME.

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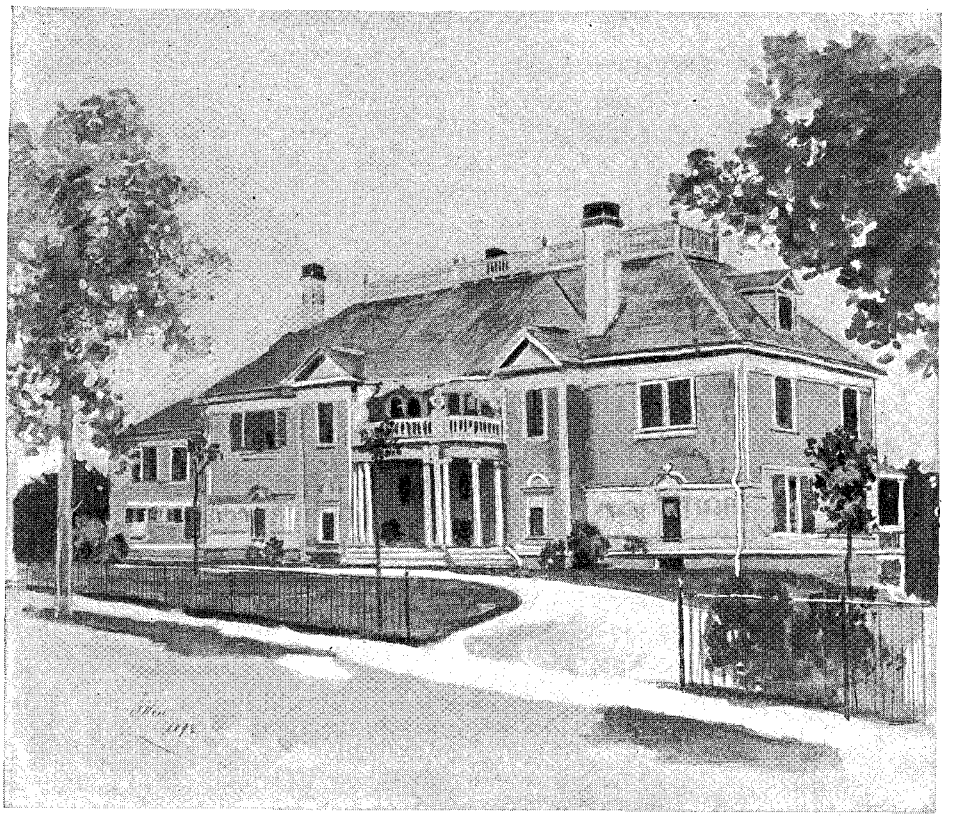

One of the "Places."

seeing "every one," or where you can ascertain from day to day how "everybody" is looking, or who happens to be with whom—or who doesn't. In localities where society gathers there is usually such a "drive," and a daily appearance in it is something of a necessity, but Lenox does not seem to suffer from the lack of it. There is a great deal of driving, but it is done all over, for there is no direction in which there are not good roads, and hardly one where there are not good views. You may meet the smartest sort of a trap spinning along through some secluded wood, or making its way over the spur of some remote hill. There are all kinds of vehicles, from the most stately coach to the tiniest village cart in which children drive a pony hardly larger than a dog and quite as reliable; and it is safe to say that driving rather than riding is the feature of the place. There is a great deal of riding, but it is rather of the park order, and not of that steady, business-like, soul-absorbing sort that is to be found where more "cross-country" work is possible. With the broken and often precipitous nature of the land there is little chance for "popping" over a fence and having a run on the grass, and equestrians generally keep sedately along the roads. This condition of things naturally has for result the displacement of "horse" from the proud and commanding position it generally holds as a subject for conversation. You do talk horse and you do hear horse talked at Lenox, for where now, even if one so desired, is it possible to escape it? But it is not with the detail and variety and vigor with which the subject is treated at Hempstead, say, or in the Genesee Valley—or even at Newport.

And just as there is no particularly recognized "drive" in which society

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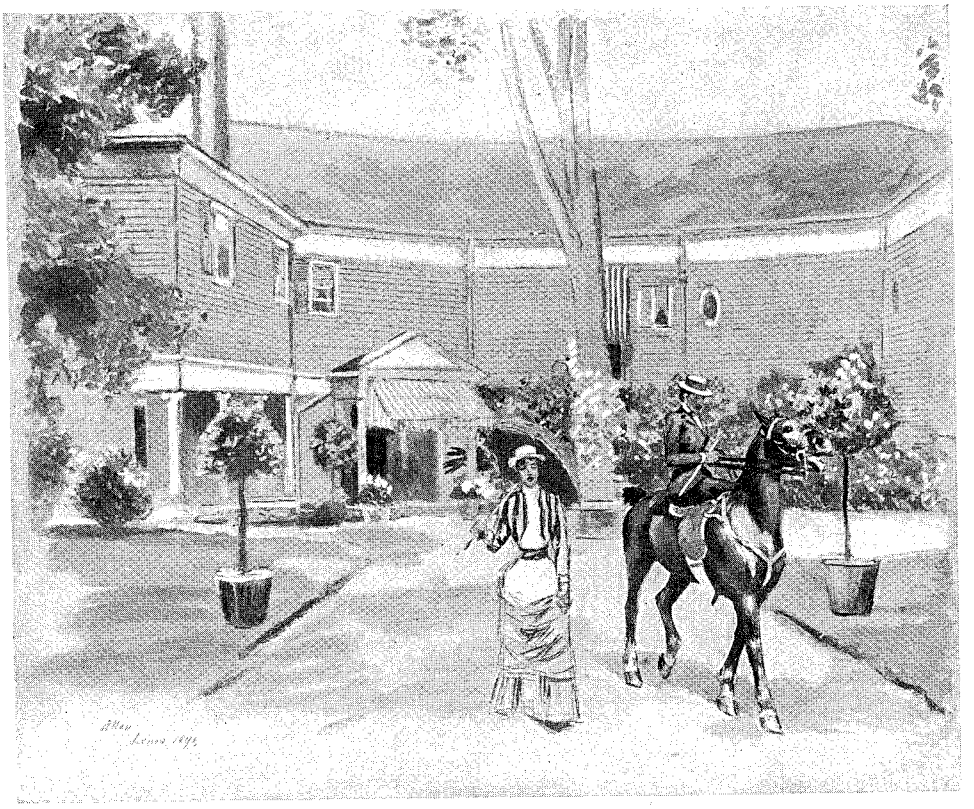

A Court-yard.

must show itself, so there seems to be no specified "hour" at which the display should come off. Society may be found abroad, as it may be everywhere else, in the afternoon—in the late afternoon—but there is no compulsion about this, and "all Lenox" is rarely seen together anywhere or at any time. One must not forget, however, one manifestation of "horse"—although "horse" is subordinate—that is or was quite peculiar to Lenox. Its annual "Flower Parade" has been tried elsewhere, but with what was only a very mild success when it was not a dismal failure. At Lenox there seem to have been some constituent qualities that have enabled this ceremony literally to flourish for a number of years, although now it certainly shows signs of a declining vogue.

There is a great deal of walking, for the country is most admirably fitted for it, and the grounds of the greater number of the big places are not forbidden to the world. It is very pleasant to stroll leisurely along the spring floor of yielding needles under the spreading pine-woods, and to breathe the cool, aromatic air; and it is very pleasant, when you have convinced yourself that you are tired, to sit upon some stone about which the moss has disposed itself with wonderful effectiveness, and watch one of the multitudinous brown brooks go tumbling past. But this is not the walking in which the enthusiasts usually indulge. They are off for tramps "over the hills and far away," and talk of miles covered and the number of minutes in which they have been done.

It formerly could have been said that, on the water, Lenox did not disport itself at all. The larger of the Lakes—the Stockbridge Bowl—is not really large enough for sailing, and it was seldom that even a rowboat was seen upon it. Of course people went upon the lakes, but it was not a practice that

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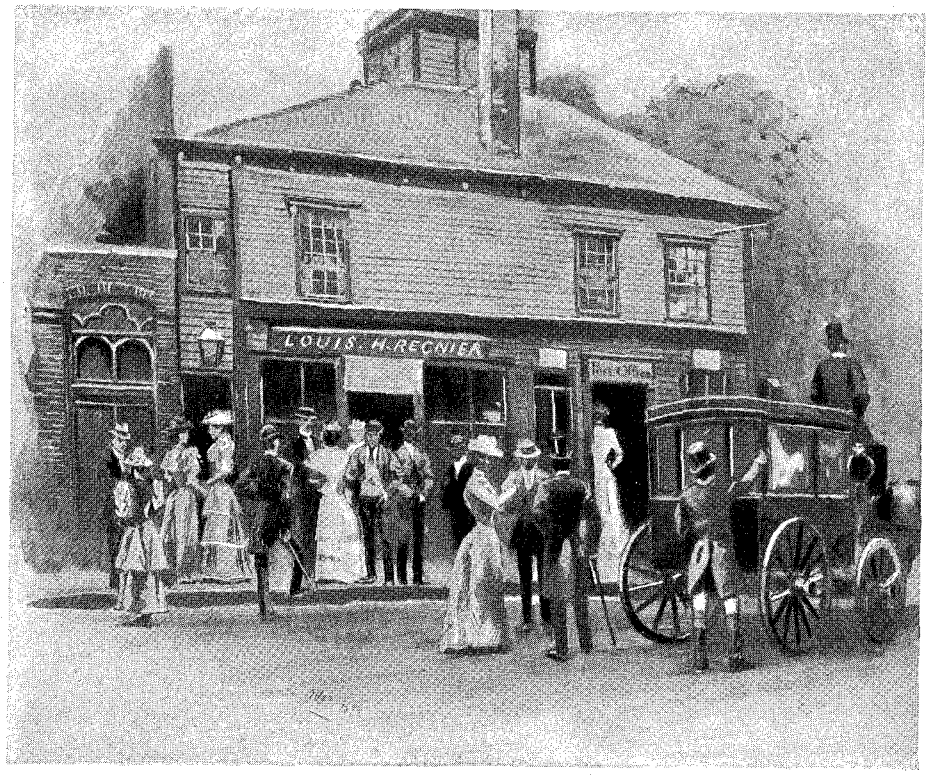
formed an essential part of the Lenox life. The creation of the Mackeenac Boat Club and the erection of the boat-house are quite recent affairs. Now there is much more done in the way of boating than there once was, but, still, Lenox cannot be said to be aquatic.

The peculiar time of the "Lenox season," in great measure, prescribes the conditions of its life. The people who have gone to Europe in May, returned in July for a stay at Bar Harbor that may extend into the first week of August, and then have hurried on to Newport, generally bring up in Lenox in late September and early October. That is the proper manner in which to end the summer; and, as everyone knows, Lenox in the early autumn is at its gayest. Much happens during the earlier months, and there are very many charming people there who do delightful things, but it is in September and October that the "crowd" comes and every one "rushes" more or less madly for a short time. All the resources of society are drawn upon to the utmost and all its powers put in play. Then there are teas and dinners and small dances and large balls, as well as all the miscellaneous amusements of the gay world, from picnics to private theatricals. In October it is no longer summer, and there is much that is not done outdoors. Indeed, there is more indoor entertainment than out in Lenox in the season, and with the early evenings you drive to a dinner with something of the feeling of the town. There are often rainy days, and what days they are in a huge country-house, with a large and active house-party! The rain beats against the panes, but it beats a lively tattoo for mustering jollity. There is laughter indoors and there are many devices for passing the time. A house-party is the mother of invention, and the schemes that can be devised by a dozen bright young people, thrown together for



The Post-office, Sunday Morning's Mail.

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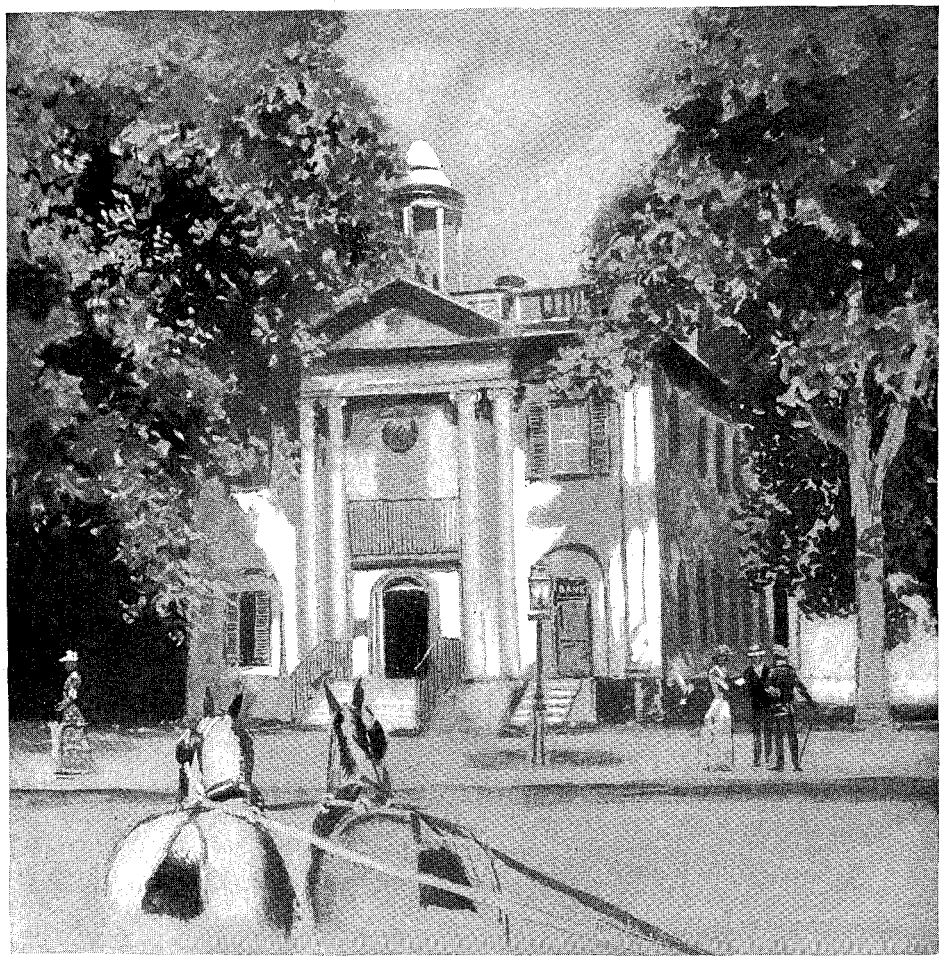

Sedgwick Hall.

even a short time, are very various. There are games and "parlor tricks" without end, and always those skirmishings of boy or girl, or man and woman, that happens just now in the English language to be called "flirtation"—not such a very old word, and one at the making of which Lord Chesterfield says he assisted personally, as it "dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world"—the mouth, it may be presumed, of "beautiful Molly Lepell."

"House-parties" are not confined, it is true, to Lenox, but the great size of the houses there makes them very common and very constant, and it was at Lenox, as much, if not more than anywhere else, that the practice of bringing a lot of people under the same roof, —a practice taken from the other side, and with the changing conditions of American society now acclimatized or naturalized—at first found fitting opportunity for introduction.

As Lenox has no prescribed "drive" nor "hour," so it has no central and acknowledged gathering place. It has no Casino and no Kebo Valley Club. But such places are not really needed. In Lenox the season is much shorter than at either Newport or Bar Harbor, and the time is well filled up with private entertainments. Indeed, it is sometimes rather too well filled up, and the pleasure of seeing the place must be foregone for the delights of seeing the people. It is often very gay, and people seem anxious to make the best of

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what must be the last of the country before they "go to town."

The question of "cottage" life or "hotel" life has never agitated Lenox, because of a rather peculiar condition of affairs. The huge caravanseries that are continually springing up elsewhere have never appeared here. There is one hotel and only one — and this, in great measure, is an institution, and has become an important part of Lenox. Its fame is not by any means local. "Curtis's" is known not only in this country but has been mentioned in others. It is a big, old structure rising on the main street at the very centre of things, across the way from its only possible rival in general consideration, the post-office, of which more must be said presently. Of late years it has received an addition—a wing in which is the dining-room; and there may be found at the breakfast hour many who are well known in clubland and ballroomdom. There, are single men, the "overflow of house-parties," and there, are the heads of families living in cottages rented near by, who come to the hotel for the meals of the day, which generally are not supplied with the houses. And there, are matrons and maids and fresh young children who would certainly disprove the objection to their kind made long ago by the Germans, that they never satisfy the æsthetic. There are generally to be found, as the season draws toward its close, the emissaries of other countries who have been the rounds and who are now completing the summer before returning to Washington. Almost every one whom "one knows" has been there; and it is curious to bring "Curtis's" to the recollection of some woman no longer young and to see how quickly the name vivifies many glimmering memories. It was there that Such and Such a one was first met, and such and such a thing was once done; and, if you will seek a little farther, you may find that the spot is dear to her for other memories, and that as often as not some love-affair has been played out about and within those walls of which she still thinks tenderly. It is difficult not to be personal, and in this one case it is perhaps permissible to be so. The host has so much to do with the fame of the hostelry, that as a public character, it may be possible to speak of him without too great indiscretion. It was once the fortune of the writer to assist at an interview between a very celebrated and distinguished personage indeed and the potentate of Curtis's, and surely the graciousness of royalty was never better manifested than in the meeting of these powers.

Across the street, or, more accurately, at an angle on a near corner, stands, as has been said, the only real competitor of "Curtis's" for popular consideration. It

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also is an "institution," and holds a position of singular importance. There, sooner or later, you seem always to "bring up," and twice and even thrice in a day you may find yourself at this point of interest. Every one goes there, and there, at one time or another between morning and evening, you may be pretty sure of meeting every one you know. The character of a "post-office" is really lost, and the place has become almost a resort of society. If it be quite safe to say so, it partakes of the nature of a "social exchange," and is a cross between a "Casino" and, in its informality of access and general sociability, of the "country store." One who once tarried in Lenox—after having been taken to the post-office three times in one day where he saw many partings and meetings and heard many matters thoroughly discussed—was heard to remark that he considered the office of post-master in Lenox the most desirable social position in the United States, and announced his intention, as he was naturally of a gregarious disposition, of immediately applying for the position. It is at Sunday noon that the post-office appears in all its glory. When church is over, the greater number of worshippers seem to turn in the direction of the small, low building on the corner; and so large is the throng making way thither that, at Lenox, there really is a regular weekly "church parade." On the sidewalk, before the mail is opened, and while it is being distributed, there is often quite a crowd, and conversation is most lively and interesting. There, you may hear all that has been and much that is going to be, and from this informal congress you may come away a thoroughly informed person, wholly supplied with all the knowledge that will be necessary for use in the social world for the following week at least. There are other centres in other places that may be of equal consequence in the life of those dwelling in them, but in Lenox it is safe to say that all roads lead to the post-office, and that it has a focal value that is not often found.

There is a club at Lenox, a regular "man's" club; and it is a very delightful, although not a very large affair. You go to it and hear of it, but there is a quietness about it that gives it a charm that many clubs lack. The spirit of Lenox life seems even to have influenced it, and there you find a dignified seclusion and a leisurely restfulness that, to say the least, are unusual and very delightful. It is an idyl of club life, and quite different from its counterpart of the town. Indeed all through Lenox there is a strange mingling of the sylvan and the urban. You may have the pleasures and relaxations of the country, but you need not necessarily be uncomfortable; and you are not obliged to abandon the perfected resources of civilization while enjoying them. As in a good specimen of landscape gardening there are often simplicity and a simulated wildness, so in the formalities of Lenox life there are always refreshing bits and surprises of nature, and much is gained by the contrasts.

Lenox never seems to have passed through any uncertain or tentative state. Progress has not been so sudden or so sensational as in several other popular "resorts," but it has been very steady, and to-day Lenox is more popular and famous than at any other time in its history. And it is pretty safe to say that its glory will never decrease. It is too firmly established in the regard of many to make it likely that there will be any lessening in the number or fervor of its devotees. Then, too, with so much there already, it is almost a necessary consequence that there should be more. With so much already "put into the country" it seems certain that more will continually be expended, and that where there are so many "vested interests" nothing can ever really be disturbed. But there are interests that more firmly than any pecuniary ones must make Lenox a lasting reality. It has a place in the minds and hearts of hundreds who have known it, and there are few who have once felt its subtle charm who have been able or have cared to escape its gently coercive power.

Much as has been done for Lenox in the way of added attractions, there is one thing that it has done for itself, or rather that nature has done for it, that has given it a particular name and fame. A long time ago people used to send to

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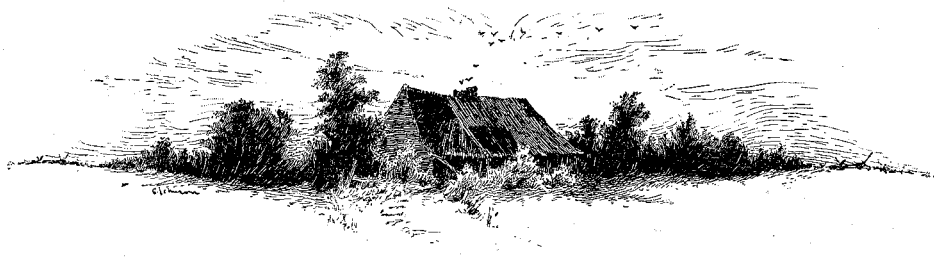
their friends abroad particularly brilliant specimens of our gorgeous autumn foliage, and were rewarded by the expressions of astonishment and admiration with which such gifts from the New World were received. The friends probably thought such splendor a very natural part of our savage crudeness, but they were pleased nevertheless with such attractive curiosities, and our American autumn leaves acquired a wide reputation and came to be considered one of the peculiar, native products of the country. Of all places in which to seek examples of them, it has long been conceded that Lenox is the best. Indeed it is highly probable that, in some measure, the time of the Lenox season has been determined by this fact. People early fell into the habit of making pilgrimages to see the "autumn coloring," and though they go now to the Berkshires for many other reasons, they always watch the foliage and talk about it. And so important is it, that one of the recognized subjects of conversation is the degree of brilliancy that the leaves may have attained in any particular year, and one says that the coloring is "poor this year" or "good this year," as one might speak of a crop or a vintage. And it is worth seeing and talking about. There is nothing quite like it, and, for the time being, our stern Northern woods seem to take on a certain tropical splendor and equatorial profusion. Often the change from summer's quieter array to the autumn's splendid garniture comes gradually and, day by day, one sees the dark woods soften into something gayer. The places where shadows, in the strong morning sunshine, lay coldly blue, become a redder purple, and the greens a vivid yellow. But it is when the change comes suddenly that the great harlequin shift is made with the most astonishing effect. Then, almost in a night, the hills assume a new aspect, and you arise in the morning in a new world. After a sharp frost, the trees glow with scarlet and crimson, and the leaves spinning at the end of a branch gleam, where the light shows through them, with a ruby brightness. The whole country-side is afire, and the forest ablaze in every direction. Then, it is possible to walk through rattling drifts of piled-up crispness, and there is a mild exhilaration, not quite like anything else, in driving before your feet the shifting heaps of fallen leaves. But it is the color that is all important —a revel of hue and dye—a carousal of tint and tone ; and with the maple and sumach to lead, the results are gorgeous and bewildering. There is nothing hesitating or doubtful in the effect. There is a vivid frankness about it that makes all a continual surprise. Accustomed as our eyes are to the quieter and sadder tones of the landscape painters of other lands, if it were not for its royal magnificence, we might think it tawdry and even vulgar. But there is a certain imperial power in the display that justifies itself—that impresses and controls us, and makes the pageant the triumph of the year. It is with such a setting that the life of Lenox is mounted ; and with such a transformation scene in the Berkshire Hills that the shifting high-comedy drama of American summer society existence comes to its brilliant end.



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THREE WAIFS IN AN ALMSHOUSE*

PAINTED BY ADRIEN HENRI TANOUX

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton

M. Tanoux belongs to the south of France. He is a native of Marseilles, where he was born in October, 1865. As the American reader may be in some doubt about the pronunciation of the name, I may say on the painter's own authority that it is Tanooks.

The story of his life is one of continuous labor, and offers very little variety. Such travelling as he has done has been almost entirely between Paris and Marseilles, the only exception being a short journey to Holland, which afforded few opportunities for observation, as it was undertaken under melancholy circumstances.

M. Tanoux was not only born at Marseilles, but he received his artistic training there in the *École des Beaux Arts*, where he entered himself as a pupil in 1878. He went to settle in Paris in 1886, and became a pupil of the Parisian *École des Beaux Arts*, but as he soon discovered that the teaching there was essentially identical with that at Marseilles he did not think it worth while to make a second apprenticeship, which could only be a repetition of the first, and therefore relaxed and finally abandoned his attendance. The same year (1886) was marked by a first exhibition in the *Salon*, the subject of the maiden picture being "Judith showing the head of Holofernes to the Jewish people." Since that date M. Tanoux has been an almost unfailing exhibitor. In the following year, 1887, he sent a large picture illustrating Alfred de Musset's "Namouna," and in the same year, at the remarkably early age of twenty-two, was elected a member of the *Société des Artistes Français*, which, as the reader may remember, holds the annual exhibitions in the Champs Elysées.

The young painter had not arrived at this position in his art without having had to contend against great difficulties due to his want of fortune. These had not been lessened by his marriage, at the age of twenty, with the daughter of a Dutch antiquary, Mr. Van Gelder, who held an honorable position in his own country, and was much esteemed by the king, who knighted him; nevertheless, Mr. Van Gelder does not seem to have found his own pursuits much more profitable than painting had hitherto been to young M. Tanoux. Then came the terrible inconvenience, so costly in time, of the French military service, for which, however, M. Tanoux had obtained postponements amounting to two years. His actual service as a soldier began in November, 1888, under Colonel Darras and General Goeffet, who soon discovered his abilities and be-

* See Frontispiece.

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came friendly to him, as they have since remained. The young soldier painted the portrait of his colonel, which is now hung in the *salle d'honneur* of the One Hundred and First Regiment. In 1889 M. Tanoux exhibited a portrait of the sculptor Paris in the *Exposition Universelle* and gained an honorable mention. In the same year there was a public competition for a painted decoration of the *Mairie* of the fourteenth *Arrondissement* of Paris, and in this M. Tanoux won the first prize, though he did not ultimately receive the commission to execute the decoration itself.* It is unnecessary that I should mention every picture exhibited by the artist, as the mere titles of them would convey very little to the reader, but I may say that his picture for 1888, which was called "The Tinkers" ("Les Chaudronniers"), received an "honorable mention" and was purchased by the city of Paris. The picture for 1894, which we reproduce, was also bought by the city of Paris and received a medal at the *Salon*.

Notwithstanding these successes the principal aim of this artist's career has been in portrait; and, indeed, the reader will at once perceive that the picture of "The Three Waifs" is a combination of three portraits in one work, differing from acknowledged portrait-painting only in the poverty of the sitters and their consequent inability to pay for their own likenesses. M. Tanoux has had other sitters who enjoyed a better pecuniary position, especially M. Emile Péreire the Parisian banker, M. Rey the great banker at Marseilles, *Président de la Société Marseillaise*, and M. Piver the great perfumer. Other notable sitters have been M. Emile Richard, President of the Municipal Council of Paris (who is also at the head of its Commission of Fine Arts), and M. Chincholle, of the *Figaro*. In the artist's private possession there is also a striking portrait of Mr. Van Gelder, his father-in-law, as well as several of his wife, one of them an important technical experiment in the open air of a garden. He also painted his own father, just as Bastien Lepage did, sitting out of doors with a background of trees, and this portrait has an especially pathetic interest, as the sitter was already suffering from the illness from which he never recovered. Nothing is more interesting in portraiture than these absolutely sincere attempts to represent people as they lived, in which the artist has no thought of the effect of his work in an exhibition, but concentrates all his efforts on the attainment of perfect truth, with no other motive than affection. The portraits, by Bastien Lepage, of his father and mother and his old grandfather are now among the most famous pictures of our time; those by M. Tanoux are equally sincere, though happily they have not yet become celebrated through the untimely death of the painter and the sympathy excited by his loss. No one can show fewer signs of fatigue than M. Tanoux, though his life until quite recently has been a very hard one.

As a relief to portrait-painting and to figure-painting generally, M. Tanoux has often made studies of landscape in color, and in some of these the influence of the new impressionist school is very manifest, particularly in the endeavor to combine color and light, which results in a crudity very difficult to avoid, There is, however, no trace of this crudity in his portraits, which are, as a rule, both quiet in color and painted with great technical sanity and sobriety, as if the artist had no other aim than to do justice to his subject without pausing to consider whether his technical methods were according to recent fashions or traditional and so liable to be condemned as obsolete by the newest little coterie in criticism. The portraits are of the most opposite character, and perhaps the reader will see from the variety in "The Three Waifs" that the painter can observe great differences in people who may be placed in exactly the same situation and belong to the same class or to no class. There is often in portrait-painters a strong tendency to specialty as to social rank. We all know the aristocratic painter who makes it his business to

* The two things are essentially distinct. A painter may receive a first prize, which means that his scheme of decoration is considered to be the best of those which have been offered, and yet the committee may finally decide to give the order to another artist. In such cases a committee may sometimes be influenced by other than purely artistic considerations.

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Adrien Henri Tanoux.

give an air of high breeding to his sitters, and of late we have become acquainted with the democratic portrait-painter who professes to exhibit the middle-class citizen as he is. M. Tanoux does not appear to have any preferences of this kind. If the sitter is "an officer and a gentleman" he will be reflected in that character on the canvas; if he is not more fashionable than "The Three Waifs," M. Tanoux will certainly not disdain him, but will find something interesting in him as he is and not miss what is essential in his nature by lending a refinement that does not really belong to him.

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A Great Medicine-Man and his Crew, after the Hikori Ceremony.

TARAHUMARI DANCES AND PLANT-WORSHIP

By Carl Lumholtz

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

ONE of the Indians who was present at the foot-race described in a former article,* offered to guide us the day after the race to a place where there was to be a drinking feast. We started off on a hot morning down a very steep slope, the mules having a hard time of it, not walking, but often sliding. When we arrived the feast was over and everyone was drunk. Our guide, however, who took a strange interest in us, invited us to a small-beer feast and dance at his own house. We camped in a narrow valley, near where the feast was to be held the next day in honor of the memory of a son dead one year ago, and also as a thanksgiving for past good crops and a prayer for good crops to come; the Indians cannot afford to have very many such feasts, and so make one feast serve many purposes.

Upon our arrival we found the women busy grinding corn and boiling malt for beer. The pivot around which the thoughts of these Indians move is rain and native beer. In their dry country rain is of the utmost importance for their crops, and without crops they do not get their ba-ta-like (beer made from maize). The Indian is inordinately fond of this, besides which he needs it for all his ceremonies. No act of importance can be done without it. Ba-ta-like is given with the mother's milk to the infant to "cure" it. The dead get no rest without some of this beer being set apart for them. It is the great remedy in the hands of the medicine-men, and never do they use it without first sacrificing a part to their god, who is as eager for this drink as they are. In making it the moist corn is allowed to sprout, when it is ground and boiled, and the seed of a grass resembling wheat is added as a ferment. The liquor is put in large earthen jars, used only for this purpose, and is drunk when twenty-four hours old, or even sooner. The jars cannot hold it longer, as they are not very strong, and so the people take the responsibility upon themselves. A row of these jars, inverted, is a common sight outside of all Tarahumari houses or caves. The Indians drink incredible quantities of this liquor, which is white in color and resembles beer, and is called teswaino by the Mexicans, who also sometimes make it. It is very nourishing, and both Indians and Mexicans refrain from food before drinking it, asserting that the mixture will disagree with them. This may be one reason for their constant intoxication. But they drink it in such amazing quantities that they are sure to be intoxicated, food or no food. At night they cover the jars of teswaino with a sprig of a

* See *Scribner's Magazine* for September, 1894.

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DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

Sacrificing.—Page 440.

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kind of artemisia, a plant used by the medicine-men for many purposes and expected in this case to frighten away the evil spirits who might want to spoil the liquor.

The next morning I went to see the manufacture of another kind of liquor which, for certain ceremonies, seems to be necessary and of special value. The heart of a small kind of agave, the charwee, had been baked for two or three days, and the sweet mass allowed to ferment. It was then squeezed in a blanket and the drippings caught in a jar. It is drunk on the same day and in very small quantities, as it is very sweet and very intoxicating.

As a preparation for the funeral feast, a man went out in the afternoon and cut two branches which he tied together in the shape of a cross. This was raised at the spot where the dance was to take place; while a smaller cross which had been standing there, as the custom is, was taken about fifty yards from the house where the boy had died, and east of it were placed some beer in a jar and some cigarettes. All night a fire was kept up in order that the dead person might dance, drink, and warm himself at the same time as the others. About one hour before sunset, a white he-goat was brought and its throat cut. An old hag caught the blood in a bowl and with a spoon threw some of it in the air, first toward the west, then toward the east, north, and south. A white sheep was then brought and killed, and this time the head of the house performed a similar ceremony with the blood. Then a black wether was killed, but its blood was not thrown up. The meat of the animals was put in a pot to boil, without salt, and the bones were afterward taken out, for the god does not like bones.

The Tarahumari Method of Wearing Blanket.

The sacrifice with blood is, however, not so important as the sacrifice with beer, and this beer sacrifice, which now followed, and is considered as the real beginning of the festival, is performed by the master of the house, who fills a big gourd with native beer, teswaino, and standing before the cross, facing the east, throws a dipperful of it into the air. He then walks around the cross and throws another dipperful to the west; after which he repeats the ceremony on the other sides of the cross. This is gone through every time a fresh jar of teswaino is opened. Women are busy preparing for the feast corn-cakes and tamales, maize crushed wrapped in leaves and boiled. The son of the house, pointing to the stars, told me that the dance would begin when the Pleiades reached a place in the heavens which I estimated would be at about eleven o'clock.

When the dancing began, two musicians, so called, or singers, opened the proceedings by some vigorous shakes of a rattle made of a gourd filled with pebbles, a noise producing instrument used by all medicine-men, and which they say comes from their god. At every ceremony these singers begin by shaking these rattles three times to their god, holding them upward, after which they proceed with their rhythmical din. Up and down, in time to the rattle, they walked around the cross, singing first on one side and then on the other. Their song was one without words, consisting of an unintelligible jargon, the melody constituting, in their opinion, the essential part of the prayer. Some singers will recite intelligible words. These were rather ignorant fellows. Gradually, the rest joined in and all began to dance, at the same time keeping up a sort of melodious murmur in time with the singers. Dancing is an essential part of the Tarahumari's worship; it is not for his pleasure; it is in order to secure rain and good crops and to ward off evil that he dances. The Tarahumari words for dancing are Nau-chi-li Ol-a-wa, meaning, literally, "They are going to work." An old man

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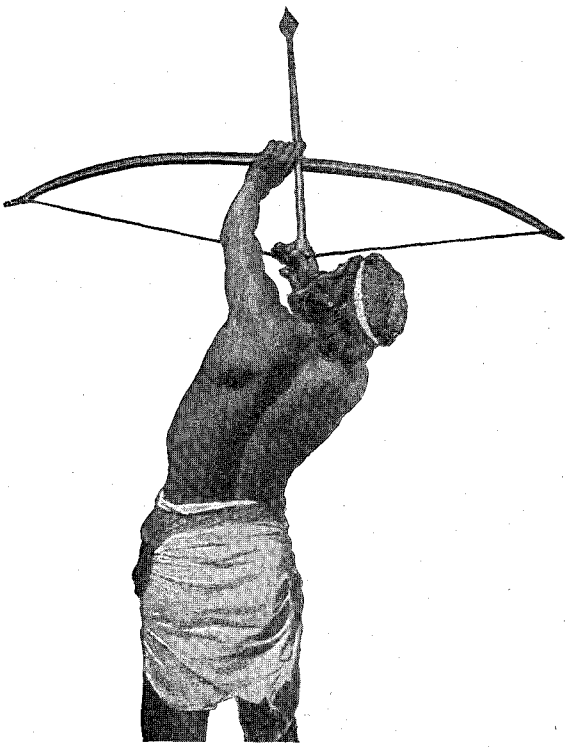
may say to a young buck who is idle, at the feast: "Why do you not go to work?" meaning, why does he not dance. There are four or five kinds of dances practised, but of these the most important are the Yumaree, a rain dance, or prayer for rain, and the Rutuburee.

The first named is a species of walk-around, in which the men form a semi-circle and march with lock-step, holding each other by the arm. While this is going on, the women go through similar motions in another concentric ring of their own, standing behind the men, but they often break ranks, jumping forward and backward with a rising and falling motion of the body wholly devoid of grace. Both men and women are wrapped in their blankets, the women often carrying their sleeping children on their backs; strange to say, few accidents happen, although children have been known to be killed at these dances when the mother gets drunk. The dance may last ten minutes, after which there is a rest, and perhaps a repetition, or another kind of dance. In the Rutuburee, the singer or leader stands in the centre of a line, the men on one side of him and the women on the other; the men walk slowly forward, keeping time to the music, while the singer hops along like a crow; then the dancers turn around and go back. The women follow the men, but wait until the men are several yards in advance, when they run after them, without regard to the music. The patter of the women's naked feet on the hard earth sounds like the rush of stampeded mules.

By dancing, the Tarahumaris ward off diseases and keep away caterpillars and grasshoppers, which would eat the corn. There is also a thanksgiving dance, and the dance of the dead. In the winter the yohé dance is for snow, which is essential for good crops. They dance to the sun and the moon, their gods, and hold special festivals in their honor. An Indian seldom smokes in the daytime unless he is drunk, for he would offend the sun by so doing. Therefore, he smokes only after sunset, or for ceremonial purposes. At their dances, it is considered essential



Using the Bow.

to observe a strict formality, to refrain from laughing or talking in a loud voice, and from making any unnecessary kind of noise. As it is difficult to preserve such decorum when large numbers of people and children are present, the pagans often depute one man to dance and sing as their representative, while the rest work. Thus, I have seen outside of a Tarahumari house a lone man dancing and singing, and shaking his rattle before the cross, while inside the cave, or in the fields beyond, the other Indians were at work. This lonely worshipper is doing his share of the work by bringing rain, or warding off disaster. As he is alone, his decorum is not likely to be disturbed, and his dancing may go on all night. The Indians told me that such worship was the hardest kind of work, exhausting even to an Indian. In all these songs and dances they invoke the help of the wild animals. The birds, who sing in the spring, sing for rain; the crickets, the turtles, the fish, the frogs, all help to make rain, and all

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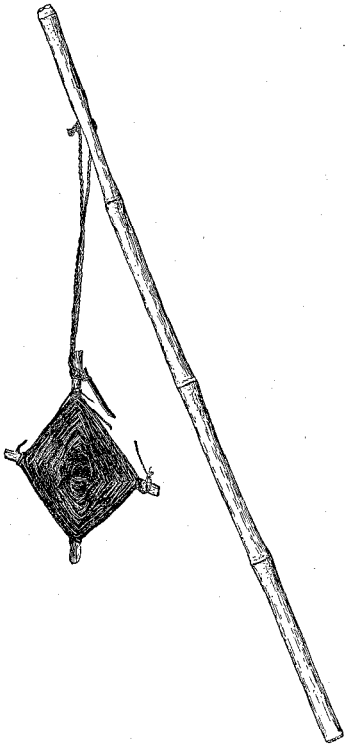
dance. The deer in the pairing season taught them to dance their great dance, Yumaree; and the wild turkey taught them their other great dance, Rutuburee.

About three o'clock in the morning, noticing that the dancing flagged and was done with no particular spirit, I went down to my camp to sleep for a couple of hours, and had just rolled myself comfortably in my blankets, when my Indian friend, the son of the house, appeared with a torch and called to me to come, as they were about to begin eating and drinking. Nabor and I went with him. A medicine-man presided at the feast, for which all the food, beer, and rattles were placed on a



The Weesheema.

blanket before the cross. As usual, some of the beer was sacrificed to the four corners of the world, and then some of the meat, the dogs standing around while the latter ceremony was going on, waiting for what might fall to them, and coming back to the charge after having been driven off by the Indians. We entered the hut and I sat next to the medicine-man, a seat of honor, with Nabor next to me. The meat, boiled to a stringy mass and without salt, was first given to me, but did not prove tempting. Then a big gourd of teswaino was placed before me, with which I was expected to sacrifice. I deputed this ceremony to Nabor, who was quite at home in it. The liquor was then offered first to the host, hostess, and daughter, and to me, in the order named, and then to the others present.

The medicine-man then began to "cure" the persons of the house, taking a dipper of maguey wine, over which he made the sign of the cross with his finger before giving a drink of it to the baby of the house, the mother holding a cross over the child's breast. The same ceremony was gone through with all the children. Wine was offered to me with the cross. At every such feast the medicine-man is expected to cure or help some sick person, and they are very adroit in making the Indians believe that they suck maggots out of the sick person, or bad blood.

Now began another Yumaree dance with more vigor, the participants having had a good deal of drink. The scene was a weird one, the fires lighting up the night and throwing out in bold relief the fantastic figures of the Indians as they moved rhythmically back and forth, giving vent to the so-called song which accompanies their dances. Lucifer, as the Mexicans call the Morning Star, was trying to hold his own against the wan light of the fading moon in its last quarter. Both Lucifer and the moon had, however, soon to give way before the faint rosy tint which rapidly filled the east. For how many hundreds, perhaps thousands of years, had Lucifer cast his last rays upon just such a weird scene as this in the heart of the Sierra Madre. Meanwhile the solemn dance continued. At sunrise the eldest son of the house made a speech, the gist of which was good advice to his friends to avoid the evil of drink, to be quiet, peaceful, and industrious, urging his hearers to dance before the cross, and with the rattle to pray that nothing evil should trouble

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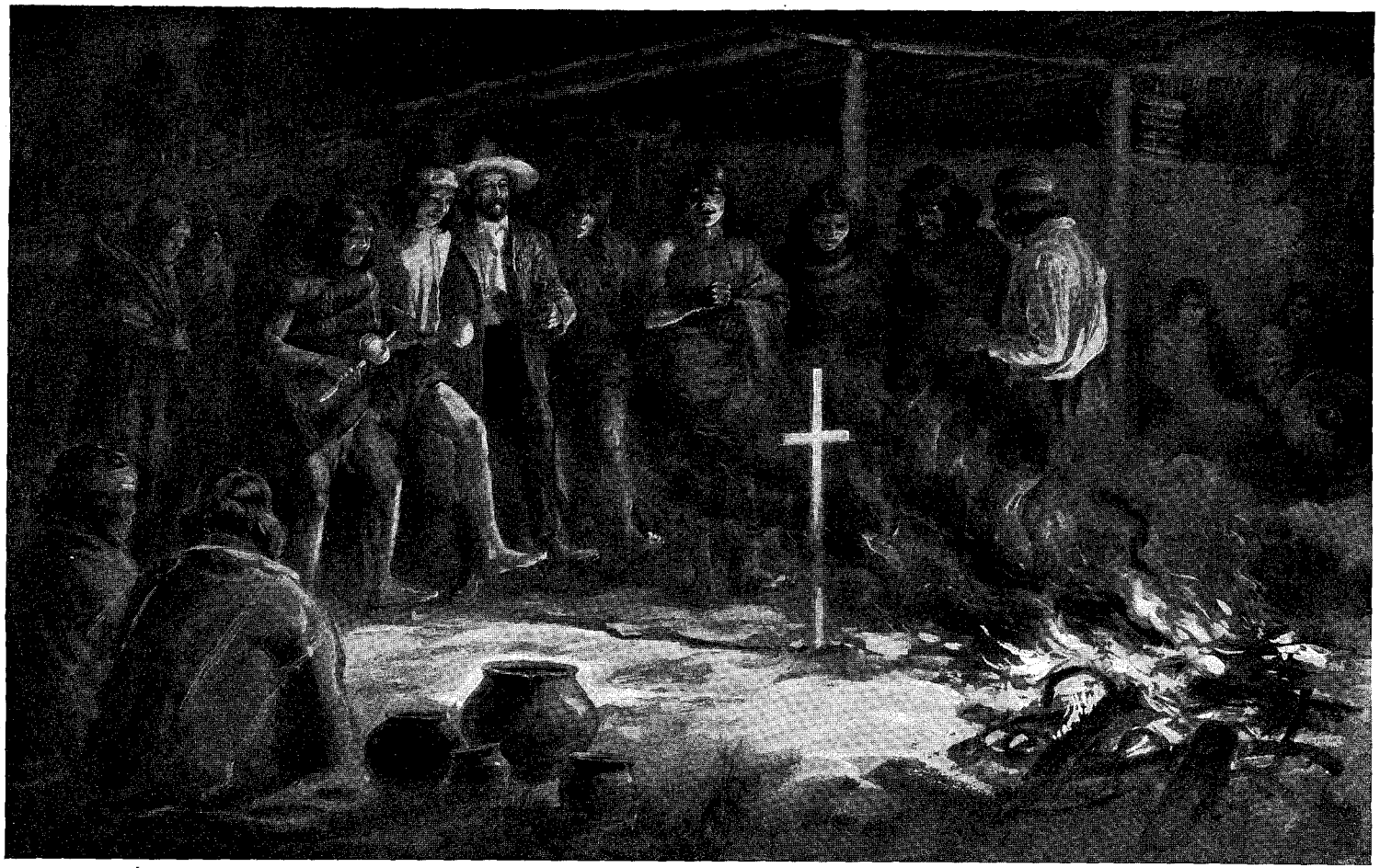

DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

Dancing—"Up and down, in time to the rattle, they walked around the cross."—Page 440.

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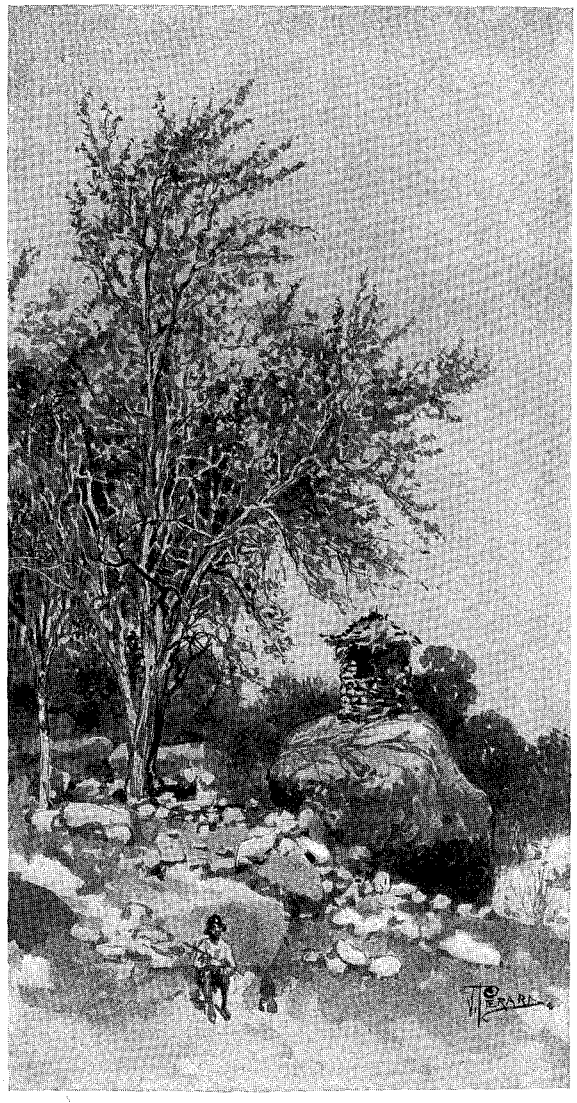

Small Storehouse Perched on Bowlder.

them. This appeal was punctuated with exclamations of approval or assent from the company. Then the dance went on, but with less spirit, as the large quantity of liquor drunk during the night was beginning to show its effect.

In the morning were held the ceremonies in honor of the dead person whose spirit was supposed to have taken part in the night's festival. Every one marched in procession to the funeral cross, bringing all kinds of food and beer, and after sitting down each person of the family drank formally with the dead man and made to him the following speech:

"Now be off to the other world; we don't want you here any longer, now that you are dead. He who is above us will carry you off. What do you wish here, wandering around like a coyote? Go away from us. We don't want you. Therefore we give you provisions for the journey."

This was repeated in substance by all the relatives, one after the other, and even the weeping Nabor, although not a relative and who never saw the dead person, gave the speech with great solemnity of manner. Nabor had the honor of distributing the teswaino, drinking meantime incredible quantities of it. In explanation of this curious address to the dead, it should be said, that according to Indian superstition the dead person takes the shape of some animal, who wanders around for a whole year after death. Food is placed and ashes are sprinkled at the spot where a person dies in order that the friends may discover by the tracks what sort of animal shape the departed has assumed. Three ceremonies are held upon behalf of the dead (four for a woman) within the year—the first, three days after death, the second and more important, at the end of six months, and the last and most important at the end of the year. Unless such ceremonies are held and the medicine-man does his best, the dead person may forever continue to wander around as an animal. Sorcerers and people too poor to pay the medicine-man suffer that fate. If the dead person has been a particularly bad man, the medicine-men have a hard time in rescuing him from the animal kingdom;

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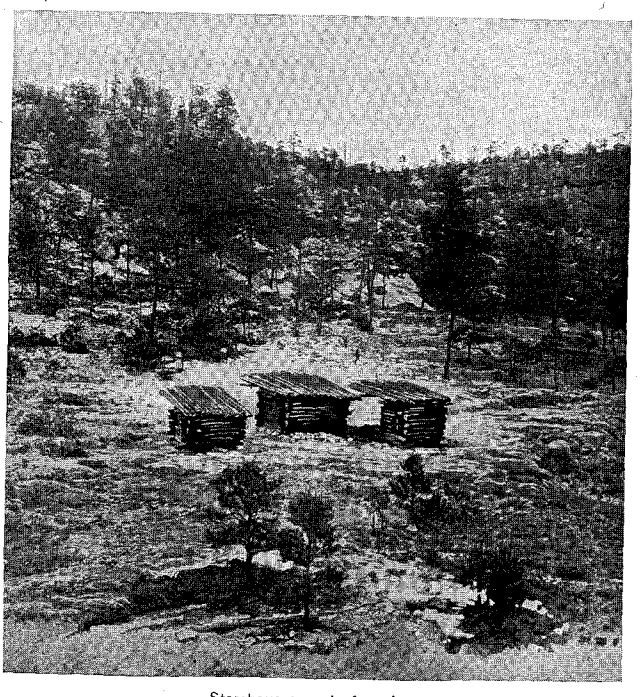
it may take hours of prayer and dances to get his head through, and then hours more of other dances and incantations with herbs and hikori to rescue the rest of his body

After the funeral service there was some more dancing, but most of the people were by this time very drunk, and by noon all had dispersed. These Indians whom I met at this festival live during the winter in the barrancas de Tuaripa and are, more or less, cave-dwellers. Contrary to my expectations, I later on found two Indians willing to accompany me down in their barrancas and help me to take skulls out of the caves. One was a man of the greatest influence in this barranca and showed his great friendship for me by selling me the bones of his near relatives. I paid him less than a dollar for the skeleton of his mother-in-law. He was an Indian of more than common intelligence and proved himself a valuable friend to me, believing that I would help his tribe.

Before leaving these kind friends who had thus admitted me to their household feasts, I was invited by one of the singers to go to his house. He had a boy who feared neither him nor their god, and who, he thought, would be impressed and sobered by the sight of a particular trick which I had exhibited. This trick was done with the simple apparatus by which a red ball is made to appear and disappear at will from the inside of a cup. It does not impose long upon a ten-year-old child in civilized countries, but these simple Indians were lost in awe-struck wonder over it. The singer believed that his reckless boy, inclined to scoff at wonders and signs, would be brought to his senses by this marvel. It happened, however, that the boy was away in the fields and I had no opportunity of testing it upon him.

I was invited to several other dancing feasts, at one of which, a thanksgiving, ears of corn were hung up near the cross. My trip, although a short one, had proved to be of great interest and profit, and upon getting back to headquarters I at once began preparations for a long southern journey to the great barranca de San Carlos and other places, which was to last several months.

Nobody who travels in the land of the Tarahumaris can fail to notice that a curious feature of all their habitations is the number of storehouses, of which every householder or cave-dweller has from two to ten. Sometimes these storehouses, which measure from four to eight feet square, and are about five feet in height, are built like miniature log-houses, or they may be of stone. The roofs are of straw or of pine boards. Sometimes they are square and of boards; but more often round, and of stone. When found in caves they are always square. Each storehouse has a door or opening about two feet square,



Storehouses made from Logs.

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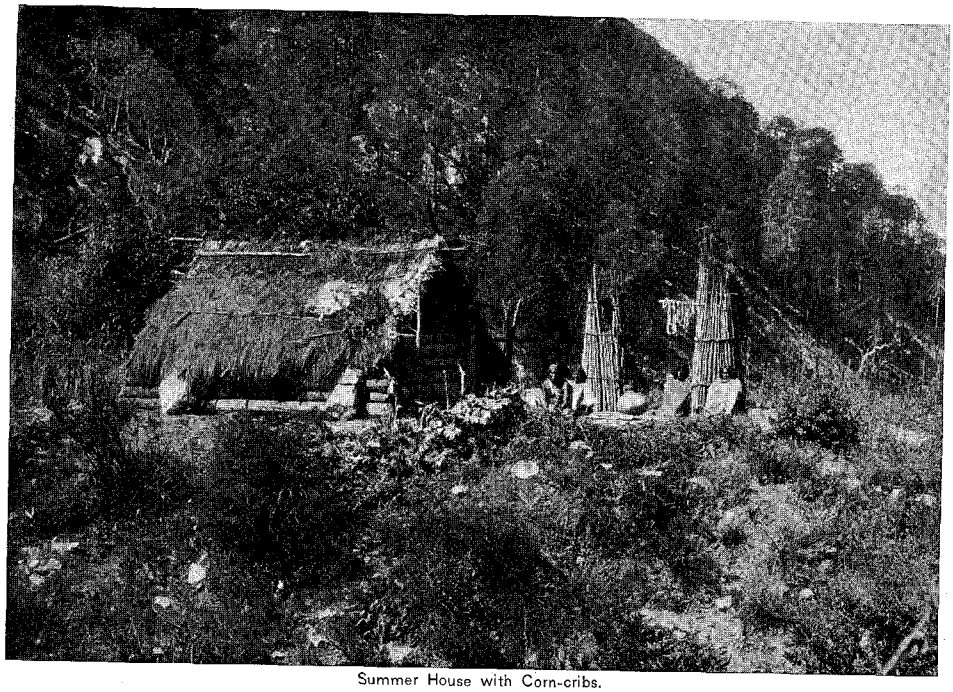

Summer House with Corn-cribs.

through which a man may creep with some trouble. When not in use as a closet by the inhabitants of the cave, the door of the storehouse is closed up with a piece of board and the edges tightly cemented with clay. This is always done when the family leaves the habitation to go to some other place, and nothing is considered more heinous by the Tarahumaris than to break open a storehouse thus sealed up. When the storehouses are built of logs and are outside the caves, they are usually placed in the most inaccessible spots of the neighborhood, such as on top of a big bowlder or up on the slope above the cave. They are used as receptacles for the surplus riches of the family, consisting chiefly of corn, blankets, and cotton cloth.

Corn is the chief agricultural product of the Tarahumaris, who also cultivate beans, and in rare cases, in the barrancas, tobacco, but all upon a small scale. Their chief dish, twice a day, is what the Mexicans also use to a great extent and call pinole—toasted corn, ground to a flour on a stone and mixed with cold water to the consistency of a thick soup. It is cooling and nourishing, but rather indigestible. As a luxury the Indian eats corn cakes (tortillas). From the harvest, which is in September and October, until February, he lives well, but starves from that time until the next harvest, subsisting chiefly upon baked maguey and herbs. A great many seeds, roots, and the young shoots of the ash tree serve him for food. In a certain part of the Sierra, at an elevation of eight thousand feet, wild onions are found in great profusion. There are two species of these, one of which is rather bitter, but the other is excellent, and I have frequently used it. Wild herbs are many. I have seen the Indians gather in one minute four kinds of herbs, all of which were excellent eating, from the same place in front of the cave. The herbs are generally found in the bottoms of the valleys, and especially in the cultivated fields. The most important herb to the Tarahumari is a species of Cruciferæ, known as Mekvasari, which grows in the fields as a weed. Mexicans have the same name for it, and sometimes cultivate it.

I have often had occasion to live largely upon the corn dishes of the Indians, and strange to say I have felt

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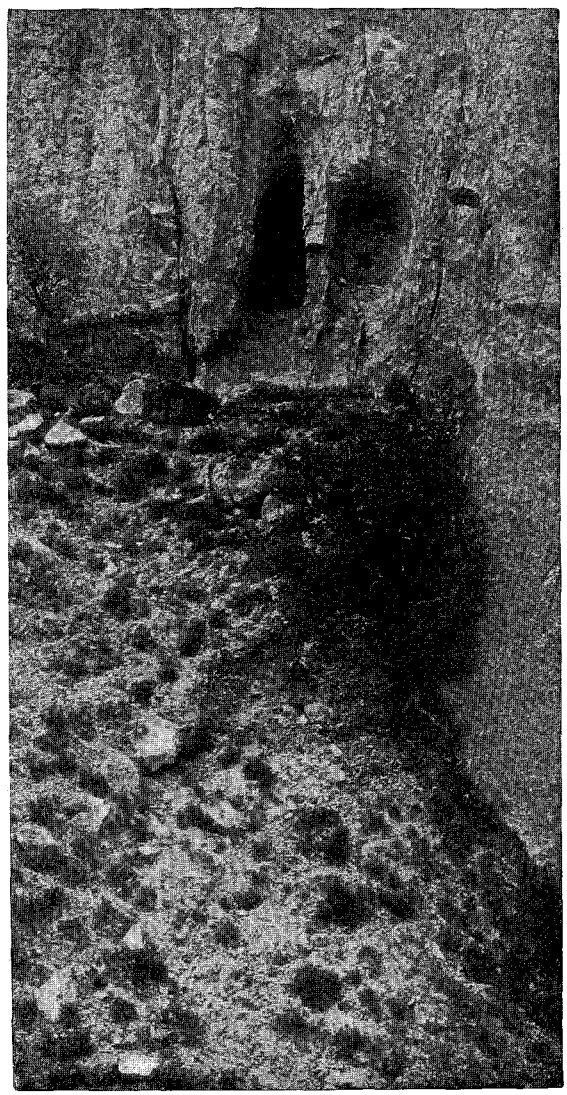
all the better for this simple and vegetarian diet. I never knew before that corn could give such power to endure fatigue. I have for a few days at a time done a great deal of climbing and walking, living on corn-cakes and water. For weeks my chief dish, three times a day, was a thin soup made from ground and toasted corn, mixed with some condensed milk. I cannot refrain from mentioning one Indian dish, which I have found so strengthening and so refreshing that I may almost claim it as a discovery interesting to mountain climbers, especially to travellers who have to employ great bodily exertion. This dish is called in Mexico *iskiate* and is made by the Indian women, who rub toasted corn on the millstone, adding water to it, until they produce a thickish kind of drink which is always cool and looks very inviting to the weary traveller; it is of a pleasant green color, owing to certain herbs ground in with it. I remember, one late afternoon, arriving at the cave of a heathen whose wife was just making this *iskiate*. The day had been extremely fatiguing, and I felt tired and at a loss how to climb up the side of the mountain before dark, a height of some two thousand feet. But after satisfying my hunger and thirst with this dish, offered by my hospitable friend, I felt new strength, and to my astonishment climbed the height without any great effort. After this I always found this dish a friend in need. It does not, however, agree well with a sedentary life, as it is slightly indigestible.

Thus from force of circumstances I became a convert to vegetarianism for the time being. I found that there is more strength in maize than in meat, while journeying in these hot barrancas, with the sharp and severe climbing required. Moreover the meat was poor and diseased on account of the drought. I now fully understand how the Norwegian peasant starts out on prolonged mountain trips, with his oat or barley bread as his main provision, not to speak of the hard work done by the races who subsist chiefly on rice. However, what is good for me may not necessarily prove so to others and I will frankly confess that when in civilization I do not feel inclined to give up the delights of a French menu, although to a certain extent I have at present lost my former liking for meat. I believe that



Small Caves used as Storehouses.

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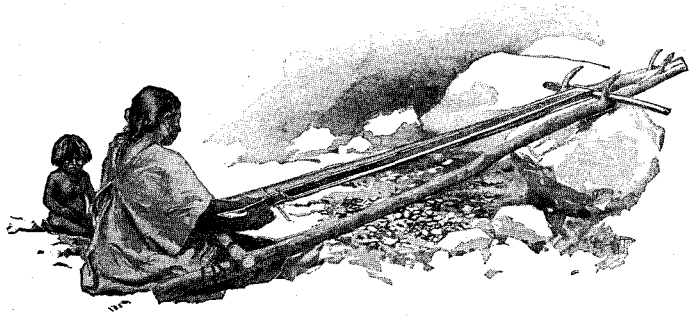
many travellers who complain of ill health, as well as people living under civilized conditions, would be benefited by an experiment in vegetarianism.

In the dry season the Indian subsists almost wholly at times upon the baked heart of the maguey. This sweet stuff



Weaving Girdles.

I have eaten with pinole, but I cannot live wholly upon it, as the Indians do for weeks at a time. To me it is frightfully indigestible. The Tarahumari likes to have meat every day, although he cannot always get it. He rarely or never kills any of his domestic animals for food, but goes hunting with his bow and arrow. Various squirrels, rats, mice, and even polecats go into his pot. In order to get one squirrel, the Indians may cut down as many as ten pine trees, a whole day's work. They skin well, make good taxidermists, and use stuffed mountain cats and squirrels (brown and gray) at their religious ceremonies, and keep them in their houses. They are extremely ingenious in trapping animals. Rats and gophers and deer are trapped with success. They trap deer with snares placed in holes ten inches deep, covered with oak leaves. In order that the deer may not smell anything suspicious they rub the trap with charcoal. When the deer's foot is snared, the animal is hoisted into the air, for one end of the line is tied to a bent tree, which is released when the trap is sprung. Another way of catching deer is to put sharp-pointed sticks of pine about two feet long in the track of the animal where the way is rough and steep. The Indians then stampede the deer with dogs, making a tremendous noise and the animal, in running against the sharp sticks, gets severely wounded and is soon caught. As soon as snow falls, the Tarahumaris sally forth looking for tracks of different animals.

Small birds are killed with bows and arrows or even with stones. Blackbirds are very plentiful in the winter time and are caught by threading corn on a snare of pita (fibre of agave) hidden under the ground. The birds eat the kernel and cannot eject it. Quail are killed with bow and arrow. Turkeys are killed by dogs or caught in traps. The Indians are so fond of mice that I have known them to beg for permission to look through a house for them. They will eat snakes, wolves, and wild dogs. Nothing is eaten raw. A larva found on the branches of the madrona, in small white sacks of a silky texture, is gathered, boiled, and eaten.

Several kinds of berries and wild fruits are used by the Indians, for instance the red berry of the madrona. But above all they value the fruit of the Cereus Pithaya, which lasts for about a month, at the height of the dry season, just when they need it most. This fruit is about as big as an egg, green, spine-covered, its flesh soft, full of black seeds, and very sweet and nourishing. It grows at a height of from fifteen to twenty feet, and the Indian gets it down with a long, pronged fork of reeds, gathering it in a reed crate which he carries on his back. In the early morning at dawn, the Indians, men and women, start out, armed with these slender poles, climbing the ridges with grace and agility, to

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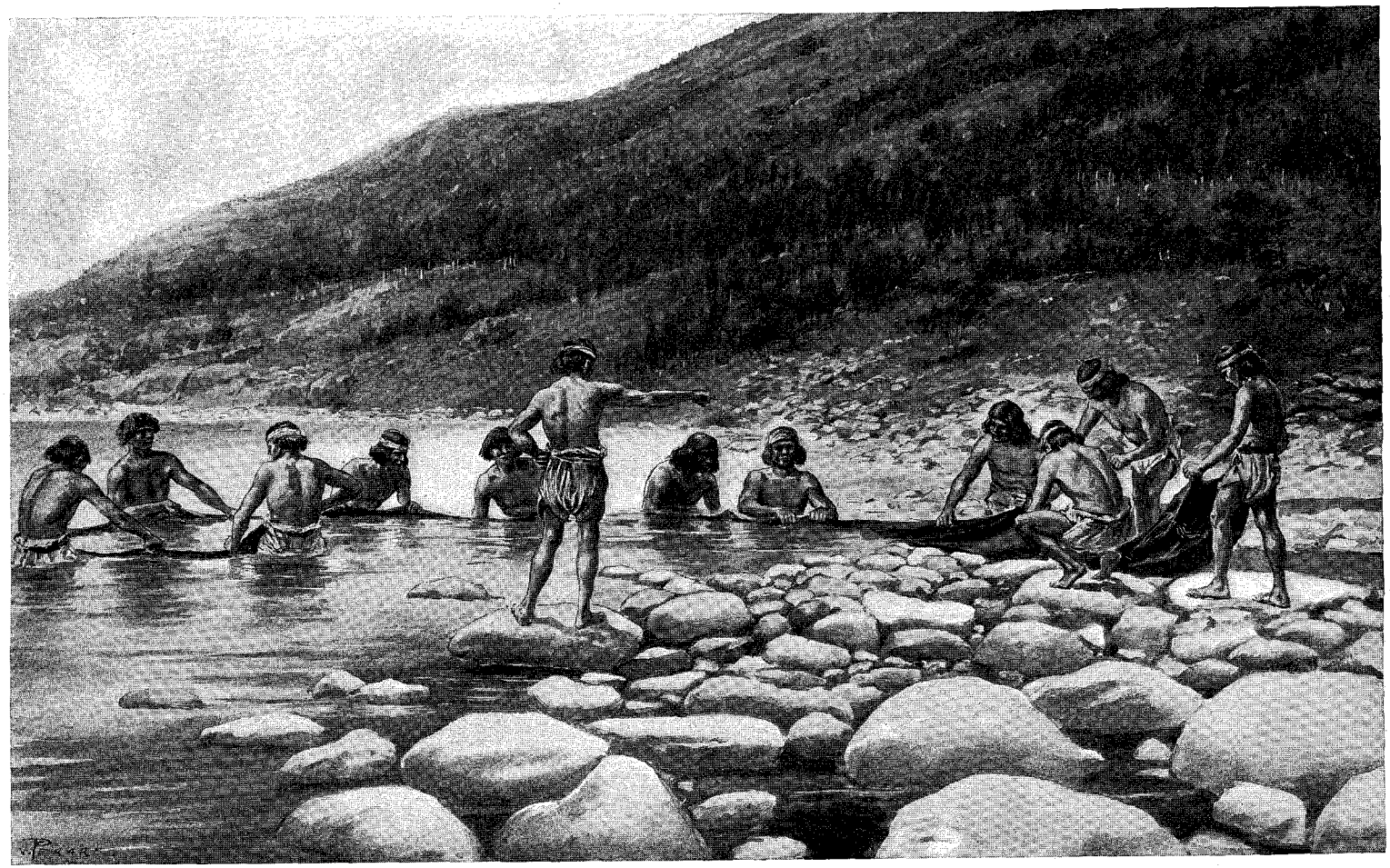

DRAWN BY V. PERARD.

Fishing with Nets made of Blankets sewn together Lengthwise.—Page 451.

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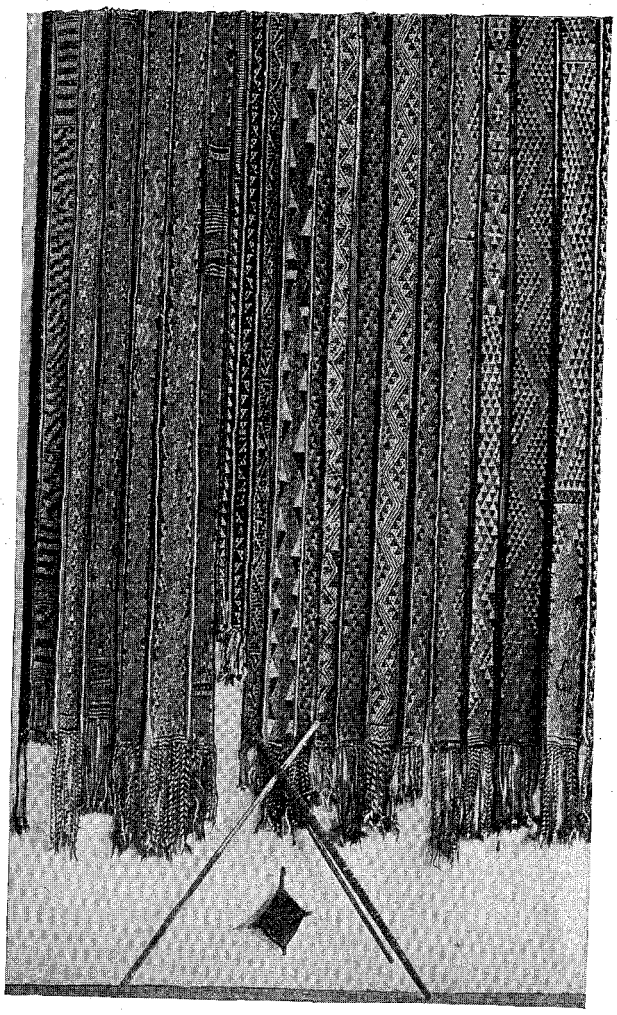
get the pithaya, which is better picked at this hour than in the middle of the day. I found it excellent with milk. The taste is between that of a fig and a plum. The Mexican servants consider it so great a delicacy that they often abscond during the pithaya season in order to obtain it.



Girdles.

In warm weather the Indians catch fish with their hands in the crevices of the rocks. Their chief fishing is done, however, by poisoning or stupefying the fish with different kinds of vegetable poison. This is practised only in the warm season, as according to the Tarahumaris the cold weather renders the poison ineffective. Neither do they like cold water. Several plants yield the poison, the most important being a tree called Palo de la Flecha. When the poison is obtained, it is necessary to drink beer and to sacrifice some beer and fish to their god. Under the bark of this tree is found a liquid juice, a drop of which causes the skin to smart like fire. The river water is poisoned by cutting off the bark and allowing it to float with the current until it is stopped by a dam made of tree-trunks. The Indians are very careful not to get any spray of this poisonous juice into their eyes, and they stand to the windward of it. One man who omitted this precaution was blinded for three days, but was cured with a solution of salt applied to the eyes.

While the fishing is going on a cross is set up near the river, upon which beads and girdles, headbands, tunics, pouches, and arrows are hung. Should they omit this sacrifice to the spirit of the water, the fish will not die, "for surely there is some great big man who is the master of the fish," said an Indian to me; and he added, "or it is perhaps only the oldest fish." The work begins in the evening after the proper ceremonies and sacrifices have been made and continues all through the night, the men cutting bark and branches of the poison tree and throwing the pieces into the river, one party standing on one bank and one party on the other. There is a manager appointed for each party who takes care that none of his men goes to sleep. One man from each party is deputed to warm stones and throw them into the river two or three at a time, every half hour. I could get no explanation of

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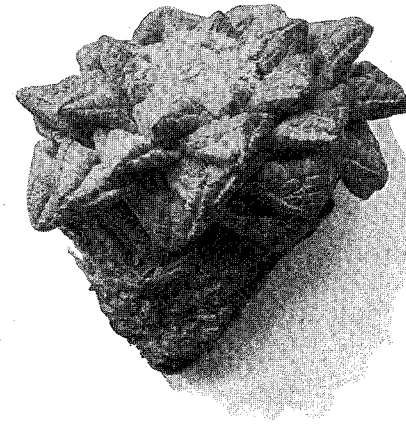
this. At the break of day the two managers follow the river to see the effect of the poison. If much poison is put in, it is said to take effect along a mile of the river, but usually it covers only half that distance or even less. Each man then gathers all the fish he can, but those caught in reed mats, so placed as to intercept stupefied or dead fish, belong to the owners of the mats. Women and children are not permitted to stay with the men at night, but they watch the mats to see that the otters do not steal the fish. After the catch, the women open the fish and hang them on the branches to dry. A good night's catch may amount to two or three mule-loads. Many of the stupefied fish recover, but many of course also die, and are eaten all the same.

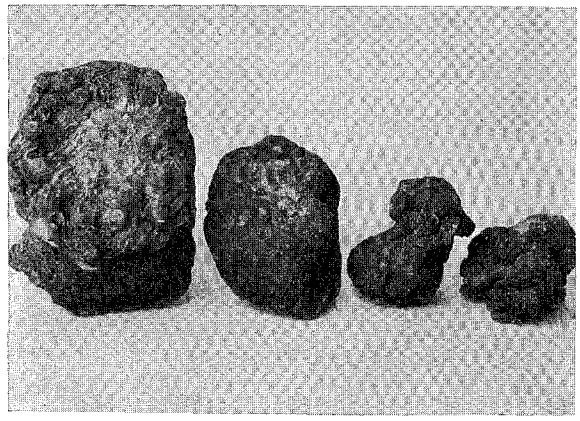
During the day the Indians eat and sleep, and at night drink maguey wine and get very drunk. Wine-making from maguey requires three days, after which another day is given to searching for more poison wood, and then the Indians are ready for another catch. This fishing may be repeated two or three times a year, but sometimes, if food is plenty, a whole year passes without such an expedition. The work is done with great earnestness, and almost in silence. Chili is not eaten either by men or women, and the bones of the fish are thrown into the fire.

Later on in the summer the heathen may be seen fishing lower down on the river Fuerte, where it is deep. I have seen them fasten sixteen blankets together lengthwise with splinters of wood, making a gigantic net held at the upper and lower edges by ropes of



Hikori Sunami.

vines; with this the river was dragged at a narrow part for a distance of about three hundred yards, the operation taking about twenty minutes. Men on either shore carried the rope along, and others in the water pushed the net, holding it at the right height to intercept the fish. The catch upon one occasion that I remember, was more than eighty big suckers, of three or four pounds apiece, which were picked out by hand by men standing in the pocket made by the net as it was drawn on shore. The smaller fish were taken out with a blanket used as a dipping net. I should say that there was more than a cartload of fish.



Hikori Wanami.

This account of the Tarahumaris is necessarily brief and incomplete. But I cannot bring it to a close without reference to one of their most curious and important superstitions, plant worship. To the Indian, everything in nature is alive, and even the plants could not grow if they had no souls. Many of them are supposed to talk and sing and feel pain like ourselves. There are five or six kinds of plants, species of Mamillaria, or small cacti, called Hikori, that live for months after they have been rooted

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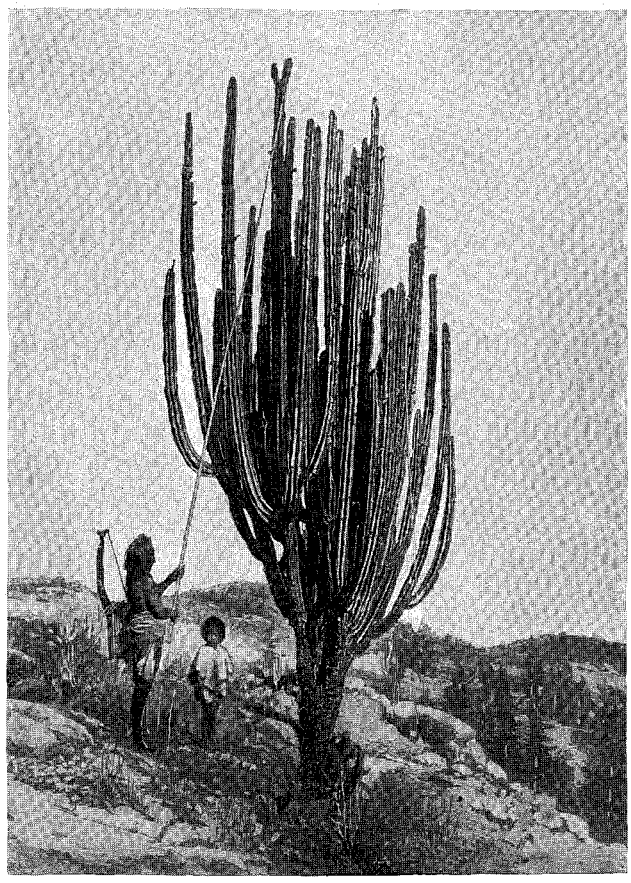
up, which are even worshipped by the Tarahumaris. They look upon these plants as individuals to be treated with the utmost respect, in fact as demi-gods to whom sacrifice must be offered. The chief benefit sought from this plant worship is the good health of the tribe, but there are also many other advantages to be gained by having the plants in their storehouses, or wearing them about their persons. The Tarahumari does not keep them in his own house, because they, the plants, are "virtuous," and would be offended at the sight of anything wrong or lascivious.

All the small cacti are regarded with superstitious reverence by the Tarahumari. They have different properties, the most pronounced of them being to drive off wizards, robbers, and Apaches, and to ward off disease. These Hikori are found growing in the ranges east of the Mexican Central Railway, particularly at Santa Rosalia de Camerga. When they are needed by the tribe, ten or a dozen Tarahumaris start out to gather them, first using copal incense on themselves. The journey is a long one, and it takes the Indians a week and three days to get to the Sierra Margosa, where they are chiefly found. Until they reach the field where the Hikori grows, the Tarahumari may eat what he likes, but once there he must be abstinent from all but pinole. Women may follow the Hikori gatherers, but may not touch the plant. Upon arriving at the Sierra, the first thing done is to erect a cross, near which are placed the first few Hikori that are taken up,



Gathering Pithaya (*Cereus Pithaya*).

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in order that these Hikori may tell where others are to be found in plenty. The Indians chew and eat the next plants they find, and in consequence get very intoxicated; as speech is forbidden in this place, they lie down in silence. On the second day, when sober, they begin to collect the plant early in the morning, taking it up very carefully with sticks, in order not to hurt it, because the plant would be angry and revenge itself, making them mad and tumbling them down precipices. Different species are kept in different sacks, because otherwise "they" would fight. He—the Indian always speaks of the plant as an individual—is a noisy divinity, and sings away when in the sack. One man who used his bag of Hikori as a pillow, told me that such was the noise made by the plant that he was unable to sleep.

When the Tarahumaris return with the Hikori, a festival is held in honor of the plant. The people go out to welcome the travellers with music, and at night much teswaino, or native beer, is drunk. The night is passed in dancing in honor of the plant. The pile of Hikori, perhaps two bushels, is placed under a cross and sprinkled with teswaino, for the Hikori likes teswaino as well as the Tarahumaris. The next day a sheep or even an ox or two goats are sacrificed. Hikori is sold to the heathens in the barrancas who are too timid to go for it themselves. One plant costs a sheep, and the buyer holds a feast in honor of its purchase, and repeats the feast at the same time every year.

Several kinds of Hikori should be described. There is the Wanami (superior), which, besides being used to make an intoxicating drink, is famous as a remedy for snake bites and burns and wounds. It is moistened in the mouth and applied to the part to be relieved. It is also supposed to prolong life. Sunami, which looks like a small artichoke, is a still more powerful Hikori than Wanami. The deer cannot run away from it and the bears cannot do you any harm if you have it. Robbers are powerless against it, for Sunami calls soldiers to its aid. A liquor, called Hikori, is made from both these cacti, particularly the first, and is highly intoxicating. It is prominent at all festivals held in honor of the plant, and is drunk by the medicine-men and their assistants and also by the whole assembly as a safeguard against witchcraft and for the health of the tribe.

Rosapara is a white and spiny Hikori, different from the two already mentioned. It must be touched with clean hands and only by people who are "well baptized" for "he" is a good "Christian," say the Christian Tarahumaris, and keeps a sharp eye upon people around "him." Rosapara is particularly effective in frightening off Apaches and robbers. Rubio, a medicine-man and a friend of mine, told me that the Apaches once turned back because he had these two plants with him. "He" is very fierce, makes bad people mad, and throws them down precipices. Mulato is a Hikori which makes the eyes large and clear to see sorcerers, gives long life, and speed to the runner.

The greatest Hikori of them all is, however, Walulasalianee, literally meaning a big authority. This is a rare plant which I have never seen. It is said to grow in low clusters from eight to twelve inches in diameter, resembling the Wanami, with many "young ones" about him. All the other Hikoris are "his" servants. "He" is so greedy as to require oxen for food—nothing else will satisfy him, and therefore but few of the Tarahumaris can afford to entertain "him." If an ox is not killed for "him," "he" will eat the Indian. "He" never dies. At ceremonies and sacrifices in aid of a sick person, the medicine-man will, in the absence of this important Hikori, fly to "his" country, where "he" stands looking toward his sons, the Tarahumaris, and offer "him" the soul of the ox that has been sacrificed. "He" eats it and sends benefits back by servants of "his" who are particularly well dressed and wear straw hats—regular Americans, as Rubio expressed it. Only the medicine-men can see "them" when "they" come to clean the souls and to cure the hearts of the Tarahumaris.

There is one kind of Hikori which has long white spines and is supposed to come from the devil and is used for

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evil purposes. If it becomes angry the leg which kicked it will break. Once when I happened to push one of these globular woolly-looking cactuses with a stick, an Indian said to me, "Leave it alone, for it will make you fall down precipices." In the eastern part of the Sierra, and in a few other parts, for instance in the foot-hills around the River Fuerte, Hikori is not used at all.

According to the Indian traditions, when their god went to heaven at the beginning of the world, he left Hikori on the earth as the great remedy for the Tarahumaris. Hikori sings very beautifully, so that the Tarahumaris may find it. It sings in the field and in the blanket in which it is carried and also in the cave where it is kept. When they go to take it from its country, it says: "I want to go with you to your country, so that you may sing an incantation for me." The Indians keep it in a jar in a cave very carefully, and do not take it out without offering it beer and meat. If this was neglected it might eat the Indian's soul. If anything happens to Hikori — if, for instance, rats should eat it, the Indians believe that Hikori in "his" anger will blight them with madness. Hikori is a very important personage and it is necessary to lift one's hat before approaching it; the Christian Tarahumari makes the sign of the cross. It is saluted as if it were a Tarahumari, with the formal and customary salutation, and is supposed to make the customary answers. The small plants are even sometimes dressed in clothes, making a ludicrous appearance. Neither women nor boys are allowed to touch it.

In the Indian songs, Hikori is described as standing on top of a gigantic bead, as big as a mountain, the polished seed of a grass called Choix Lacrymæ. This seed, of which necklaces are made, is believed to be medicinal and to keep away evil. Men and women and children wear them. Peasant women in Italy and Spain use this same grass seed as a protection against evil, and American women have been known to use it with teething children, whom it is supposed to soothe. The Hikori is believed to wash away all diseases. Even the Christian Tarahumari says that Hikori sits next to their god and is called "Uncle" because it is a brother of their god. They believe that the greatest of the Hikoris is a twin brother of their god. The great Hikori rides to feasts on the back of a beautiful green dove. The Hikoris come flying from San Ignacio and from Satapolio early in the morning in order to eat and drink with the Tarahumaris at the end of the dance, when the Indians eat and sacrifice. The biggest authority among them eats with the medicine-man, who alone is able to see "him" and "his" companions. If they do not come, there would always remain on the Tarahumaris the breath or stain of the sorcerers.

At the end of four years, Hikori loses its virtues and grows mouldy, when it is buried in a corner of the cave, or is taken back to the place from which it came and new plants obtained.

At all important festivals, some medicine men devote themselves wholly to the Hikori worship in order that the health of the participants in the feast may be preserved and that they may have vigor for their dances. If there is much sickness, Hikori dances are frequently held. The evening before the festival, the master of the house where it is to be held gives a number of Hikori plants to women known as Roakoro, assistants of the medicine-man, who grind it upon a stone with water and take pains not to spill a drop. Roakoro means stamina, while the medicine-man is the pistil of the flower. Even the stone is afterward carefully washed and the water saved. The special medicine-man who devotes himself to Hikori worship draws with his finger upon the sand a mystical figure,* in the centre of which he plants the Hikori. This he covers with a gourd, upon which he rests the end of a notched stick, which he rasps with a piece of wood, so as to produce a noise that serves as the accompaniment to his song. Hikori is fond of noise, because "he" is powerful.

While the medicine-man sings, a man or a woman, but never the two

* Mr. F. H. Cushing has shown me a drawing from pictographs from the lava rocks of Arizona, representing figures almost identical with this and supposed to be a water animal god.

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sexes together, is always dancing before him, the dance consisting of a peculiar twisting or hopping on the toes, quickly whirling the body around. Now and then the man who dances gives vent to what is supposed to be an imitation of the Hikori's talk, which reminds one of the crow of a cock. The medicine-man's song is a prayer to the Hikori to come and help the sick person and to grant a "beautiful intoxication." Now and then the thick brownish stuff is served in small quantities in a gourd, and the spirits of the people rise in proportion to their potations, followed by a sleepy depression. The ceremonies continue all night. If the medicine-man stops for a moment, he asks permission of the Hikori, and formal salutations are exchanged, both when he goes and when he returns. If one of the assistants goes off for a sleep, he gets permission from the god and again notifies the Hikori of his return. Sometimes only the medicine-men and their assistants drink; at other times all the persons present partake of the liquor.

Upon one occasion, at three o'clock in the morning, I saw a Hikori feast among the heathens, at which two medicine-men rasped and sang with feeble voices. In front of them burned an enormous log fire. People sat in a square, the most prominent personages on either side of the medicine-man. I wished to taste the Hikori, which was new to me. A lively discussion arose between the medicine-men and the host, and I was finally told that I might sit with the medicine-men, as it was known that I had some of the sacred herb, but upon condition that I should take off my hat. It was a cold and windy night in December, but I obeyed and put on a red silk handkerchief, to which no objection was made. The man who carried the gourd danced in front of the medicine-man, then around the fire, and then brought it to me. The stuff tasted a little bitter, but was not disagreeable; and although I drank but about half a glassful, I felt the effects of it in a few moments. It made me wide-awake and acted as an excitant to the nerves, similar to coffee in its effect, but more powerful. This feeling lasted about ten minutes, followed by depression and a chill such as I have never experienced. To get warm I almost threw myself into the fire; but it was not until nearly morning that the feeling of cold was conquered. Some of the Tarahumaris told me that they had been similarly affected, and for this reason they cannot take Hikori.

When I told the medicine-man the effect of Hikori upon me, he asked if I had ever rasped, because, said he, Hikori did not give a chill to those who did. The exercise probably keeps them warm. At this particular festival I saw several men and several women dancing at the same time, but the two sexes not together. It was a picturesque and fantastic sight—the women wearing white petticoats and tunics. Once a medicine-man agreed to sell me some Hikori and I followed him home. He went to his storehouse of boards, and with a long stick undid the lock from the inside, taking off a few boards on the roof. After some searching, he produced a small closed basket, containing the precious demi-gods. Holding it his hands, he ran rapidly around me once, and then said in a scarcely audible voice, "Thank you for the time you have been with me; now go to him. I will give you food before you go." Then he asked my Indian to hold a broken piece of pottery, on which he placed some burning coals and some copal gum. The smoke was blown over the Hikori, so that "he" might eat, and given to me to smell, so that "he" should find pleasure in being with me. This copal, by the way, is used by the Mexicans as incense to the saints, and is inhaled as a remedy for coughs and toothaches. He now opened the basket and told me to take what I wanted. I selected twelve plants, for which he asked ten dollars, which I thought so exorbitant that I contented myself with three pieces.

The specimens were of the Hikori Wanami, the commonest kind, which is used as an intoxicant and for healing purposes. The other and rarer kinds—the Sunami, the Rosapara, and the Mulato —I secured from my friend Rubio, who lives in a cave near Nararachic, and is the greatest expert in Hikori ceremonial in the whole Sierra. He is frequently

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called upon to practise his arts in distant parts of the country. It is from him that I obtained most of my information as to Hikori, and the specimens of the plant. Upon my way back to civilization I spent several days in Guajochic, near where Rubio lives. He came several times to see me, and at last told me in great confidence that the Hikori which he had given me the year before would have to be fed previous to starting on their long journey; it was a long time since they had had food, and they were getting angry. I told him to bring food the next day and feed them. He brought copal, tied up in a small cotton cloth, and after heating the incense upon a piece of hot crockery, he waved the smoke over the plants, which he had placed on the ground before him. This, as he said, would satisfy the Hikori; they would go contentedly, and no harm could come to me either from robbers or Apaches or sorcerers. This was a comfort, for, in order to reach Chihuahua, I had to pass through a disturbed country and there were rumors of revolution.

Sorcery and witchcraft are the curses of the Tarahumaris; even medicine-men may be sorcerers, sometimes in old age becoming so against their will, because their light goes out. Innocent persons have been accused of sorcery, and in recent years have been burned. The Tarahumari would be badly off without his doctor or medicine-man, supposed to be a very virtuous person who watches over him night and day, guarding him against sorcerers and evil. When the doctor sleeps it is only apparently so. In this life he cures diseases, and after death he is even more necessary, for he helps the Tarahumari into heaven; but teswaino is always necessary, and in the winter time, when ceremonies are frequent, the medicine-man, whose fees are mainly paid in teswaino, is drunk all the time; and yet thanks to his splendid constitution and the excellent climate, he seems to suffer no permanent injury.

To keep away small-pox the natives erect fences across the paths leading to their houses and hang snake skins, spines, and other charms, outside their doors to frighten away the disease. The medicine-men also use the Weesheema, a small cross wound around with colored threads, which is hung on the end of a stick and waved in the air to ward off disease and evil. Lying on the mummies of Peru this form of charm has been found, and I also understand that suggestions of this practice are still found among the Zuñi.

DAYS

By John Hall Ingham

What is the message of days, what is the thought they bring—
Days that darken to winter, days that sweeten to spring?

Is there a lore to learn, is there a truth to be told?
Hath the new dawn a ray that never flashed from the old?

Day that deepens to night, night that broadens to day,
What is the meaning of all, what is the word they say?

—Silence for aye and aye, and the heart-beats never cease
Till toil and life and the day are the night and death and peace.

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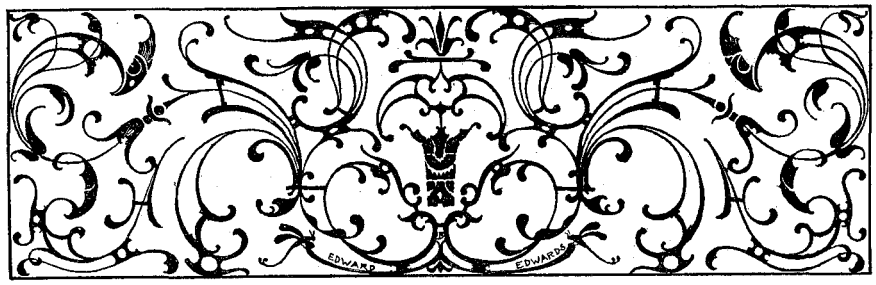

LITTLE DARBY

By Thomas Nelson Page

II

THE company in which Little Darby and the Millses had enlisted was one of the many hundred infantry companies which joined and were merged in the Confederate Army. It was in no way particularly signalized by anything that it did. It was commanded by the gentleman who did most toward getting it up, and the officers were gentlemen. The seventy odd men who made the rank and file were of all classes, from the sons of the oldest and wealthiest planters in the neighborhood to Little Darby and the dwellers in the district. The war was very different from what those who went into it expected it to be. Until it had gone on some time it seemed mainly marching and camping and staying in camp, quite uselessly as seemed to many, and drilling and doing nothing. Much of the time—especially later on—was given to marching and getting food; but drilling and camp duties at first took up most of it. This was especially hard on the poorer men, no one knew what it was to them. Some moped, some fell sick. Of the former class was Little Darby. He was too strong to be sickly as one of the Mills boys was, who died of fever in hospital only three months after they went in, and too silent to be as the other, who was jolly and could dance and sing a good song, and was soon very popular in the company; more popular even than Old Cove, who was popular in several rights, as being about the oldest man in the company and as having a sort of dry wit when he was in a good humor, which he generally was. Little Darby was hardly distinguished at all, unless by the fact that he was somewhat taller than most of his comrades and somewhat more taciturn. He was only a common soldier of a common class in an ordinary infantry company, such a company as was common in the army. He still had the little wallet which he had picked up in the path that morning he left home. He had asked both of the Mills boys vaguely if they ever had owned such a piece of property, but they had not, and when old Cove told him that he had not either, he had contented himself and carried it about with him somewhat elaborately wrapped up and tied in an old piece of oilcloth and in his inside jacket pocket for safety, with a vague feeling that some day he might find the owner or return it. He was never on specially good terms with the Millses. Indeed there was always a trace of coolness between them and him. He could not give it to them. Now and then he untied and unwrapped it in a secret place and read a little in the Testament, but that was all. He never touched a needle or so much as a pin, and when he untied the parcel he generally counted them to see that they were all there.

So the war went on, with battles coming a little oftener and food growing ever a little scarcer; but the company was about as before, nothing par-

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ticular—what with killing and fever a little thinned, a good deal faded; and Little Darby just one in a crowd, marching with the rest, sleeping with the rest, fighting with the rest, starving with the rest. He was hardly known for a long time, except for his silence, outside of his mess. Men were fighting and getting killed or wounded constantly; as for him, he was never touched; and as he did what he was ordered silently, and was silent when he got through, there was no one to sing his praise. Even when he was sent out on the skirmish line as a sharp-shooter, if he did anything no one knew it. He would reappear over a crest, or in a wood, and disappear, as silent as if he were hunting in the swamps of the district, clean his gun, cut up wood, eat what he could get, and sit by the fire and listen to the talk, as silent awake as asleep.

One other thing distinguished him, he could handle an axe better than any man in the company; but no one thought much of that—least of all Little Darby; it only brought him a little more work occasionally.

One day, in the heat of a battle which the men knew was being won, if shooting and cheering and rapid advancing could tell anything, the advance which had been going on with spirit was suddenly checked by a murderous artillery fire which swept the top of a slope, along the crest of which ran a road a little raised between two deep ditches topped by the remains of heavy fences. The infantry, after a gallant and hopeless charge, were ordered to lie down in the ditch behind the pike, and were sheltered from the leaden sleet which swept the crest. Artillery was needed to clear the field beyond, by silencing the batteries which swept it, but no artillery could get into position for the ditches, and the day seemed about to be lost. The only break was a gate opening into the field right on top of the hill. The gate was gone, but two huge wooden gate-posts, each a tree trunk, still stood and barred the way. No cannon had room to turn in between them; one had tried and a pile of dead men, horses, and débris marked its failure. A general officer galloped up with two or three of his staff to try to start the advance again. He saw the impossibility.

"If we could get a couple of batteries into that field for three minutes," he said, "it would do the work; but in ten minutes it will be too late."

The company from the old county was lying behind the bank almost exactly opposite the gate, and every word could be heard.

Where the axe came from no one knew; but a minute later a man slung himself across the road, and the next second the sharp, steady blows of an axe were ringing on the pike. The axeman had cut a wide cleft in the brown wood, and the big chips were flying before his act was quite taken in, and then a cheer went up from the men on the ground. It was no time to cheer, however; other chips were flying than those from the cutter's axe, and the bullets hissed by him like bees, splintering the hard post and knocking the dust from the road about his feet; but he took no notice of them, his axe plied as steadily as if he had been cutting a tree in the woods of the district, and when he had cut one side, he turned as deliberately and cut the other; then placing his hand high up, he flung his weight against the post and it went down. A great cheer went up, and the axeman swung back across the road just as two batteries of artillery tore through the opening he had made.

Few men outside of his company knew who the man was, and few had time to ask; for the battle was on again and the infantry pushed forward. As for Little Darby himself, the only thing he said was, "I knowed I could cut it down in ten minutes." He had nine bullet-holes through his clothes that night, but Little Darby thought nothing of it and neither did others; many others had bullet-holes through their bodies that night. It happened not long afterward that the general was talking of the battle to an English gentleman who had come over to see something of the war and was visiting him in his camp, and he mentioned the incident of a battle won by an axeman's coolness, but did not know the name of the man who cut the post away; the

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captain of the company, however, was the general's cousin and was dining with his guest that day, and he said with pride that he knew the man, that he was in his company, and he gave the name.

"It is a fine old name," said the visitor.

"And he is a fine man," said the captain; but none of this was ever known by Darby. He was not mentioned in the gazette, because there was no gazette. It was not even mentioned in the district; or, if it was, it was only that he had cut down a post; other men were being shot to pieces all the time, and the district had other things to think of.

Poor at all times, they were now absolutely without means of subsistence. Fortunately for them they were inured to hardship; and their men being all gone to the war, the women made such shift as they could, and lived as they might. They hoed their little patches, fished the streams, and trapped in the woods. But it was poor enough at best, and the weak went down and only the strong survived. Mrs. Mills was better off than most—she had a cow, at first, and she had Vashti. Vashti turned out to be a tower of strength. She trapped more game than any one in the district; caught more fish with lines and traps—she went miles to fish below the forks where the fish were bigger than above; she learned to shoot with her father's old gun, which had been sent back when he got a musket, shot like a man and better than most men; she hoed the patch, she tended the cow till it was lost, and then she did many other things. Her mother declared that, when Chris died (Chris was the boy who died of fever), but for Vashti she could not have got along at all, and there were many other women in the pines who felt the same thing.

When the news came that Bob Askew was killed, Vashti was one of the first who got to Bob's wife; and when Billy Luck disappeared in a battle, Vashti gave the best reasons for thinking he had been taken prisoner; and many a string of fish and squirrel and hare found their way into the empty cabins because Vashti "happened to pass by."

From having been rather stigmatized as "that Vashti Mills," she came to be relied on, and "Vashti" was consulted and quoted as an authority.

One cabin alone she never visited. The house of old Mrs. Stanley, now almost completely buried under its unpruned wisteria vine, she never entered. Her mother, as has been said, sometimes went across the bottom, and now and then took with her a hare or a bird or a string of fish, on condition from Vashti that it should not be known she had caught them; but Vashti never went, and Mrs. Mills found herself sometimes put to it to explain to others her unneighborliness. The best she could make of it was to say that "Vashti she always do do her own way."

How Mrs. Stanley's wood-pile was kept up nobody knew, if, indeed, it could be called a wood-pile, when it was only a recurring supply of dry wood thrown, as if accidentally, just at the edge of the clearing. Mrs. Stanley was not of an imaginative turn, even of enough to explain how it came that so much dry wood came to be there broken up just the right length; and Mrs. Mills knew no more than that "that cow was always a-goin' off and a-keepin' Vashti a-huntin' everywheres in the worl'."

All said, however, the women of the district had a hungry time, and the war bore on them heavily, as on every one else, and as it went on they suffered more and more. Many a woman went day after day, and week after week, without even the small portion of coarse corn-bread which was ordinarily her common fare. They called oftener and oftener at the houses of their neighbors who owned the plantations near them, and always received something; but as time went on the plantations themselves were stripped; the little things they could take with them when they went, such as eggs, honey, etc., were wanting, and to go too often without anything to give might make them seem like beggars, and that they were not. Their husbands and sons were in the army fighting for the South, as well as those from the plantations, and they stood by this fact on the same level.

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The arrogant looks of the negroes were unpleasant, and in marked contrast to the universal graciousness of their owners; but they were slaves and they could afford to despise them. Only they must uphold their independence. Thus no one outside knew what the women of the district went through. When they wrote to their husbands or sons that they were in straits, it meant that they were starving. Such a letter meant all the more because they were used to hunger, but not to writing, and a letter meant perhaps days of thought and enterprise and hours of labor.

As the war went on the hardships everywhere grew heavier and heavier; the letters from home came oftener and oftener. Many of the men got furloughs when they were in winter quarters, and sometimes in summer, too, from wounds, and went home to see their families. Little Darby never went; he sent his mother his pay, and wrote to her, but he did not even apply for a furlough, and he had never been touched except for a couple of flesh wounds which were barely skin-deep. When he heard from his mother she was always cheerful; and as he knew Vashti had never even visited her, there was no other reason for his going home. It was in the late part of the third campaign of the war that he began to think of going.

When Cove Mills got a letter from his wife and told Little Darby how "ailin'" and "puny" his mother was getting, Darby knew that the letter was written by Vashti, and he felt that it meant a great deal. He applied for a furlough; but was told that no furloughs would be granted then—which then meant that work was expected. It came shortly afterward, and Little Darby and the company were in it. Battle followed battle. A good many men in the company were killed, but, as it happened, not one of the men from the district was among them, until one day when the company, after a fierce charge, found itself lying hugging the ground in a wide field, on the far side of which the enemy—infantry and artillery—was posted in force. Lying down they were pretty well protected by the conformation of the ground from the artillery; and lying down, the infantry generally, even with their better guns, could not hurt them to a great extent; but a line of sharp-shooters, well placed behind cover of scattered rocks on the far side of the field, could reach them with their long-range rifles, and galled them with their dropping fire, picking off man after man. A line of sharp-shooters was thrown forward to drive them in; but their guns were not as good and the cover was inferior, and it was only after numerous losses that they succeeded in silencing most of them. They still left several men up among the rocks, who from time to time sent a bullet into the line with deadly effect. One man, in particular, ensconced behind a rock on the hill-side, picked off the men with unerring accuracy. Shot after shot was sent at him. At last he was quiet for so long that it seemed he must have been silenced, and they began to hope; Ad Mills rose to his knees and in sheer bravado waved his hat in triumph. Just as he did so a puff of white came from the rock, and Ad Mills threw up his hands and fell on his back, like a log, stone dead. A groan of mingled rage and dismay went along the line. Poor old Cove crept over and fell on the boy's body with a flesh wound in his own arm. Fifty shots were sent at the rock, but a puff of smoke from it afterward, and a hissing bullet, showed that the marksman was untouched. It was apparent that he was secure behind his rock bulwark and had some opening through which he could fire at his leisure. It was also apparent that he must be dislodged if possible; but how to do it was the question; no one could reach him. The slope down and the slope up to the group of rocks behind which he lay were both in plain view, and any man would be riddled who attempted to cross it. A bit of woods reached some distance up on one side, but not far enough to give a shot at one behind the rock; and though the ground in that direction dipped a little, there was one little ridge in full view of both lines and perfectly bare, except for a number of bodies of skirmishers who had fallen earlier in the day. It was discussed in the line; but every-

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one knew that no man could get across the ridge alive. While they were talking of it Little Darby, who, with a white face, had helped old Cove to get his boy's body back out of fire, slipped off to one side, rifle in hand, and disappeared in the wood.

They were still talking of the impossibility of dislodging the sharp-shooter when a man appeared on the edge of the wood. He moved swiftly across the sheltered ground, stooping low until he reached the edge of the exposed place, where he straightened up and made a dash across it. He was recognized instantly by some of the men of his company as Little Darby, and a buzz of astonishment went along the line. What could he mean; it was sheer madness; the line of white along the wood and the puffs of dust about his feet showed that bullets were raining around him. The next second he stopped, dead still, threw up his arms, and fell prone on his face in full view of both lines. A groan went up from his comrades; the whole company knew he was dead, and on the instant a puff of white from the rock and a hissing bullet told that the sharp-shooter there was still intrenched in his covert. The men were discussing Little Darby, when someone cried out and pointed to him. He was still alive, and not only alive, but was moving—moving slowly but steadily up the ridge and nearer the line where the sharp-shooter lay, as flat on the ground as any of the motionless bodies about him. A strange thrill of excitement went through the company as the dark object dragged itself nearer to the rock, and it was not allayed when the whack of a bullet and the well known white puff of smoke recalled them to the sharp-shooter's dangerous aim; for the next second the creeping figure sprang erect and made a dash right for the spot. He had almost reached it when the sharp-shooter discovered him, and the men knew that Little Darby had underestimated the quickness of his hand and aim; for at the same moment the figure of the man behind the rock appeared for a second as he sprang erect; there was a puff of white, and Little Darby stopped and staggered and sank to his knees. The next second, however, there was a puff from where he knelt, and then he sank flat once more, and a moment later rolled over on his face on the near side of the rock and just at its foot. There were no more bullets sent from that rock that day — at least against the Confederates — and that night Little Darby walked into his company's bivouac, dusty from head to foot and with a bullet-hole in his clothes not far from his heart; but he said it was only a spent bullet and had just knocked the breath out of him. He was pretty sore from it for a while, but was able to help old Cove get his boy's body off and to see him start; for the old man's wound, though not dangerous, was enough to disable him and get him a furlough, and he determined to take his son's body home, which the captain's influence enabled him to do. Between his wound and his grief the old man was nearly helpless and accepted Darby's silent assistance with mute gratitude. Darby asked him to tell his mother that he was getting on well, and sent her what money he had—his last two months' pay—not enough to have bought her a pair of stockings or a pound of sugar. The only other message he sent was given just as Cove set out. He said:

"Tell Vashti as I got him as done it."

Old Cove grasped his hand tremulously and faltered his promise to do so, and the next moment the train crawled away and left Darby to plod back to camp in the rain, vague and lonely, in the remnant of what had once been a gray uniform. If there was one thing that troubled him it was that he could not return Vashti the needle-case until he replaced the broken needles — and there were so many of them broken.

After this Darby was in some sort known, and was put pretty constantly on sharp-shooter service.

The men went into winter quarters before Darby heard anything from home. It came one day in the shape of a letter in the only hand in the world he knew — Vashti's. What it could mean he could not divine—was his mother dead? This was the princi-

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pal thing that occurred to him. He studied the outside. It had been on the way a month by the post-mark, for letters travelled slowly in those days, and a private soldier in an infantry company was hard to find unless the address was pretty clear, which this was not. He did not open it immediately. His mother must be dead, and this he could not face. Nothing else would have made Vashti write. At last he went off alone and opened it, and read it, spelling it out with some pains. It began, without an address, with the simple statement that her father had arrived with Ad's body and that it had been buried, and that his wound was right bad and her mother was mightily cut up with her trouble. Then it mentioned his mother, and said she had come to Ad's funeral, though she could not walk much now, and had never been over to their side since the day after he — Darby — had enlisted; but her father had told her as how he had killed the man as shot Ad, and so she made out to come that far. Then the letter broke off from giving news, and as if under stress of feelings long pent up, suddenly broke loose. She declared that she loved him; that she had always loved him—always—ever since he had been so good to her—a great big boy to a little bit of a girl—at school, and that she did not know why she had been so mean to him; for when she had treated him worst she had loved him most; that she had gone down the path that night when they had met, for the purpose of meeting him and of letting him know she loved him; but something had made her treat him as she did, and all the time she could have let him kill her for love of him. She said she had told her mother and father she loved him, and she had tried to tell his mother, but she could not, for she was afraid of her; but she wanted him to tell her when he came; and she had tried to keep her in wood ever since he went away, for his sake. Then the letter told how poorly his mother was and how she had failed of late, and she said she thought he ought to get a furlough and come home, and when he did she would marry him. It was not very well written, nor wholly coherent; at least it took some time to sink fully into Darby's somewhat dazed intellect; but in time he took it in, and when he did he sat like a man overwhelmed. At the end of the letter, as if possibly she thought, in the greatness of her relief at her confession, that the temptation she held out might prove too great even for him, or possibly only because she was a woman, there was a postscript scrawled across the coarse, blue Confederate paper: "Don't come without a furlough; for if you don't come honorable I won't marry you." This, however, Darby scarcely read. His being was in the letter. It was only later that the picture of his mother ill and failing came to him, and it smote him in the midst of his happiness and clung to him afterward like a nightmare. It haunted him. She was dying.

He applied for a furlough; but furloughs were hard to get then and he could not hear from it; and when a letter came in his mother's name, in a lady's hand which he did not know, telling him of his mother's poverty and sickness and asking him if he could get off to come and see her, it seemed to him that she was dying, and he did not wait for the furlough. He was only a few days' march from home and he felt that he could see her and get back before he was wanted. So one day he set out in the rain. It was a scene of desolation that he passed through; for the country was the seat of war; fences were gone, woods burnt, and fields cut up and bare; and it rained all the time. A little before morning, on the night of the third day, he reached the edge of the district and plunged into its well-known pines, and just as day broke he entered the old path which led up the little hill to his mother's cabin. All during his journey he had been picturing the meeting with some one else besides his mother, and if Vashti had stood before him as he crossed the old log he would hardly have been surprised. Now, however, he had other thoughts; as he reached the old clearing he was surprised to find it grown up in small pines already almost as high as his head, and tall weeds filled the rows among the old peach-trees and grew up to the very door. He

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had been struck by the desolation all the way as he came along; but it had not occurred to him that there must be a change at his own home; he had always pictured it as he left it, as he had always thought of Vashti in her pink calico, with her hat in her hand and her heavy hair almost falling down over her neck. Now a great horror seized him. The door was wet and black. His mother must be dead. He stopped and peered through the darkness at the dim little structure. There was a little smoke coming out of the chimney, and the next instant he strode up to the door. It was shut, but the string was hanging out and he pulled it and pushed the door open. A thin figure seated in the small split-bottomed chair on the hearth, hovering as close as possible over the little fire, straightened up and turned slowly as he stepped into the room, and he recognized his mother —but how changed! She was quite white and little more than a skeleton. At sight of the figure behind her she pulled herself to her feet, and peered at him through the gloom.

"Mother!" he said.

"Darby!" She reached her arms toward him, but tottered so that she would have fallen, had he not caught her and eased her down into her chair.

As she became a little stronger she made him tell her about the battle he was in. Mr. Mills had come to tell her that he had killed the man who killed Ad. Darby was not a good narrator, however, and what he had to tell was told in a few words. The old woman revived under it however, and her eyes had a brighter light in them.

Darby was too much engrossed in taking care of his mother that day to have any thought of any one else. He was used to a soldier's scant fare, but had never quite taken in the fact that his mother and the women at home had less than they in the field. He had never seen, even in their poorest days after his father's death, not only the house absolutely empty, but without any means of getting anything outside. It gave him a thrill to think what she must have endured without letting him know. As soon as he could leave her, he went into the woods with his old gun, and shortly returned with a few squirrels which he cooked for her; the first meat, she told him, that she had tasted for weeks. On hearing it his heart grew hot. Why had not Vashti come and seen about her? She explained it partly, however, when she told him that every one had been sick at Cove Mills's, and old Cove himself had come near dying. No doctor could be got to see them, and but for Mrs. Douwill she did not know what they would have done. But Mrs. Douwill was down herself now.

The young man wanted to know about Vashti, but all he could manage to make his tongue ask was,

"Vashti?"

She could not tell him; she did not know anything about Vashti. Mrs. Mills used to bring her things sometimes, till she was taken down, but Vashti had never come to see her; all she knew was that Vashti had been sick with the others.

That she had been sick awoke in the young man a new tenderness, the deeper because he had done her an injustice; and he was seized with a great longing to see her. All his old love seemed suddenly accumulated in his heart, and he determined to go and see her at once, as he had not long to stay. He set about his little preparations forthwith, putting on his old clothes which his mother had kept ever since he went away, as being more presentable than the old, worn, muddy, and threadbare uniform, and brushing his long yellow hair and beard into something like order. He changed from one coat to the other the little package which he always carried, thinking that he would show it to her with the hole in it, which the sharp-shooter's bullet had made that day, and he put her letter into the same pocket; his heart beating at the sight of her hand and the memory of the words she had written, and then he set out. It was already late in the evening, and after the rain the air was soft and balmy, though the western sky was becoming overcast again by a cloud, which low down on the horizon was piling up mountain on mountain of vapor, as if it might rain again by night. Darby however, hav-

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ing dressed, crossed the flat without much trouble, only getting a little wet in some places where the logs were gone. As he turned into the path up the hill, he stood face to face with Vashti. She was standing by a little spring which came from under an old oak, the only one on the hill-side of pines, and was in a faded black calico. He scarcely took in at first that it was Vashti, she was so changed. He had always thought of her as he last saw her that evening in pink, with her white throat and her scornful eyes. She was older now than she was then; looked more a woman and taller; and her throat if anything was whiter than ever against her black dress; her face was whiter too, and her eyes darker and larger. At least they opened wide when Darby appeared in the path. Her hand went up to her throat and she gasped. All of the young man's heart went out to her, and the next moment he was within arm's length of her. Her one word was in his ears:

"Darby!" He was about to catch her in his arms when a gesture restrained him, and her look turned him to stone.

"Them clothes?" she gasped, stepping back. Darby was not quick always, and he looked down at his clothes and then at her again, his dazed brain wondering.

"Whar's yer uniform?" she asked.

"At home," he said, quietly, still wondering. She seemed to catch some hope.

"Yer got a furlough?" she said, more quietly, coming a little nearer to him, and her eyes growing softer.

"Got a furlough?" he repeated to gain time for thought. "I—I—" He had never thought of it before; the words in her letter flashed into his mind, and he felt his face flush. He would not tell her a lie. "No, I ain't got no furlough," he said, and paused whilst he tried to get his words together to explain. But she did not give him time.

"What you doin' with them clo's on?" she asked again.

"I—I—" he began, stammering as her suspicion dawned on him.

"You're a deserter!" she said, coldly, leaning forward, her hands clinched, her face white, her eyes contracted.

"A what!" he asked aghast, his brain not wholly taking in her words.

"You're a deserter!" she said again —"and—a coward!"

All the blood in him seemed to surge to his head and leave his heart like ice. He seized her arm with a grip like steel.

"Vashti Mills," he said, with his face white, "don't you say that to me—if yer were a man I'd kill yer right here where yer stan'!" He tossed her hand from him and turned on his heel.

The next instant she was standing alone, and when she reached the point in the path where she could see the crossing, Darby was already on the other side of the swamp, striding knee-deep through the water as if he were on dry land. She could not have made him hear if she had wished it; for on a sudden a great rushing wind swept through the pines, bending them down like grass and blowing the water in the bottom into white waves, and the thunder, which had been rumbling in the distance, suddenly broke with a great peal just overhead.

In a few minutes the rain came; but the girl did not mind it. She stood looking across the bottom until it came in sheets, wetting her to the skin and shutting out everything a few yards away.

The thunder-storm passed, but all that night the rain came down, and all the next day, and when it held up a little in the evening the bottom was a sea.

The rain had not prevented Darby from going out—he was used to it; and he spent most of the day away from home. When he returned he brought his mother a few provisions, as much meal perhaps as a child might carry, and spent the rest of the evening sitting before the fire, silent and motionless, a flame burning back deep in his eyes and a cloud fixed on his brow. He was in his uniform, which he had put on again the night before as soon as he got home, and the steam rose from it as he sat. The other clothes were in a bundle on the floor where he had tossed them the evening

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before. He never moved except when his mother now and then spoke, and then sat down again as before. Presently he rose and said he must be going; but as he rose to his feet a pain shot through him like a knife; everything turned black before him and he staggered and fell full length on the floor.

He was still on the floor next morning, for his mother had not been able to get him to the bed, or to leave to get any help; but she had made him a pallet, and he was as comfortable as a man might be with a raging fever. Feeble as she was, the sudden demand on her had awakened the old woman's faculties and she was stronger than might have seemed possible. One thing puzzled her: in his incoherent mutterings, Darby constantly referred to a furlough and a deserter. She knew that he had a furlough, of course; but it puzzled her to hear him constantly repeating the words. So the day passed, and then, Darby's delirium still continuing, she made out to get to a neighbor's to ask help. The neighbor had to go to Mrs. Douwill's as the only place where there was a chance of getting any medicine, and it happened that on the way back she fell in with a couple of soldiers, on horseback, who asked her a few questions. They were members of a home and conscript guard just formed, and when she left them they had learned her errand.

Fortunately, Darby's illness took a better turn next day, and by sunset he was free from delirium.

Things had not fared well over at Cove Mills's during these days any more than at Mrs. Stanley's. Vashti was in a state of mind which made her mother wonder if she were not going crazy. She set it down to the storm she had been out in that evening, for Vashti had not mentioned Darby's name. She kept his presence to herself, thinking that—thinking so many things that she could not speak or eat. Her heart was like lead within her; but she could not rid herself of the thought of Darby. She could have torn it out for hate of herself; and to all her mother's questioning glances she turned the face of a sphinx. For two days she neither ate nor spoke. She watched the opposite hill through the rain which still kept up—something was going on over there, but what it was she could not tell. At last, on the evening of the third day, she could stand it no longer, and she set out from home to learn something; she could not have gone to Mrs. Stanley's, even if she had wished to do so; for the bottom was still a sea extending from side to side, and it was over her head in the current. She set off, therefore, up the stream on her own side, thinking to learn something up that way. She met the woman who had taken the medicine to Darby that evening, and she told her all she knew, mentioning among other things the men of the conscript guard she had seen. Vashti's heart gave a sudden bound up into her throat. As she was so near she went on up to the Cross-roads; but just as she stepped out into the road before she reached there, she came on a small squad of horsemen riding slowly along. She stood aside to let them pass; but they drew in and began to question her as to the roads about them. They were in long cloaks and overcoats, and she thought they were the conscript guard, especially as there was a negro along who seemed to know the roads and to be showing them the way. Her one thought was of Darby; he would be arrested and shot. When they questioned her, therefore, she told them of the roads leading to the big river around the fork and quite away from the district. While they were still talking, more riders came around the curve, and the next instant Vashti was in the midst of a column of cavalry, and knew that they were the Federals. She had one moment of terror for herself as the trampling horses trod around her, and the calls and noises of a body of cavalry moving dinned in her ears; but the next moment, when the others gave way and a man whom she knew to be the commander pressed forward and began to question her, she forgot her own terror in fear for her cause. She had all her wits about her instantly; and under a pretence of repeating what she had already told the first man, she gave them

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such a mixture of descriptions that the negro was called up to unravel it. She made out that they were trying to reach the big river by a certain road, and marched in the night as well as in the day. She admitted that she had never been on that road but once, and when she was taken along with them a mile or two to the place where they went into bivouac until the moon should rise, she soon gave such an impression of her denseness and ignorance that, after a little more questioning, she was told that she might go home if she could find her way, and was sent by the commander out of the camp. She was no sooner out of hearing of her captors than she began to run with all her speed. Her chief thought was of Darby. Deserter as he was, and dead to her, he was a man, and could advise her, help her. She tore through the woods the nearest way, unheeding the branches which caught and tore her clothes; the stream, even where she struck it, was out of its banks; but she did not heed it—she waded through, it reaching about to her waist, and struck out again at the top of her speed.

It must have been a little before midnight when she emerged from the pines in front of the Stanley cabin. The latch-string was out, and she knocked and pushed open the door almost simultaneously. The two inmates were roused by the knock; but before they could collect their senses the door was burst open and a figure on the floor was gasping out her words. All she could make out to say was, "Darby." The old woman was on her feet, and the young man was sitting up in the bed, by the time she entered.

Darby was the first to speak.

"What do you want here?" he asked, sternly.

"Darby—the Yankees—all around," she gasped—"out on the road yonder."

"What!"

A minute later the young man, white as a ghost, was getting on his jacket while she told her story, beginning with what the woman she had met had told her of the two men she had seen. The presence of a soldier had given her confidence, and having delivered her message both women left everything else to him. His experience or his soldier's instinct told him what they were doing and also how to act. They were a raid which had gotten around the body of the army and were striking for the capital; and from their position, unless they could be delayed, they might surprise it. In the face of the emergency a sudden genius seemed to illuminate the young man's mind. By the time he was dressed he was ready with his plan.—Did Vashti know where any of the conscript guard stayed?

Yes, down the road at a certain place. Good; it was on the way. Then he gave her his orders. She was to go to this place and rouse any she might find there and tell them to send a messenger to the city with all speed to warn them; and they were to be themselves, if possible, at a certain point on the road by which the raiders were travelling, where a little stream crossed it in a low place in a heavy piece of swampy woods. They would find a barricade there and a small force might possibly keep them back. Then she was to go on down and have the bridge, ten or twelve miles below on the other road between the forks, burned, and if necessary was to burn it herself; and it must be done by sunrise. But they were on the other road, outside of the forks, the girl explained, to which Darby only said he knew that, but they would come back and try the bridge road.

"And you burn the bridge if you have to do it with your own hand. You hear—and now go," he said.

"Yes—I'll do it," said the girl obediently and turned to the door. The next instant she turned back to him: he had his gun and was getting his axe.

"And, Darby—?" she began falteringly, her heart in her eyes.

"Go," said the young soldier, sternly, and she went just as he took up his old rifle and stepped over to where his mother sat white and dumb. As she turned at the edge of the clearing and looked back up the path over the pine bushes she saw him step out of the door with his gun in one hand and his axe in the other.

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An hour later Darby, with the fever still hot on him, was cutting down trees in the darkness on the bank of a little stream, and throwing them into the water on top of one another across the road, in a way to block it beyond a dozen axemen's work for several hours, and Vashti was trudging through the mud miles away to give the warning. Every now and then the axeman stopped cutting and listened, and then went on again. He had cut down a half-dozen trees and formed a barricade which it would take hours to clear away before cavalry could pass, when, stopping to listen, he heard a sound that caused him to put down his axe—the sound of horses splashing along through the mud. His practised ear told him that there were only three or four of them, and he took up his gun and climbed up on the barricade and waited. Presently the little squad of horsemen came in sight, a mere black group in the road. They saw the dark mass lying across the road and reined in; then, after a colloquy, came on down slowly. Darby waited until they were within fifty yards of his barricade, and then fired at the nearest one. A horse wheeled, plunged and then galloped away in the darkness, and several rounds from pistols were fired at him, whilst something went on on the ground. Before he could finish reloading, however, the men had turned around and were out of sight. In a minute Darby climbed over the barricade and strode up the road after them. He paused where the man he had shot had fallen. The place in the mud was plain; but his comrades had taken him up and carried him off. Darby hurried along after them. Day was just breaking, and the body of cavalry were preparing to leave their bivouac when a man emerged from the darkness on the opposite side of the camp from that where Little Darby had been felling trees, and walked up to the picket. He was halted and brought up where the fire light could shine on him, and was roughly questioned—a tall young countryman very pale and thin, with an old, ragged, slouched hat pulled over his eyes, and an old patched uniform on his thin frame. He did not seem at all disturbed by the pistols displayed around him, but seated himself at the fire and looked about in a dull kind of way.

"What do you want?" they asked him, seeing how cool he was.

"Don't you want a guide?" he asked, drawlingly.

"Who are you?" asked the corporal in charge. He paused.

"Some calls me a d'serter," he said, slowly.

The men all looked at him curiously.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I thought maybe as you wanted a guide," he said, quietly.

"We don't want you. We've got all the guide we want," answered the corporal, roughly, and we don't want any spies around here either; you understand?"

"Does he know the way? All the creeks is up now, an' it's sort o' hard to git erlong through down yonder way if you don't know the way tolerable well."

"Yes, he knows the way too—every foot of it—and a good deal more than you'll see of it if you don't look out."

"Oh! That road down that way is sort o' stopped up," said the man, as if he were carrying on a connected narrative and had not heard him; "they's soldiers on it too, a little furder down, and they's done got word you're a-comin' that a-way."

"What's that?" they asked, sharply.

"Leastways it's stopped up, and I knows a way down this a-way in and about as nigh as that," went on the speaker, in the same level voice.

"Where do you live?" they asked him.

"I lives back in the pines here, a piece."

"How long have you lived here?"

"About twenty-three years I b'leeves; 'at's what my mother says."

"You know all the country about here?"

"Ought to."

"Been in the army?"

"Ahn—hahn."

"What did you desert for?"

Darby looked at him leisurely.

"D' you ever know a man as 'lowed he'd deserted? I never did." A faint smile came on his pale face.

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He was taken to the camp before the commander, a dark, self-contained looking man with a piercing eye and a close mouth, and there closely questioned as to the roads, and he gave the same account he had already given. The negro guide was brought in and his information tallied with the new-comer's as far as he knew it, though he knew well only the road which they were on and which Darby said was stopped up. He knew, too, that a road such as Darby offered to take them by ran somewhere down that way and joined the road they were on a good distance below; but he thought it was a good deal longer way, and they had to cross a fork of the river.

There was a short consultation between the commander and one or two other officers, and then the commander turned to Darby and said:

"What you say about the road's being obstructed this way is partly true; do you guarantee that the other road is clear?"

Darby paused and reflected.

"I'll guide you," he said, slowly.

"Do you guarantee that the bridge on the river is standing and that we can get across?"

"Hit's standin' now, fur as I know."

"Do you understand that you are taking your life in your hand?"

Darby looked at him coolly.

"And that if you take us that way and for any cause—for any cause whatsoever we fail to get through safe, we will hang you to the nearest tree?"

Darby waited as if in deep reflection.

"I understand," he said. "I'll guide you."

The silence that followed seemed to extend all over the camp. The commander was reflecting and the others had their eyes fastened on Darby. As for him, he sat as unmoved as if he had been alone in the woods.

"All right," said the leader, suddenly; "it's a bargain: we'll take your road. What do you want?"

"Could you gi' me a cup o' coffee? It's been some little time since I had anything to eat, an' I been sort o' sick."

"You shall have 'em," said the officer, and good pay besides, if you lead us straight; if not, a limb and a halter-rein; you understand?"

A quarter of an hour later they were on the march, Darby marching in front down the middle of the muddy road between two of the advance-guard, whose carbines were conveniently carried to insure his fidelity. What he thought of, who might know? Plain; poor; ignorant; unknown; marching every step voluntarily nearer to certain and ignominious death for the sake of his cause!

As day broke they saw a few people who lived near the road, and some of them recognized Darby and looked their astonishment to see him guiding them. One or two women broke out at him for a traitor and a dog, to which he said nothing; but only looked a little defiant with two red spots burning in his thin cheeks, and trudged on as before, now and then answering a question, but for the most part silent.

He must have thought of his mother, old and by herself in her cabin; but she would not live long; and of Vashti some. She had called him a deserter, as the other women had done. A verse from the Testament she gave him came into his mind; he had never quite understood it. It struck him now. At first it was vague; but it gradually became clearer: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile ye." Was this what it meant? This and another one seemed to come together. It was something about "enduring hardship like a good soldier," he could not remember it exactly. Yes, he could do that. But Vashti had called him a deserter. Maybe now though she would not; and the words in the letter she had written him came to him, and the little package in his old jacket pocket made a warm place there; and he felt a little fresher than before. The sun came up and warmed him as he trudged along, and the country grew flatter and flatter, and the road deeper and deeper. They were passing down into the bottom. On either side of them were white-oak swamps, so that they could not see a hundred yards ahead; but for several miles Darby had been watching for the smoke of the burning bridge, and as they neared the river Darby's heart began to sink. There was one point, the brow of a hill before descending to the bottom, where a sudden bend of the

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road and curve of the river two or three miles below gave a sight of the bridge. Darby waited for this, and when he reached it and saw the bridge still standing his heart sank like lead. Other eyes saw it too, and a score of glasses were levelled at it, and a cheer went up.

"Why don't you cheer too?" asked an officer. "You have more to make or lose than anyone else."

"We ain't there yit," said Darby.

Once he thought he had seen a little smoke, but it had passed away, and now they were within three miles of the bridge and there was nothing. What if, after all, Vashti had failed and the bridge was still standing! He would really have brought the raiders by the best way and have helped them. His heart at the thought came up into his throat. He stopped and began to look about as if he doubted the road. When the main body came up, however, the commander was in no doubt, and a pistol struck against his head gave him to understand that no fooling would be stood. So he had to go on.

As to Vashti, she had covered the fifteen miles which lay between the district and the fork road, and had found and sent a messenger to give warning in the city; but not finding any of the home guard where she thought they were, she had borrowed some matches and had trudged on herself to execute the rest of Darby's commands.

The branches were high from the backwater of the fork, and she often had to wade up to her waist, but she kept on, and a little after daylight she came to the river. Ordinarily it was not a large stream; a boy could chuck a stone across it, and there was a ford above the bridge, not very deep in dry weather, which people sometimes took to water their horses, or because they preferred to ride through the water to crossing the steep and somewhat rickety old bridge. Now, however, the water was far out in the woods, and long before the girl got in sight of the bridge she was wading up to her knees. When she reached the point where she could see it, her heart for a moment failed her; the whole flat was under water. She remembered Darby's command, however, and her courage came back to her. She knew that it could not be as deep as it looked between her and the bridge, for the messenger had gone before her that way, and a moment later she had gone back and collected a bundle of "dry wood," and with a long pole to feel her way she waded carefully in. As it grew deeper and deeper until it reached her breast, she took the matches out and held them in her teeth, holding her bundle above her head. It was hard work to keep her footing this way, however, and once she stepped into a hole and went under to her chin, having a narrow escape from falling into a hole which her pole could not fathom; but she recovered herself and at last was on the bridge. When she tried to light a fire, however, her matches would not strike. They as well as the wood had gotten wet when she slipped, and not one would light. She might as well have been at her home in the district. When every match had been tried and tried again on a dry stone, only to leave a white streak of smoking sulphur on it, she sat down and cried. For the first time she felt cold and weary. The rays of the sun fell on her and warmed her a little, and she wiped her eyes on her sleeve and looked up. The sun had just come up over the hill. It gave her courage. She turned and looked the other way from which she had come—nothing but a waste of water and woods. Suddenly, from a point up over the woods a little sparkle caught her eye; there must be a house there, she thought; they might have matches, and she would go back and get some. But there it was again—it moved. There was another—another—and something black moving. She sprang to her feet and strained her eyes. Good God! they were coming! In a second she had turned the other way, rushed across the bridge, and was dashing through the water to her waist. The water was not wide that way. The hill rose almost abrupt on that side, and up it she dashed, and along the road. A faint curl of smoke caught her eye and she made for it through the field. It was a small cabin, and the woman in it had just gotten her fire well started for the morning, when a girl, bareheaded and barefooted, dripping wet to the skin, her

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damp hair hanging down her back, her face white and her eyes like coals, rushed in almost without knocking and asked for a chunk of fire. The woman had no time to refuse (she told of it afterward when she described the burning of the bridge); for without waiting for answer, and before she really took in that it was not a ghost, the girl had seized the biggest chunk on the hearth and was running with it across the field. In fact the woman rather thought she was an evil spirit, for she saw her seize a whole panel of fence — more rails than she could have carried to save her life, she said, and dash with them over the hill.

In Vashti's mind, indeed, it was no time to waste words, she was back on the bridge with the chunk of fire and an armful of rails before the woman recovered from her astonishment, and was down on her knees blowing her chunk to rekindle it. The rails, however, like everything else, were wet and would not light, and she was in despair. At last she got a little blaze started, but it would not burn fast; it simply smoked. She expected the soldiers to come out of the woods every minute, and every second she was looking up to see if they were in sight. What would Darby think? What would happen if she failed? She sprang up to look around: the old rail of the bridge caught her eye; it was rotten, but what remained was heart and would burn like light-wood. She tore a piece of it down and stuck one end in the fire; it caught and sputtered and suddenly flamed up; the next second she was tearing the rail down all along and piling it on the blaze, and as it caught she dashed back through the water and up the hill, and brought another armful of rails. Back and forth she waded several times and piled on rails until she got a stack of them, two stacks, and the bridge floor dried and caught and began to blaze; and when she brought her last armful it was burning all across. She had been so busy bringing wood that she had forgotten to look across to the other side for some time, and was only reminded of it as she was wading back with her last armful of rails by something buzzing by her ear, and the second after the crack of a half-dozen guns followed from the edge of the wood the other side. She could not see them well for the burden in her arms, but she made out a number of horses dashing into the water on the little flat, and saw some puffs of smoke about their heads. She was bound to put her wood on, however, so she pushed ahead, went up on the bridge through the smoke as far as she could go, and flung her rails on the now devouring fire. A sudden veer of the wind blew the smoke behind her and bent the flames aside, and she could see clear across the fire to the other bank. She saw a great number of men on horses at the edge of the woods, in a sort of mass; and a half-dozen or so in the water, riding up to their saddle-skirts, half-way to the bridge, and between the first two, wading in water to his waist, Darby. He was bareheaded and he waved his hat to her, and she heard a single cheer. She waved her hand to him, and there was a little puff of smoke and something occurred in the water among the horses. The smoke from the fire suddenly closed around her and shut out everything from her eyes, and when it blew away again one of the horses had thrown his rider in the water. There was a lot of firing both from the edge of the wood and from the horseman in the water, and Darby had disappeared.

She made her way back to the bank and plunged into a clump of bushes, where she was hidden and watched the raiders. She saw several of them try to ford the river, one got across, but swam back, the others were swept down by the current, and the horse of one got out below without his rider. The other she did not see again.

Soon after their comrade had rejoined them, the men on the edge of the wood turned around and disappeared, and a half-hour later she saw the glint of the sun on their guns and accoutrements as they crossed over the top of the hill returning two miles above.

. . . . . .

This is the story of the frustration of the raid which came so near capturing the capital of the Confederacy by a dash. A day was lost and warning was given to the Confederate Government,

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and the bold plan of the commander of the raiding party was defeated.

As to Little Darby, the furlough he applied for came, but came too late and was returned. For a time some said he was a deserter; but two women knew differently. A Federal soldier who was taken prisoner gave an account of the raid. He said that a contraband had come from Washington and undertaken to lead them across the country, and that he had brought them around the head of the streams, when one night a rebel deserter came into camp and undertook to show them a better way by a road which ran between the rivers, but crossed by a bridge; that they had told him that, if for any reason they failed to get through by his road they would hang him, a bargain he accepted. That he led them straight, but when they got to the bridge it had been set on fire and was burning at that moment; that a half-dozen men, of whom he was one, rode in, taking the guide along with them to see if they could not put the fire out; and when they were about half-way to the bridge they saw the person on the bridge in the very act of burning it, and waving his hand in triumph, and the man who was riding in front abreast of him fired his carbine at him. As he did so the deserter wheeled on him and said, "God damn you—don't you know that's a woman, and tore him from his horse; and before they took in what he was doing, had flung both of them into a place where the current was running, and they had disappeared. They had seen the deserter's head once in the stream lower down, and had fired at him, and he thought had hit him, as he went down immediately and they did not see him again.

A year or more afterward, after Mrs. Stanley's death, a package with an old needle-case and a stained little Testament with a bullet hole through it, was left at the Cross-roads, with a message that a man who had died at the house of the person who left it as he was trying to make his way back to his command, asked her to send that to Vashti Mills.

THE END.

RED LEAVES

By Henry Tyrrell

Are there not glimpses of a sleeping sea,
Mist-mantled, Autumn-blue, with dim sails lying
Still as the clouds of cloudland? Round us sighing,
The breeze trails smoky incense dreamily.
Wildfowl are drifting southward. Whither we?
For love is new and yet the year is dying—
So swift, so sweet, and lo! the red leaves flying
Like hours of love flash'd on eternity.

Pulses, perceptions, beatings of the heart,
Thrill of the cosmic being—are ye one
And interchangeable? Hath this life part
In ages gone, eons not yet begun?
Oh, lingering intimations! who shall say
In what existence we have passed this day?

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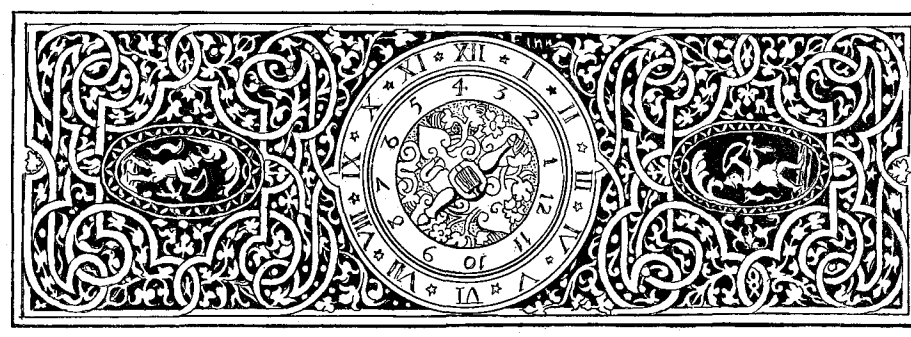

IN THE HOSPITAL

By J. West Roosevelt, M.D.

SO much has been written about hospital experiences, the life of patients and nurses has been so often described, and so many reporters and other casual visitors have presented the impressions made upon them by these institutions, that there seems little more to be said. There is, however, one part of hospital life which few writers mention, and of which still fewer speak from experience. The laity often read something about the "Resident" physicians or surgeons in connection with a hospital, or may see in a newspaper allusions to the "house-physician" or "house-surgeon" of one of these institutions. It is frequently said of a doctor that he is or was "in the hospital;" but what he did while there, or why he entered, and how he lived, are to the general public largely matters of conjecture. It is the object of this paper to give a short account of the life of a "resident" doctor. Not only is there something interesting in the peculiar position of such a man in respect to the sick under his care, but also it is well for the public to know more than it now does about the duties and responsibilities of that position. I have sometimes wondered whether even the managers of some hospitals have more than a hazy notion of the strain under which these young men labor. Certainly it is impossible for persons not very familiar with the practical administrative details of one of the larger institutions, to appreciate the difficulties faced by the resident staff. The newspapers do injustice, because the doctors rarely are mentioned unless one of them has, or has seemed to have, made a blunder. Since it is the way of the world to take much pleasure in hearing of failures, and to care little about success, the press publishes the former, but rarely mentions the latter.

The medical care of the patients in the larger metropolitan hospitals is in charge of a body called the "Medical Board." This board is composed of a number of medical men of experience. Certain of its members are assigned to active duty in the hospital from time to time. Each man is personally responsible for the treatment of all patients who come under his care while on duty. Active members of the medical board are called "Attending" or "Visiting" physicians or surgeons. They do not reside in the hospital, but when on duty are expected to visit it almost daily.

It is the duty of the "Resident" or "House-Staff" to carry out the instructions of the "Attending" physician. Members of the House-Staff are called "*internes*." Each of them resides for a longer or shorter time in the hospital.

The following description of the duties of internes is not accurate in respect to details as regards any hospital to-day. It is an accurate account of the practice in the Roosevelt Hospital in 1880, when I was on the staff. It is a fair sketch of the life at the present day, since only details have altered,

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while the general plan of organization is the same. The work is not quite the same in its distribution among the several grades of house officers, but there is not much difference in the amount performed then or now by any man who does his duty during his term of service.

It is quite evident that the vast amount of good work done by internes, and the mental and physical strain upon those who honestly devote themselves to its performance (as most of them do) is utterly unknown to the public. Many persons—among whom are not a few of those who are accustomed to pay charitable visits to hospitals—suppose that internes have little to do. They are popularly regarded as rather incompetent young men who loaf a good deal, and look upon patients merely as material for experiments in treatment! Unquestionably some of them loaf, some are incompetent, and some are unprincipled; but these are exceptional men. That the majority work hard is shown by the fact that many break down under the strain and are obliged to apply for a leave of absence before their term is completed. The number of hospital internes who have died of infectious disease caught from patients under their care, are mute but eloquent witnesses against the charge of heartlessness. It is not for the reason that the care of contagious disease requires any unusual courage, or that death from infection to which a man has voluntarily exposed himself is proof of extraordinary virtue, that I mention the men whose youthful lives have been sacrificed in hospital work; it is because men who face danger and death under such circumstances prove their fidelity to duty. Jim Bludsoe was a peculiarly repulsive villain, and his death in the wheel-house of the burning steamer neither undid the evil which he had done in his previous life (for example, it in no way redressed the wrongs of his several wives), nor did it demonstrate anything except that he was a faithful pilot, and brave enough to stick to his post in the face of appalling but *sudden* danger. So the doctor who does not flinch from pestilence shows himself to be a faithful physician.

There are many more trying things than contagious cases to test a man's character and pluck in hospital life; but it is the rule that these are as fearlessly confronted. Internes are not saints, unless all men who do hard work well are to be held worthy of canonization; if any credit is due in this slovenly world, however, for faithful work, much is due to the house officers in our larger hospitals.

The house-staff is organized somewhat differently in different institutions, but the following will give a sufficiently accurate idea of the general plan. Appointments are made after competitive examination. Each appointee serves, as a rule, for a year or more in subordinate positions before assuming the control of the division to which he is assigned. There are two or more "sides," *i.e.*, divisions, usually called "Medical" or "Surgical," according to the class of cases treated in each. The lowest grade on the house-staff is that of "Junior Assistant," the next that of "Senior Assistant," and the highest "House-Physician" or "House-Surgeon." In some hospitals there is a staff of four instead of three surgical grades, the lowest being called "Dresser." Ambulance surgeons are sometimes members of the regular surgical House-Staff, and sometimes specially appointed to serve only on the ambulance, without promotion to higher positions.

At the time of my own appointment on the house-staff of the Roosevelt Hospital, the period of service was the same on both sides, and the Junior Assistant Surgeon had charge of the ambulance. Six months as Junior, followed by six months as Senior Assistant, furnished the training necessary to prepare an interne for the duties of House-Physician or House-Surgeon. It is sufficient for the purpose of this article to describe the life on the medical division, upon which I served, adding only the few details of peculiar surgical experiences necessary to complete the sketch of hospital work as seen by internes.

The experience of the first week of hospital service is not likely to be forgotten. Singularly enough, I have not the faintest recollection of any part of

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my own first day as Junior, except of one occurrence, so startling to my inexperienced nerves as to blot out all other impressions of that day. It was the rather sudden death of a patient at the moment when I was approaching his bed to execute an order which I had received. It was my first acquaintance with the grim reality of the tragic scenes which physicians must so often witness.

When a young man reports for duty on the House-Staff, he usually has a mind well stocked with the knowledge which books and teachers can impart; but he has seen little of a practical sort. Books and teachers can do no more than does an artist who paints what seems to him an accurate representation of a living human face. To some the work may appear to be a good and truthful portrait; others may see little resemblance to the subject. After all, it is only as accurate as the mind of the artist permits him to see, and his skill enables him to represent by means of pigments on a plane surface. A portrait may enable one to recognize the sitter—may even give an idea of some of his mental characteristics—but it is neither an absolutely accurate reproduction of the sitter's physical nor mental attributes. To *know* these one must meet the original face to face. So one must *see* disease in order to *know* disease. Some of the men just entering upon their hospital service are a little too well satisfied with themselves to be pleasant; but a month or two of experience usually convinces them that they do not know so much as they had supposed.

The Junior Assistant Physician of the Roosevelt Hospital at the time of which I speak, had the following duties to perform:

To record the temperature, pulse, and respiration of all patients whose condition required such records, twice or oftener daily. To make and record all the usual clinical microscopic and chemical examinations. To accompany the House-Physician on his daily morning rounds—which lasted from one to three hours. To accompany the Attending Physician when he made his regular visit—which occupied from fifteen minutes to two hours. To do various medical chores. To copy patients' histories into the record-book. Last, but not least, to visit and examine applicants for admission whose sickness prevented them from applying personally at the hospital. The duty of visiting was performed during alternate weeks by the medical and surgical Juniors. His working day began about 8.45 A.M., and never ended before 6 P.M.; often it lasted until 10 P.M.

It is not surprising that the most vivid recollection of the first six months' service should be of its weariness. During the first few days or weeks, the sense of fatigue is intense; for most of the work is done in a standing or stooping position, and, not being accustomed to this sort of exertion, the legs and back ache intensely. It may not seem that much pain could come from merely standing up for a few hours, and occasionally bending over a bed or table; but, if anyone not used to it will try the experiment of standing up for three or four hours, *during which time he must not walk more than four hundred feet or take any exercise to vary the strain upon the muscles save by stooping from time to time low enough to bring the head within a foot of the surface of a rather high bed*, he will feel, for a day or two, much as he would had he walked fifteen or twenty miles at a rapid pace, without any previous training save an occasional stroll of half a mile.

The Senior Assistant writes the medical history of each patient. He learns, as soon as possible after admission, as much as he can about each case, and records not only the story of events which are said to have occurred prior to the date of entrance, but also notes the exact condition of the patient when admitted. While he had plenty to do, and sometimes more than he could finish in a day, he had the most comfortable position on the House-Staff in the old days; for his work was less monotonous than that of the Junior, and his responsibilities less than those of the House-Physician.

After a year's preparatory training the grade of House-Physician was at-

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tained. I do not believe that anywhere but in this country the responsibilities would be borne, or the duties be so well done by a succession of men selected by competitive examination, as our internes are, and as young as most of them are. Our system works well, on the whole. It seems adapted to American conditions, and, although it has serious faults, none better has been proposed which would be practical in this city at the present time. It is safe to assert that hospital patients are more kindly, and to that extent at least, better treated in the United States than in any other country, except perhaps England. Whether or not the purely medical and scientific parts of hospital work are as well done in any institution here as they are abroad, depends more upon the ability of the attending Physician or Surgeon in charge than upon the House-Staff. The average House-Physician or Surgeon is a very satisfactory man as far as ability to do the work required of him is concerned. His most common fault is an unpleasant manner toward strangers. The habitual exercise of his great authority in the hospital is apt to result in a certain arrogance similar to that which is so commonly exhibited by the younger officers of the army or navy.

The experiences of a House-Physician during twenty-four hours, when his wards contain about the average number of patients, and the work is of average severity, may be described as follows:

The nurses who have been on duty during the night report to him between 7 and 8 A.M. Breakfast must be finished in time to begin morning rounds at nine. Every patient in the division is seen during these rounds, which last from one to three hours. A certain amount of ceremony, the result of the daily repetition of routine work, characterizes the progress through the wards. The physicians are met at the door of each ward by the head-nurse and one or more assistant nurses. The House-Physician enters, with a stethoscope in his hand. This instrument, by the way, is so often seen in his possession that some patients suppose it to be a sort of wand of office and badge of authority. Beside him walks the Senior Assistant bearing a lot of manuscript histories and blank paper for writing notes. Behind walks the Junior always carrying a book in which he has recorded the results of his chemical and microscopic work of the previous day, and, frequently, with some instruments which he has been told to bring. When this procession has filed in, the doors are closed, the House-Physician turns to the patient nearest to the door, and asks him how he feels. The man is in the last stages of consumption, but with the strange cheerfulness of that disease, answers that he thinks he is better. A few questions to learn whether he is as comfortable as may be, and we pass to the next. He is out of bed, convalescent, and little time need be spent over him; but the next is a case of severe acute disease, and calls for careful attention. His pulse is felt and he is examined as thoroughly as the conditions call for or permit. The temperature chart and other ward records are studied. The nurse is questioned as to the symptoms presented while the doctors were absent from the wards. Any changes in treatment are ordered by the House-Physician and written down both by the Senior and Nurse. In the next bed is a new case. The Senior reads his history; the Junior reads the results of the examinations made by him; and a thorough investigation is begun of the actual condition of the patient.

The entire circuit of the ward is made in this manner. When the last patient has been interviewed the necessary medicines are ordered from the drug-room, the House-Physician writing the quantity required and the directions to be put on each label, in the order-book. The doors are then opened and the procession passes to the next ward.

After rounds the House-Physician has plenty of work to do before lunch-time. He orders the diet of each patient, specifying the articles to be supplied which are not part of the ordinary food provided for the ward. He examines applicants for admission when they come to the hospital; admits and discharges patients, and prescribes what-

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ever treatment he deems necessary in urgent cases during the absence of the Attending Physician. He may even entirely disregard the orders of the latter, should symptoms arise which, in his judgment, make such action imperative. Of course he reports all that he has done to his superior. He is expected to maintain discipline in his division, and to enforce all the rules of the hospital as far as he can, reporting any infraction thereof to the proper officials. He interviews anxious friends and relatives of patients, and has notice sent to the friends when any case has become desperate. He inspects all eatables, etc., sent to the hospital by outsiders for any patient's use, and prevents improper articles from being delivered. Extraordinary things are often sent as delicacies fit for a sick person. Sodden cake, stale pies, onions, sausages of various degrees of virulence, are frequently selected as offerings from some loving heart to the possessor of a delicate stomach.

Much tact is necessary in successfully dealing with some of the problems incidental to the work. Visitors are referred to the House-Physician, some of whom wish to see the hospital, some are doctors desirous of asking information, some are reporters. Friends of patients call to inquire about their condition—or, it may be, to enter a just complaint, or to abuse the institution and the doctor without cause.

Once a day the Attending Physician is expected to make his rounds. The House-Staff accompany him, and the House-Physician ought never to be absent at the time his superior arrives. The fact that the hour when the latter is to be expected is seldom the same on any two successive days, and the additional fact that at any moment a desperately ill person may be brought to the hospital, or one of the patients may become suddenly worse, make it impossible to set aside any regular time for exercise or amusement in the afternoon. Members of the staff, therefore, are accustomed to take recreation when the chance occurs, and the House-Physician is not likely to have much uninterrupted leisure during the daytime. He makes formal evening rounds about five o'clock, and whatever outing he takes must not interfere with this duty. This time he goes through the wards with little formality, unaccompanied by his assistants. He sees all the patients, however, and dictates the orders for the night to the Nurse to take down in writing, and does whatever is required to prepare for the night work.

There is almost always a lull in hospital activity between six and eight in the evening. During these hours the internes have dinner and time to talk and smoke. It was the inflexible rule in the Roosevelt Hospital in the old days, never to permit the slightest reference to "shop," either at dinner or breakfast. Whether the rule was ever general in hospitals, or whether it still obtains at Roosevelt, I do not know. With us it was established by the wife of the first Superintendent, who, with her husband, always took these two meals with the Staff. If the custom has passed away it is a pity, for it is a great blessing to compel all whose business is narrow in its field and confining in its nature, as is that of an interne, to turn to something else for an hour or two at least every day.

The evening, after the night-nurses have reported to the House-Physician for orders shortly after eight o'clock, is more or less free. Before going to bed it is his custom to make one more tour through the wards to see that all is well. Even when in bed he has not cast aside his responsibility. He may be aroused once or oftener during the night. I knew one interne who for ten days and nights was never permitted to sleep two consecutive hours. This is an exceptional case, but interrupted sleep is the rule, and the doctor regards a knock at his door and a message which calls sometimes only for a few words in answer to a question, sometimes for active and prolonged work in the ward, as a matter of course. He soon learns to wake quickly and to wake thoroughly. He also learns to fall asleep quickly, when the opportunity occurs.

At night the ward is strangely picturesque. After nearly fourteen years of familiarity with hospital scenes, I never enter one after the lights have

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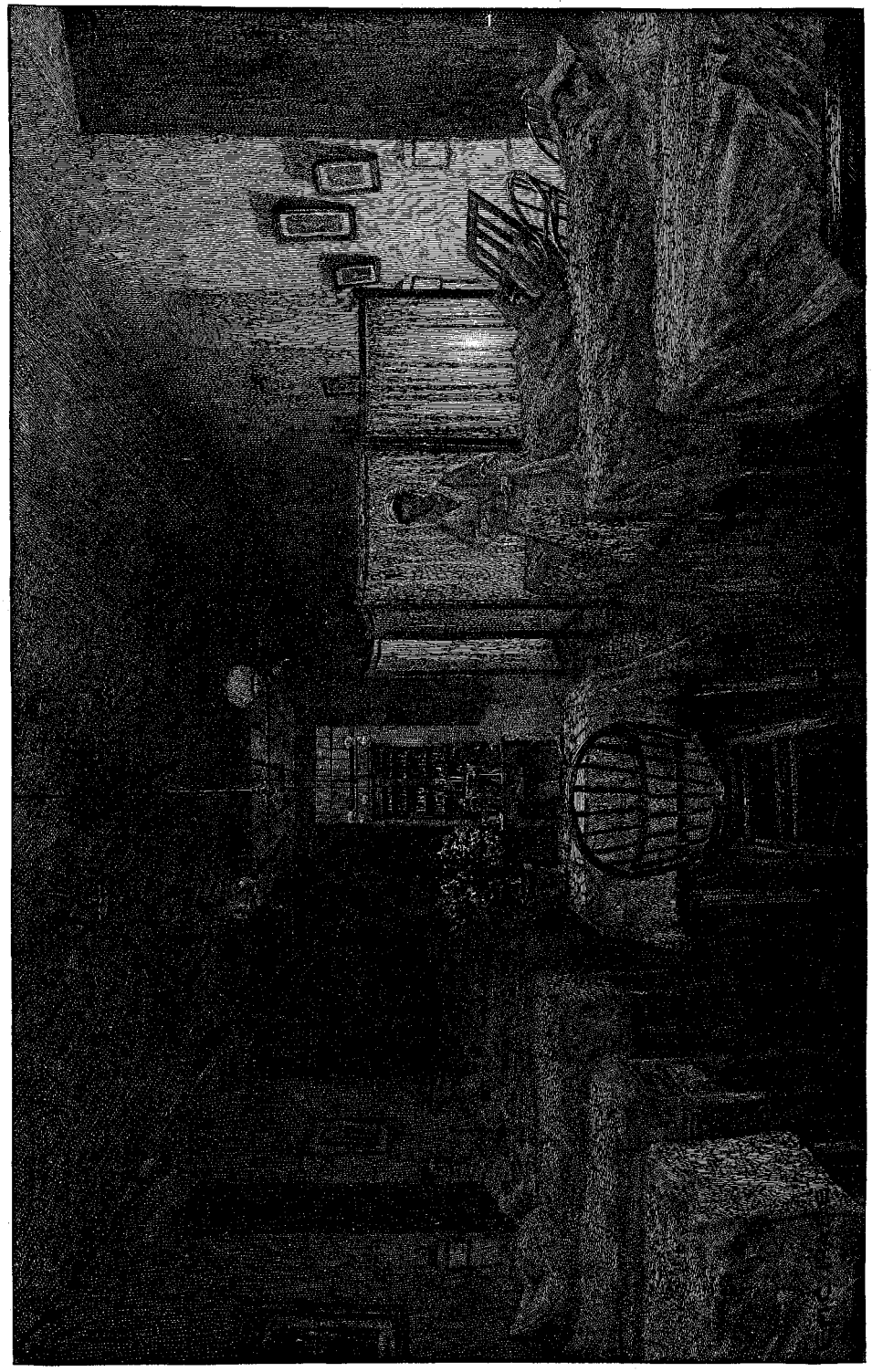

DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. Night in the Women's Ward. ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT.

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been lowered without a vague thought that there is something uncanny about the place. The big room seems bigger, and the row of beds upon either side seem longer than by daylight. The lowered gas-flame over the medicine-chest is the centre of a dense-walled hollow sphere of darkness. Around the beds of those who need close watching, screens covered with white muslin are placed, and within them are candles, whose flickering light makes ghostly shadows here and there. The faint noises made by the restless sleepers as they turn uneasily in their beds; the occasional muttering or loud talking of the delirious; the subdued sounds produced by attendants moving cautiously about their duties—all serve to make the silence audible. The place seems surrounded by a sea of darkness and silence, whose waves are beating fiercely against the walls.

Many dramatic incidents from the ceaseless tragedy of life occur in hospitals at night. Once I was summoned shortly before daybreak to the bed whereon a young man lay dying. He was married, and I had seen his wife sitting by his side, the previous day, with a pretty, happy little baby laughing and crowing in her arms. The husband and father had been sick only for a few days. He was a mechanic making good wages, and supporting, not only his wife and child, but also his aged father and mother who were too infirm to work. It had been a very happy home for all of them, and their prospects in life were bright—when suddenly pneumonia prostrated the bread-winner. He did well for a while, but shortly before I was called he had grown suddenly worse. There he lay now, unconscious, with the unmistakable look which shows that death is near. By the bed knelt his poor old mother, weeping bitterly, while the young wife—half kneeling, half lying beside him—tearless and hopeless, was softly petting him and whispering words of love. The father sat erect and stern, silent and motionless, with set white features, save when a sob burst from him. The screens shut off the rest of the ward, and the candles by the bed shone on the group. There was nothing to be done for the patient; it was only left to us to do what we could to spare, as far as possible, the friends from needless suffering. I turned to give some order to the nurse—to my surprise he had disappeared. Passing outside of the screens, I saw him near the farther end of the ward, apparently busily engaged doing something to one of the beds. Going to him, I discovered that he had just pulled the covers off an empty bed, and was then nervously putting them back. I sharply ordered him to return to the dying man, and he reluctantly did so. After all was over, I asked John what he meant by his behavior. "I couldn't help it, sir," said he; then with a defiant look, he growled, "Why don't some of the worthless rascals die, instead of such as he?" And he pointed to the motionless form. When I entered my room, after leaving the ward where the attendants were preparing the body for removal, I opened the window. The sky had the steely-gray glint of the dawn of a warm spring day; some sparrows were quarrelling noisily: a horse-car, its sleepy driver whipping his team savagely, passed by; two policemen were bringing a swearing, struggling, drunken ruffian with a cut head to have his wound dressed. Slowly and sadly walking home, the old man with the two women passed under my window—and I thought of the nurse's question.

Familiarity with death is apt to alter one's earlier conceptions of it. Two ideas are very generally accepted which experience shows to be false. One is that the dying usually fear death; and the other, that the act of dying is accompanied by pain. It is well known to all physicians, that when death is near its terrors do not seem to be felt by the patient. Unless the imagination is stimulated by the frightful portrayal of the supposed "pangs of death," or of the sufferings which some believe the soul must endure after dissolution, it is rare indeed that the last days or hours of life are passed in dread. Oliver Wendel Holmes has recorded his protest against the custom of telling a person who does not actually ask to know, that he cannot recover. As that loving ob-

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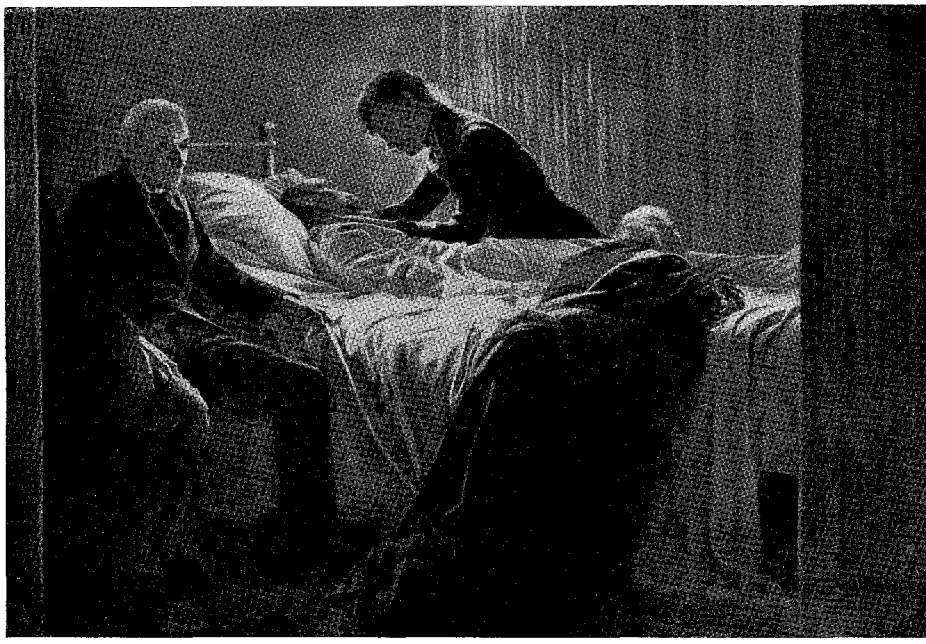

The father sat erect and stern, silent and motionless.—Page 478.

server of mankind asserts, so must everyone who knows whereof he speaks assert that people almost always come to understand that recovery is impossible; it is rarely needful to tell anyone that this is the case. When nature gives the warning, death appears to be as little feared as sleep. Most sick persons are very, very tired; sleep—long, quiet sleep—is what they want. I have seen many people die. I have never seen one who seemed to fear death, except when it was, or seemed to be, rather far away. Even those who are constantly haunted, while strong and well, with a dread of the end of life, forget their fear when that end is at hand.

As for the act of dying—the final passage from life to death—it is absolutely without evidence that the oft-repeated assertions of its painfulness are made. Most people are unconscious for some hours before they die; and in the rare cases where consciousness is retained unimpaired until a few minutes before the end, the last sensation must be of perfect calm and rest. It is worse than cruel to add to the natural dread of death which oppresses the majority of us while in good health, the dread of *dying*. There is surely fear enough in this suffering world; let us not increase it by adding imaginary to real causes.

Of all hospital work the most exciting, as well as the most evident to the public, is that done on the ambulances. My personal experience is limited to answering a few calls, but it is sufficient to enable me to bear testimony to the extreme difficulties which must be met by the ambulance surgeon. I am sure that, could the public appreciate the situation in which the latter is placed, there would be less injustice done by those who now are always ready to believe every story of alleged incompetency or cruelty on his part. Before passing judgment in cases of this sort, let it be remembered that it is very difficult to learn the facts regarding any event which is exciting in its character; and the ambulance is rarely summoned except in emergencies—accidents where one or more people have been hurt, cases of sudden illness, etc.—when more or less excitement prevails. The patient has to be examined and the proper course of action determined upon, under circumstances which are most unfavorable for accurate diagnosis, or even for satisfactory examination. Whatever is to be done must be done quickly;

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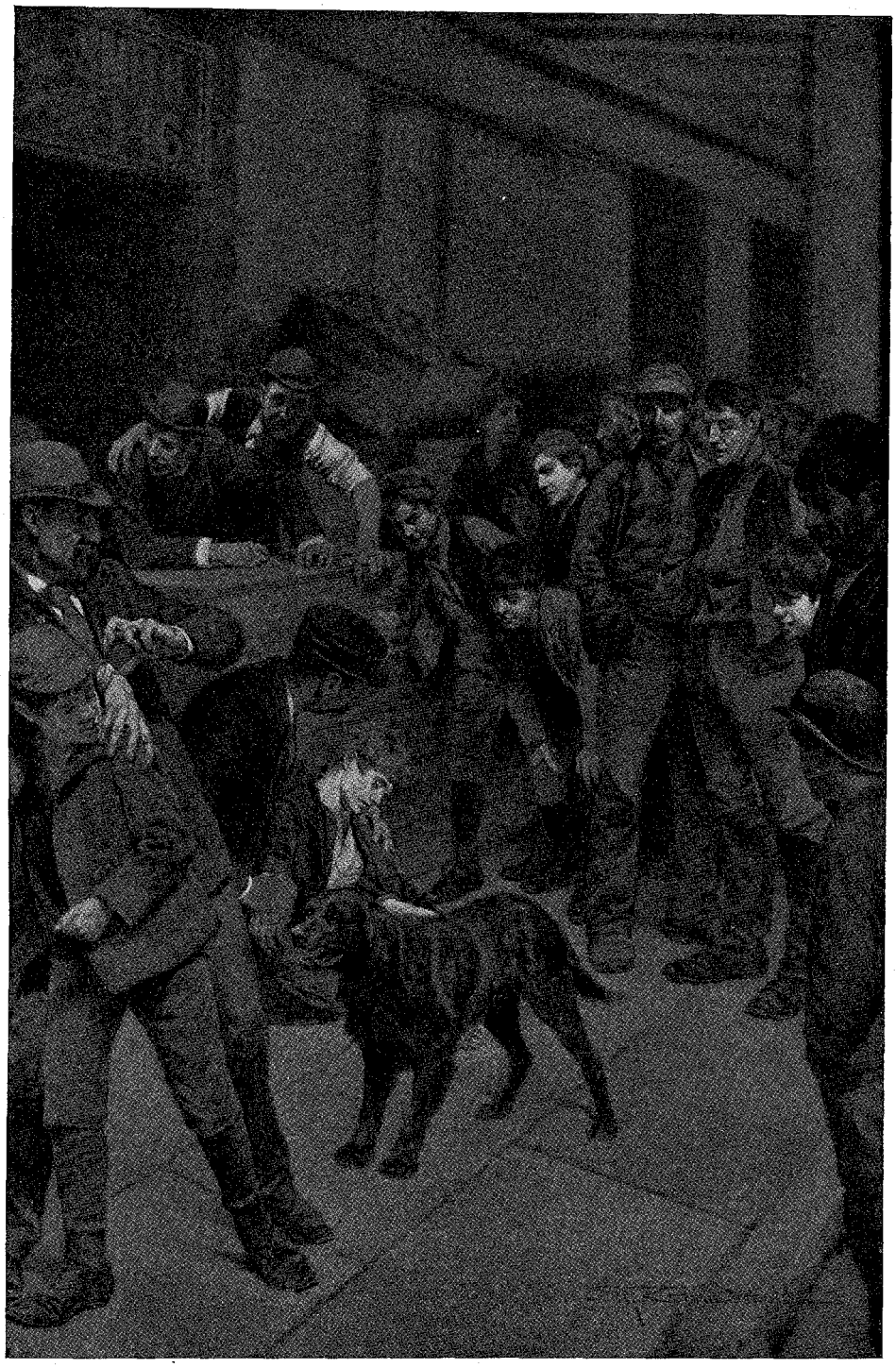

DRAWN BY M. TRAUTSCHOLD.

An Ambulance Ca'l—The Usual Crowd and Dan.—Page 461.

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for, whether or not a case is in danger of immediate death if not quickly treated, the ambulance ought not to be absent from the hospital longer than necessary, since another call may come at any moment, and loss of time in responding may mean loss of life. It is, moreover, important that impostors and drunken men should be prevented from entering the hospital on the ambulance, to enjoy comfort at its expense, and to occupy beds which may be needed for real sufferers. It is not easy to decide whether an insensible person is drunk or dangerously ill. In all doubtful cases it is the rule that the patient must be taken to the hospital for further observation. No mistake is more common than that of confounding the insensibility of disease or injury with alcoholic intoxication. None is more often excusable. Some impostors are in the habit of deceiving ambulance doctors if they can, and some of them are very skilful actors. It is necessary to be cautious about admitting or rejecting. Charges of inhumanity are occasionally brought against the surgeon. Sometimes these are well founded, but usually they are not. While I must admit that there is room for improvement in the manners of many of the young men —for politeness is not one of the distinguishing virtues of the entire class —I deny that incompetency or cruelty are frequently shown by them. Indeed they make wonderfully few mistakes.

At any time of the day or night a call may come, and the surgeon must be ready to start as soon as the ambulance reaches the door. With the "drop harness" (an ingenious arrangement, first used in the fire department, which requires only the fastening of a few hooks to be ready for the start), and with a good driver and a well-trained horse, not more than two or three minutes should elapse between the receipt of the call and the departure. Sometimes the surgeon knows what he is likely to find upon reaching the place designated by the telegraphic summons, but often he does not. He simply knows that his services are needed at such and such an address, scrambles into the ambulance, gives the order to the driver, and away they go with clanging bell and galloping horse. Arriving at his destination, he swings himself over the tail-board to the ground before the ambulance has fairly stopped, and pushes his way through the crowd which has gathered about the spot. There always is a crowd, except late at night, and were it not for the efficient and willing aid of the police, it would be impossible to do much for the patient. For some time the officers had an able and enthusiastic volunteer assistant in keeping the ground clear, and our ambulance had no trouble from delays due to the failure of other vehicles to make room for it. My dog, Dan, an animal of great intelligence, originality and determination of character, came to the hospital on a visit. He evidently came to the conclusion, after a few days of thought, that duty called him to take charge of the ambulance and everything connected with the service. He made friends with the horse, watched over the stable, and always "personally conducted" the surgeon on calls. He ran ahead barking furiously at any wagon which did not promptly turn aside, and giving tongue like a deer-hound even when the street was clear. He saw to it that persons who had no business to crowd around the surgeon kept at a respectful distance. None but police or firemen in uniform could approach within four or five yards, without receiving a decided hint from Dan that it would be safer for them to stop. He would walk slowly and with much dignity up to the intruder, looking steadily at his face, and speak to him in a low, half-whispered growl, at the same time ruffling the fur between his shoulders. As our driver said, "Dat dog never had to *bite* no one; dey got on to what he meant without it." If the surgeon called anyone to his side, Dan, at once, regarded the latter as privileged to remain inside the forbidden ground, and took him under his protection.

To appreciate the immense service rendered by the ambulance surgeons to the community, one should witness their work at some accident. When the row of houses which Buddensiek was building in West Sixty-first Street some years ago, fell, burying a number of workmen in the ruins, the ambulance

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men went calmly into places of considerable danger and superintended the removal of the injured in the midst of the general excitement, as quietly and quickly as though nothing unusual had happened. The ambulances from several hospitals were on hand, and all deserve great credit for the pluck and efficiency of the men.

To be called by mistake, and to find no patient, always provokes both surgeon and driver. One day our ambulance was summoned to Seventy-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, only to find that the patient had already been sent by the elevated railroad to the hospital. On the way back a crowd of loafers began calling to the driver to know what had occurred. After scowling in silence at them for some time, he suddenly relieved his mind by shouting back, "I've got a fellah wot was *kicked wid a cat!* See?" Leaving the loafers with this characteristic sample of New York idiom to satisfy their curiosity, he drove sullenly away.

It must not be supposed that life on the House-Staff is nothing but "a demnition long, hard grind;" it is a busy life, but it is also extremely interesting and enjoyable. There would be little prospect of enjoyment for the ordinary person who cares nothing for medical science; to him the idea of living for eighteen months among sick people is hardly alluring. To the men who compose the House-Staff, there is nothing more interesting, and each day adds to their knowledge and experience.

More may be learned in a hospital than mere medical facts. The observant man finds much of interest in the peculiarities of his fellow-men, seen from this standpoint. Perhaps the most striking of these is the idea which most people seem to have of the importance of anything which affects themselves individually, in comparison with the things which affect their neighbors. The case of each patient is, to that patient and his friends, a matter of such moment that the claims of all the others seem almost unworthy of notice. To the House-Physician and his assistants, the medical division seems far more important than the surgical; while the officers of the latter believe the reverse to be the case. And so on.

All who, as institution officials, come in contact with the general public, must experience the evil effects of another human trait, almost as common as self-importance. It produces one of the most maddening and serious annoyances of the many which harass them, and is one of the most dangerous of the forces which make for inefficient administration and the fostering of abuses in hospitals and other charitable organizations. It is the failure to report to the proper authorities instances of wrong-doing on the part of employees, or of any cases of hardship suffered by inmates. Anyone who thinks that wrong has been done to sick people in a hospital, and who fails to lodge a complaint with the proper authorities, informing them of the charges, becomes an accessory after the fact. If, as is often the case with patients, he refrains from so doing from *fear*, he is excusable; but he who advances as an excuse that he did not wish to make trouble for the offender, should remember that he ought to be equally unwilling to injure the unoffending. It is not enough to spread far and wide among one's friends the story of some piece of cruelty or neglect or abuse of any sort, from which a patient has suffered in a hospital. Indeed, it is wrong to do so until a chance has been afforded for investigation of the charges by those whose duty it is to prevent the occurrence of wrong alleged, and to remedy defects in administration. The public should remember that the opportunities for abuses to flourish in some of the many departments of an organization as complex as a large hospital are very great, and that the evil-doers themselves, naturally, do not direct attention to their own wickedness, while the patients who suffer are afraid to complain lest worse should befall them. Unless outsiders recognize the duty of reporting cases which come to their knowledge, the grossest outrages may repeatedly be perpetrated without discovery. Thus it happened that an employee in one hospital systematically extorted money from patients for more than a year before his rascality was suspected. Had a single complaint been

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received during all that time the evil would have been promptly stopped. Let none who fail to make complaints about such things deceive themselves with the thought that their failure is due to kindness of heart. It is not. It is due to selfishness, or laziness, or cowardice. An incalculable amount of good would follow if the public made a practice of complaining to the right people, instead of going with the stories of wrong to almost anyone except those able to remedy the state of affairs which caused the wrong.

Acquaintance with hospital patients throws a light on humanity which reveals much that is good to see. Sick people, of the class which we are considering, are usually patient and uncomplaining, and thoughtful of their fellow-sufferers in the ward. They behave as anyone familiar with the manners and customs of the poor would expect. They submit to disease and pain with the same dogged, stolid patience which is habitual, in respect to any misfortune, among those to whom misfortune is a common experience. Many of them have learned that no good comes from bewailing the inevitable. The habit, so often noted among the poor, of extending a helping hand to any friend in need is not lost in sickness, and the attention of those who are convalescent, or able to be up, to the sicker ones is pleasant to see. I do not wish to give the impression that kindness is universal, only that it is common. Of course there are examples of most detestable selfishness to be seen in the wards as elsewhere. My impression is that, speaking broadly, the patients who are most apt to display this quality in its most objectionable form, and also to show the least appreciation of efforts to relieve their discomfort, are those who are sent to the hospital by some charitable person, with strong testimonials setting forth their merits. The demoralizing effect of having a "pull" is admitted by all; these people are apt to assume that they have a "pull," and behave accordingly.

Not a few criminals come under observation. As a rule, they are neither interesting to know nor agreeable to treat. The grateful criminal, whose gratitude leads him to reform, may, perhaps, be met with elsewhere; but not, to my knowledge, in hospitals. Gratitude shown by a rough and sincere affection for the doctor who has been kind, is quite common among criminals, and many physicians have found themselves safe in neighborhoods where a layman would run a great risk of being robbed, if not murdered, because of the kindness of another member of the profession to someone connected with the criminal class.

The duty of examining applicants for admission at their homes, when they are too sick to come to the hospital, often leads the interne into little-known streets, and sometimes into dangerous neighborhoods. He is perfectly safe in the latter—at least he is safe if he attends strictly to his own business. On these visits much that is tragic, and not a little that is grimly comic, may be seen. Among the saddest cases are the very numerous consumptives, for whose care practically no provision is made in this city, and who cannot be admitted to general hospitals. They must be left to die in their rooms, and (because no place is provided for them) they infect many of their neighbors who, but for their presence, would not have been killed.

Once I was sent to see an applicant who lived in a tenement-house with the usual dark hallways. When I knocked at the door of the "apartment," the "lady" (all "apartments" in tenement-houses are inhabited by "ladies"—in this instance she was a washerlady by profession), before admitting me, apologized for the disorder in the place, hoped I would forgive it, and gave as excuse the information, "You see, me two byes come home drunk *simultuous*, and there was a disturbance." At first the light was dazzling after the darkness of the hall, but as my eyes grew accustomed to it, and I saw, one after another, the details of the "disorder," I felt sure that not even the most censorious visitor could fail to forgive it. It really looked as if everything breakable which was in the room had been broken during the "disturbance," and the floor was littered with fragments of

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china, glass, and furniture. I blessed the good fortune which had decreed that my visit did not coincide with the "simultuous" arrival of the "byes." Evidently the occurrence was not regarded by my hostess as of much importance, for she spoke of it in a matter-of-fact way, and seemed only disturbed by the resulting untidiness.

Upon another occasion, a visit made to an old man living in a rear tenement was rather too full of incident to be pleasant. The neighborhood was very bad, being full of "toughs" of all kinds. The rear building was a rather tall structure, having a small court, which was reached through the hall of the front house, a passage about four feet wide. I climbed the stairs, and just as I was knocking on my patient's door, a man with blood flowing from a large scalp-wound, rushed down the stairs from the floor above, followed by a stove-lid and a stream of profanity —both evidently intended to convey the displeasure of a powerful female who stood on the landing. The man would not stop to have his head dressed, but fled from the house. Subsequent inquiry revealed that he was one of the horny-handed sons of toil, who liked to beguile his leisure hours with drink, and when drunk had a fondness for merry jests of the sort which appeal to a few of his type — such as sitting his child on the stove, or the like. Whatever he had done in his playful mood upon this occasion had proved distasteful to his worthy wife, who had expressed her dissatisfaction by hitting him on the head with a poker, and throwing various movable parts of the stove at him as he departed. In the room with my patient were his wife and sister—the former with a black eye received in a dispute with the latter, and both rather drunk. A new quarrel was just beginning between them, when I politely asked them to wait until I had finished my examination, saying that the noise disturbed me. Much to my relief they stopped at once. I confess to a sense of nervousness when I had to refuse the case, but they took it quietly. There seemed to be considerable noise in the front house as I descended. Upon opening the door of the hall communicating with the street, the cause was unpleasantly evident, for a lively fight, in which a number of men took part, was going on in the narrow passage. There was nothing to do but get to the street, for the trouble was increasing and to stay where I was would have been foolish. I had just started, decidedly scared, to try to get through, when from behind me arose a wild yell. It came from the wife of my patient, who made a dash for the struggling mass with arms waving, and fists clenched. "Get out of here," she shouted, "this is *my* Doctor. Get out—you! Get out of the way of *my doctor!*" She began to maul those within her reach, and before I realized what had occurred, she had driven the whole gang into the street. "Pass on, Doctor," she said, with an air of triumph; "I'll learn them to touch you! *Good* day!" I have never been able to decide whether the scuffle in the narrow hall was a real fight, or merely a game intended to furnish a pretext for "hustling," and perhaps robbing me. If the latter was the original plan, the onslaught of my unexpected ally not only defeated the plot, but also produced a real scrimmage; for the last thing I saw, as I turned the next corner, was a battle in front of the house, in which clubs and stones were freely used, with the most evident malice. On the sidewalk stood my friend, intensely interested and fairly dancing with excitement.

One day there came to the Roosevelt Hospital an Irishman rather beyond middle age in appearance, dressed like a laborer. I was struck by the humorous look in his face, but even more by the unmistakable evidences of hard drinking which he presented. After asking some other questions, I suddenly said, "You have been drinking pretty hard, have you not?" He looked at me with the most engaging of Irish smiles, and gravely informed me that he had not done so to any extent, adding, "Well, you know, I'm a longshoreman, and av coorse we've been on a strike, and that manes that ivery wan had several drinks a day, so perhaps I did take a little." After a while I told him first to hold out his hands, which were

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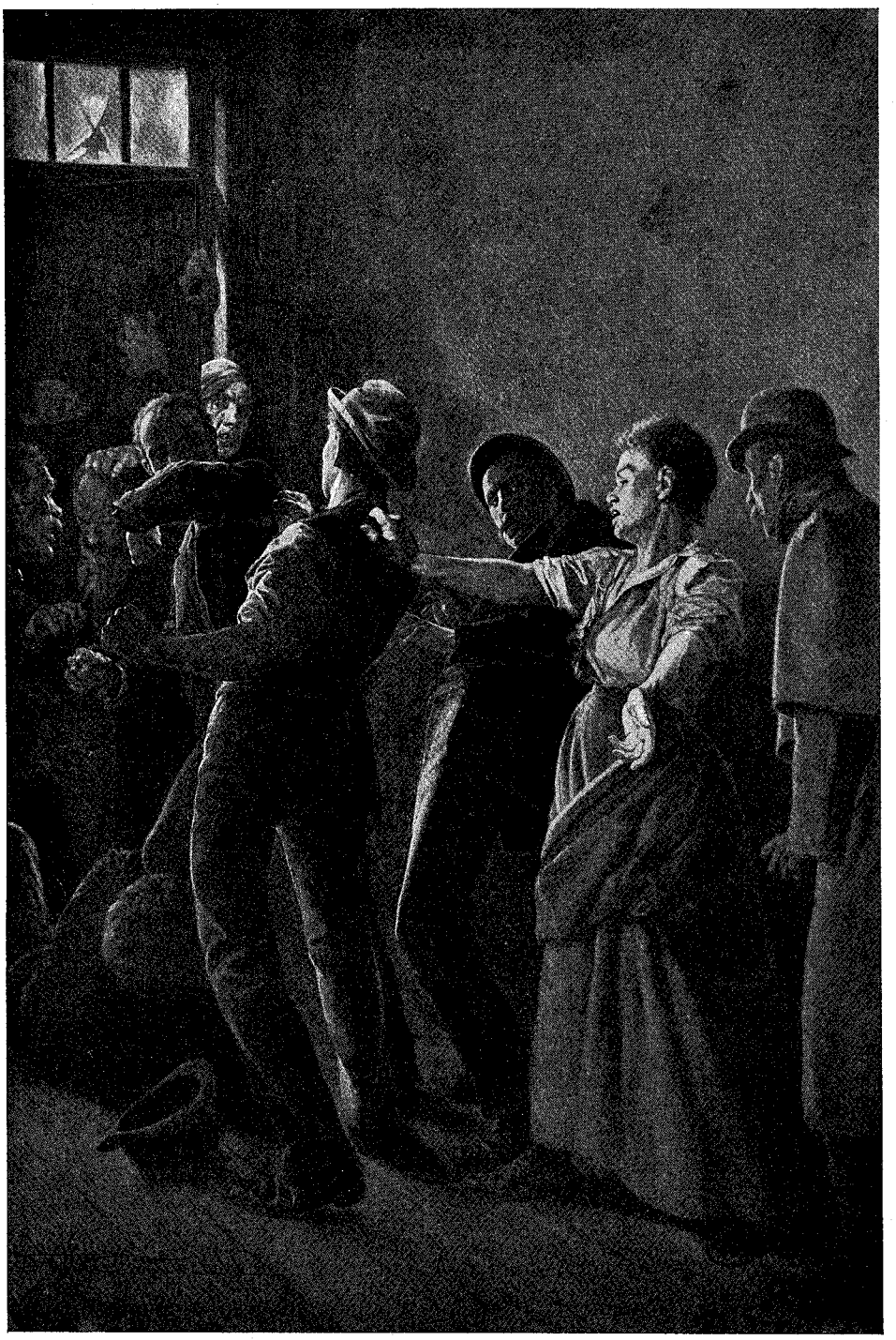

DRAWN BY M. TRAUTSCHOLD.

"Get out of the way of my doctor."—Page 484.

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shaky Then I asked him to put out his tongue. This was very tremulous, and I said, rather sharply: "What makes your tongue shake so much if you have not been drinking?" Looking at me in the most humble manner, he answered, without hesitating: "Well, I don't know, sir, unless it's the modesty of that organ at bein' thrust into prominence in the sight of such a foine gintleman." I changed the subject.

If the day which marks the beginning of hospital life is remembered as one of the turning points in one's career, that upon which the life ends is even more memorable. A House-Physician or Surgeon occupies a position of responsibility and importance in the world—that is, in the world as he sees it. It is somewhat startling suddenly to find one's self transformed into an ordinary citizen. It is unpleasant to realize that what seemed to be one's personal importance was derived, not from personal merits, but arose only from the powers intrusted to one of its servants by a great institution, and it vanished when the trust expired.

When I was House-Physician there was a quaint, kind-hearted man who occupied the position of night-nurse in the male wards. He was the one who asked why the rascals did not die. He was always known as "old John"—the adjective being a term of affection, for he was not really old. He was Irish. His brogue was rich, and was unique of its kind, for its effect was greatly accentuated by his habit of stuttering in a most absurd way, especially when he was excited. John was very popular with the patients because of his real kindness to and sympathy with all who were actually suffering. He detested needless whining, and one of the patients who had been very sick, but who was rapidly recovering, became an object of John's intense disapproval, because of his habit of bewailing his condition. One morning the night nurses came, as usual, to report to me. John finished the general account of the night's events, and then began to stutter frightfully. At first he was unintelligible, but at last I discovered that he was talking about Flannigan (the whining patient). I finally made out the following sentence:

"I was ob-b-bliged to c-c-croosh Flannigan, l-l-last night."

"To *crush* him, John! What do you mean?"

"I m-m-mane t-to c-cr-crush him! Didn't I s-s-say s-o-?"

"What did you do?" I asked, with visions of a mangled patient floating through my mind.

"Well, he b-b-began t-t-talkin' about D-d-oct-tor R-roo-sev-v-vellt in a way I c-couldn't p-p-permit! It was wakin' the others and d-d-isg-gustin' the w-warrd!"

"What did he say, John?"

"Oh, he kep' remarrkin' and r-repatin' w-what a foine m-m-man you are. An thin he be-g-g-gun s-ssayin' over an over. 'If anything should h-h-happpen t-to D-doctor Rrroo—sevelt,' until I went and cr-crushed him! I s-said, says I, 'F-f-flannigan, sh-shut up. If you and D-doctor Roosevelt should fly out troo the r-r-roof to-night, we'd all l-live here!"

The truth of old John's remark struck me with renewed force when my last rounds had been made, my last official order given, and the last day of my service ended. The hospital machinery moved on without a jar—while I suddenly found myself nothing but a young doctor just entering practice—a person of no importance—"a man who was."

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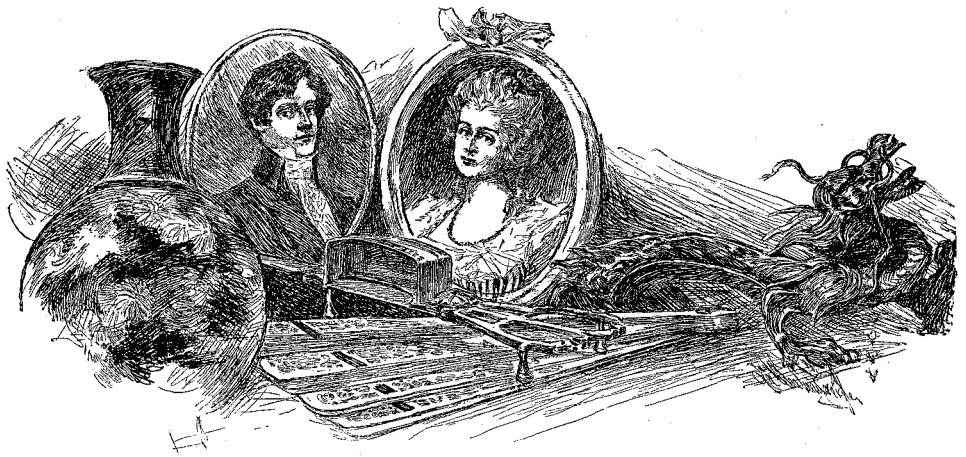

JACQUES AND SUZETTE

By Julia C. R. Dorr

THERE you sit in a niche together
Out of the reach of wind and weather,
Looking down on a fierce bronze dragon,
A cloisonné vase and a gilded flagon,
The opal gleam of a Venice glass,
A chamois climbing an Alpine pass,
An ivory boat from far Japan,
An odorous flask from Ispahan,
And a host of things—
Trifles that last while Life takes wings!

O chère Suzette, what years have flown
Since you and Jacques were together thrown,
And loved and quarrelled, and loved again,
The old, old fate of dames and men!
But there you sit in your carven shrine,
With never a thought of me or mine,
Even though beset
By your great-great-grandchildren, belle Suzette!

Puffed and powdered your golden hair,
Gleaming under the rose you wear;
One long, loose curl drooping low
Over your bosom's tender snow;
Arching eyebrows, and smiling lips
Red as the rose the wild bee sips—
Thus, even yet,
I see and I know you, chère Suzette!

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White puffed sleeves and a fall of lace,
Lending your figure girlish grace;
Purple bodice that gems bedeck;
A string of amethysts round your neck;
Plenty of furbelows to show
How you plumed your gay wings long ago,
Lady Suzette,
In the days when youth and pleasure met.

But, grand-père Jacques, with your curled brown wig,
And your broad white kerchief, trim and trig,
Out of which rises your shaven chin;
With your delicate lips and your nostrils thin,
And a certain self-confident, high-bred air,
Smiling and gallant and debonair,
I wonder yet
If she made your heartache, this Suzette?

Or perhaps, Monsieur, 'twas the other way;
For she was jealous and you were gay,
And under that frill of falling snow
A passionate heart beat warm, I know.
Dear grand-père Jacques, I doubt if you
Were undeniably good and true—
Did you make her fret,
Though you called her gently, "ma chère Suzette?"

Ye do not answer, O smiling lips!
From the silent past no answer slips.
Quaint letters more than a century old,
Hint at romances that might be told;
But dust and ashes are all who knew
How life fared on between you two,
Jacques and Suzette,
Or how its warp and its woof were set.

Nay, nay, dear hearts, I will vex you not;
Be your loves, or glad, or sad, forgot!
Keep ye your secrets, an' you will,
Sitting up yonder calm and still,
Side by side in a niche together,
Out of the reach of stormy weather,
And whispering yet,
"Mon ami Jacques," "Ma chère Suzette!"

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JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER

By George W. Cable

LXII

GO ON, SAYS BARBARA

ISS GARNET said she ought to go to her friends, and John started with her.

On their way the dyspeptic stopped them affectionately to offer Barbara a banana, and ask if she and the gentleman were not cousins. Miss Garnet said no, and John enjoyed that way she had of smiling sweetly with her eyes alone. But she smiled just as prettily with her lips also when the woman asked him if he was perfectly sure he hadn't relations in Arkansas named Pumpkinseed — he had such a strong Pumpkinseed look. The questioner tried to urge the banana upon him, assuring him that it was the last of three which, she said, she wouldn't have bought or tried to eat at all if she hadn't been so lonesome.

Barbara sat down with her, to John's disgust, a feeling which was not diminished when he passed on to her Northern friends, and Mr. Fair tried very gently to draw him out on the Negro question! When he saw Mrs. Fair glancing about for the porter he sprang to find and send him, but lingered, himself, long among the mirrors to wash and brush up and adjust his necktie.

The cars stopping, he went to the front platform, where the dyspeptic, who was leaving the train, turned to say good-by and thanked him "for all his kindness" with such genuine gratitude that in the haste he quite lost his tongue, and for his only response pushed her anxiously off the steps. He still knew enough, however, to reflect that this probably left Miss Garnet alone, and promptly going in he found her—sitting with the Fairs.

Because she was perishing to have Mr. March again begin where he had left off, she conversed with the Fairs longer than ever and created half a dozen delays out of pure nothings. So that when she and John were once more alone together he talked hither and yon for a short while before he asked her where the poems were.

"Mrs. Fair has them," said Barbara.

Nevertheless she was extremely pleasant. Their fellow-passenger just gone, she said, had praised him without stint, and had quoted him as having said to her, "It isn't always right to do what we have the right to do."

"O pshaw!" warmly exclaimed John; started as if she had touched an inflamed nerve and reddened, remembering how well Miss Garnet might know what that nerve was, and why it was so sore.

"I wish *I* knew how to be sen-tentious," said Barbara, obliviously.

"It was she led up to it." He laughed. "She said it better, herself, afterward!"

"How did she say it?"

"She? O she said—she said her pastor said it—that nothing's quite right until it's noble."

"Well, don't you believe that principle?"

"I don't know! That's what I've asked myself twenty times to-day."

"Why to-day?" asked Miss Garnet, with eyes downcast, as though she could give the right answer herself.

"O"—he smiled—"something set me to thinking about it. But, now, Miss Garnet, is it true? Isn't it sometimes allowable, and sometimes even necessary — absolutely, morally necessary — for a fellow to do what may look anything but noble?"

He got no reply.

"O of course I know it's the spirit of an act that counts, and not its look; but—here now, for example"—John dropped his voice confidentially—"is a fellow in love with a young lady, and—— Do I speak loud enough?"

"Yes, go on."

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He did so for some time. By and by:

"Ah! yes, Mr. March, but remember you're only supposing a case."

"O, but I'm not only supposing it; it's actual fact. I knew it. And, as I say, whatever that feeling for her was, it became the ruling passion of his life. And when circumstances—a change of conditions—of relations—made it simply wrong for him to cherish it any more it wasn't one-fourth or one-tenth so much the unrighteousness as the ignobility of the thing that tortured him and tortured him and tortured him, until one day what does he suddenly up and do but turn over a new leaf. Do I speak too low?"

"No, go on, Mr. March."

"Well, for about twenty-four hours he thought he had done something noble. Then he found that was just what it wasn't. It never is; else turning over new leaves would be easy! He didn't get his new leaf turned over. He tried; he tried his best."

"That's all God asks," murmured Barbara.

"What?"

"Nothing. Please don't stop. How'd it turn out?"

"O bad! He put himself out of sight and reach and went on trying, till one day—one night—without intention or expectation, he found her when, by the baseness—no, I won't say that, but—yes, I will!—by the baseness of another, she was all at once the fit object of all the pity and the sort of love that belongs with pity, which any heart can give."

"And he gave them!"

"Yes, he gave *them*. But the old feeling—whatever it was——" John hesitated.

"Go on. Please don't stop."

"—The—the old feeling—went out—right there—like a candle in the wind. No, not that way, quite, but like a lamp drinking the last of its oil. Where he lodged that night——"

"Yes."

"—He heard a clock strike every hour; and at the break of day that—feeling—whatever it was—with the only real good excuse to live it probably ever had—was dead."

"And that wasn't true love? Don't you believe it was?"

"Do you, Miss Barbara Garnet? Could true love lie down and give up the ghost at such a time and on such a pretext as that? Could it? Could it?"

"I think—O—I think it—you'll forgive me if——"

"Forgive! Why, how can you offend *me?* You don't imagine——"

"O no! I forgot. Well, I think the love was true in degree; not the very truest. It was only *first* love; but it was the first love of a true heart."

"To be followed by a later and truer love, you think?"

"You shouldn't—O I don't know, Mr. March. What do you think?"

"Never! That's what I think. He may find refuge in friendship. I believe such a soul best fitted for that deep, pure friendship so much talked of and so rarely realized between man and woman. Such a heart naturally seeks it. Not with a mere hunger for comfort——"

"O no."

"—But because it has that to give which it cannot offer in love, yet which is good only when given; worthless to one, priceless to two. Sometimes I think it's finer than love, for it makes no demands, no promises, no compacts, no professions——"

"Did you ever have such a friendship?"

"No, indeed! If I had—oh pshaw! In the first place I never was or shall be fit for it. But I just tell you, Miss Garnet, that in such a case as we've spoken of, the need of such a heart for such a friendship cannot be reckoned!"

He smiled sturdily, and she smiled also, but let compassion speak in her eyes before she reverently withdrew them. He, too, was still.

They were approaching a large river. The porter, growing fond of them, came, saying:

"Here where we crosses into Yankeedom. Fine view fum de rear platfawm—sun jes' a-sett'n'."

They went there—the Fairs preferred to sit still—and with the eddies of an almost wintry air ruffling them and John's arm lying along the rail under the window behind them, so as to clasp

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her instantly if she should lurch, they watched the slender bridge lengthen away and the cold river widen under it between them and Dixie.

Their silence confessed their common emotion. John felt a condescending expansion and did not withdraw his arm even after the bridge was passed until he thought Miss Garnet was about to glance around at it, which she had no idea of doing.

"I declare, Miss Garnet, I—I wish ——"

She turned her eyes to his handsome face, lifted with venturesome diffidence and frowning against the blustering wind.

"I'm afraid"—he gayly shook his head—"you won't like what I say if you don't take it just as I mean it." He put his hand over the iron-work again, but she was still looking at him, and he thought she didn't know it.

"It wouldn't be fair to take it as you don't mean it," she said. "What is it?"

"Why, ha-ha—I—I wish I were your brother!—ha-ha! Seriously, I don't believe you can imagine how a lone fellow—boy or man—can long and pine for a sister. If I'd had a sister, a younger sister—no boy ever pined for an older sister—I believe I'd have made a better man. When I was a small boy——"

Barbara glanced at his breadth and stature with a slow smile.

He laughed. "O, that was away back yonder before you can remember."

"It certainly must have been," she replied, "and yet——"

"And yet," he echoed, enjoying his largeness as he had never done before.

"I thought all the pre-his-tor-ic things were big. But what was it you used to do? I know; you used to cry for a sister, didn't you?"

"Yes. Why, how'd you guess that?"

"I can't say, unless it was because I used to cry for a little brother."

"And why a little one?"

"I was young and didn't know any better."

"But later on, you——"

"I wanted the largest size."

"D'd you ever cry for a brother of the largest size?"

"Why, yes; I nearly cry for one yet, sometimes, when somebody makes me mad."

"Miss Garnet, I'm your candidate!"

"No, Mr. March. If you were elected you'd see your mistake and resign in a week, and I couldn't endure the mor-ti-fi-ca-tion."

John colored. He thought she was hinting at fickleness; but she gave him a smile which said so plainly, "The fault would be mine," that he was more than comfortable again—on the surface of his feelings, I mean.

And so with Barbara. The train had begun a down-grade and was going faster and faster. As she stood sweetly contemplating the sunset sky and sinking hills, fearing to move lest that arm behind her should be withdrawn, and yet vigilant to give it no cause to come nearer, an unvoiced cry kept falling back into her heart—"Tell him!—For your misguided father's sake!—Now!—Now!—Stop this prattle about friendship, love, and truth, and tell him his danger!"

But in reality she had not, and was not to have, the chance.

The young land-owner stood beside her staring at nothing and trying to bite his mustache.

He came to himself with a start. "Miss Garnet——"

As she turned in response, the sky's blush lighted her face.

"That case we were speaking of inside, you know——"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, as I said, I knew that case myself. But, my goodness, Miss Garnet, you won't infer that I was alluding in any way to—to any experience of my own, will you?"

She made no reply.

"Law! Miss Garnet, you don't think I'd offer anybody a friendship pulled out of a slough of despond, do you?"

Barbara looked at him in trembling exaltation. "Mr. March, I know what has happened."

He winced, but kept his guard. "Do you mean you know how it is I am on this train?"

"Yes, I know it all."

"O my soul! Have I betrayed it?"

"No, sir; the train conductor—I led him on—told us all about it before we were twenty miles from Suez."

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"I ought to have guessed you'd find it out," said John, in a tone of self-rebuke.

"Yes," she replied, driving back her tears with a quiet smile, "I think you ought."

"Why—why, I—I—I'm overwhelmed. Gracious me! I owe you an humble apology, Miss Garnet. Yes, I do. I've thrust a confidence on you without your permission. I—I beg your pardon! I didn't mean to, I declare I didn't, Miss Garnet."

"It's safe."

"I know it. I'm surer of that than if you were anyone else I've ever known in my life, Miss Garnet."

"It shall be as if I had never heard it."

"O no! I don't see how it can. In fact—well—I don't see why it should—unless you wish it so. Of course, in that case——"

"That's not a con-tin-gen-cy," said Barbara, and for more than a minute they listened to the clangorous racket of the rails. Then John asked her if it did not have a quality in it almost like music and she brightened up at him as she nodded.

He made a gesture toward the receding land, bent to her in the uproar and cried, "It scarcely seems a moment since those hills were full of spring color, and now they're blue in the distance!"

She looked at them tenderly and nodded again.

"At any rate," he cried, holding his hat on and bending lower, "we have Dixie for our common mother." His manner was patriotic.

She glanced up to him—the distance was trivial—beaming with sisterly confidence, and just then the train lurched and—he caught her.

"H- I conscience! wa'n't it lucky I happened to have my arm back there just at that moment?"

Barbara did not say. She stood with her back against the car, gazing at the track, her small feet braced forward with new caution, but she saw March lapse into revery and heave another sigh.

However, she observed his mind return and rightly divined he was thinking her silence a trifle ungracious; so she lifted her hand toward a white cloud that rose above the vanished hills and river, saying:

"Our common mother waves us farewell."

"Yes," he cried with grateful pleasure. Seeing her draw her wrap closer he added, "You're cold!" And it was true, although she shook her head. He bent again to explain. "It'll be warmer when we leave this valley. You see, here——"

"Yes," she nodded so intelligently that he did not finish. Miss Garnet, however, was thinking of her chaperone and dubiously glanced back at the door. Then she braced her feet afresh. They were extremely pretty.

He smiled at them. "You needn't plant yourself so firmly," he said, "I'm not going to let you fall off."

O dear! That reversed everything. She had decided to stay; now she couldn't.

Once more the Northern pair received them with placid interest. Mr. Fair presently asked a question which John had waited for all day, and it was dark night without and lamp-light within, and they were drawing near a large city before the young man, in reply, had more than half told the stout plans and hopes of this expedition of his after capital and colonists.

Mrs. Fair showed a most lively approval. "And you must leave us here?"

Barbara had not noticed till now how handsome she was. Neither had John.

"Yes, ma'am. But I shan't waste a day here if things don't show up right. I shall push right on to New York."

Barbara hoped Mr. Fair's pleasantness of face meant an approbation as complete as his wife's, and, to hide her own, meditatively observed that this journey would be known in history as March's Raid.

John laughed and thanked her for not showing the fears of Captains Champion and Shotwell that he would "go in like a lion and come out like a lamb."

They hurried to the next section and peered out into the night with suppressed but eager exclamations. Long lines of suburban street-lamps were swinging by. Ranks of coke-furnaces were blazing like necklaces of fire.

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Foundries and machine-shops glowed and were gone; and, far away, close by, and far away again, beautifully colored flames waved from the unseen chimneys of chemical works.

"We've neither of us ever seen a great city," Miss Garnet explained when she rejoined her protectors. John had been intercepted by the porter with his brush, and Barbara, though still conversing, could hear what the negro was saying.

"I lef' you to de las', Cap. Seem like you 'ten'in' so close to business an' same time enjoyin' yo'seff so well, I hated to 'sturb — thank you, seh!" The train came slowly to a stand. "O no, seh, dis ain't de depot. Depot three miles fu'theh yit, seh. We'll go on ag'in in a minute. Obacoat, seh. Dis yo' ambreel?"

John bade his friends good-by. "And now, Miss Garnet"—he retained her hand a moment—"don't you go off and forget—Dixie."

She said no, and as he let go her hand she let him see deeper into her eyes than ever before.

A step or two away he looked back with a fraternal smile, but she was talking to Mrs. Fair as eagerly as if he had been gone three days. The train stood so long that he went forward to ask what the delay signified and saw the commercial travellers walking away with their hand-bags. The porter was busy about the door.

"Big smash-up of freight-cyars in de yard; yass, seh. No, seh, cayn't 'zac'ly tell jis how long we be kep' here, but 'f you dislikes to wait, Cap, you needn'. You kin teck a street-cyar here what'll lan' you right down 'mongs' de hotels an' things; yass, seh. See what, de wreck? No, seh, it's up in de yard whah dey don't 'llow you to pa-ass."

Out in the darkness beside the train March stood a moment. He could see Miss Garnet very plainly at her bright window and was wondering how she and her friends, but especially she, would take it if he should go back and help them while away this tiresome detention. If she had answered that last smile of his, or if she were showing, now, any tendency at all to look out the window, he might have returned; but no, howdy after farewell lacked dignity. The street-car came along just then and Barbara saw him get into it.

LXIII

TOGETHER AGAIN

March did not put up at the most famous and palatial hotel; it was full. He went to another much smaller and quieter, and equally expensive. When he had taken supper he walked the dazzling streets till midnight, filled with the strangeness of the place and the greater strangeness of his being there, and with numberless fugitive reflections upon the day just gone, the life behind it, and the life before, but totally without those shaped and ordered trains of thought which no one ever has except in books.

Sometimes tenderly, sometimes bitterly, Fannie came to mind, in emotions rather than memories, and as if she were someone whom he should never see again. Once it occurred to him that these ghost walkings of thought and feeling about her must be very much like one's thoughts of a limb shattered in some disaster and lately cut off by a surgeon. The simile was not pleasant, but he did not see why he should want a pleasant one. Only by an effort could he realize she was still of this world, and that by and by they would be back in Suez again, meeting casually, habitually, and in a much more commonplace and uninteresting way than ever they had done in the past. He shuddered, then he sighed, and then he said ahem! and, as well as he could, gave himself the look of a man of affairs. At men who stared on him he retorted with a frown of austere inquiry, not aware that they were merely noticing how handsome he was.

For a time he silently went through minute recapitulations of his recent colloquies with Miss Garnet, who seemed already surprisingly far away; much farther than any railroad speed could at all account for. He wished she were "further!"—for he could quote five different remarks of his own uttered to her that very day, which he saw plainly

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enough, *now*, nobody but a perfect fool could have made.

"Oh! Great Scott! What did possess *me to drag her into my confidence?*"

He "wondered if mesmerism had anything"—but rejected that explanation with disdain and dismissed the subject. And then this strange thing happened. He was standing looking into a show-window made gorgeous with hot-house flowers, when a very low voice very close at hand moaned, "O Lord, no! I simply made an ass of myself," and when he turned sharply around no one was anywhere near!

But he dismissed that problem, too, returned to his room, and went to bed and to sleep, wishing "to gracious" he might see her once more and once only, simply to show her that he had nothing more to confide—to her or any similar soft-smiling she!—The s's are his.

He did not rise early next morning. And in this he was wise. Rejoice, oh, young man, in your project, but know that old men, without projects, hearing will not hear—until they have seen their *mail and their cashier*; the early worm rarely catches the bird. John had just learned this in Pulaski City.

At breakfast he was again startled by a low voice very close to him.

"Mr. March, why not come over and sit with us?" It was Mr. Fair!

The ladies bowed from a table on the far side of the room. Mrs. Fair seemed as handsome as ever; while Miss Garnet!—well! If she was both winsome and beautiful yesterday, with that silly, facing-both-ways travelling cap she had worn, what could a genuinely reverent young man do here and now, but gasp an inarticulate admiration under his breath as he followed his senior toward them?

Even in the lively conversation which began he found time to think it strange that she had never seemed to him half so lovely in Suez; was it his oversight? Maybe not, for in Suez she had never in life been half so glad. Mrs. Fair could see this with her eyes shut, and poor Barbara could see that she saw it by the way she shut her eyes. But John, of course, was blind enough, and presently concluded that the wonder of this crescent loveliness was the old, old wonder of the opening rose. Meanwhile the talk flowed on.

"And by that time," said John, "you'd *missed your connection*. I might have guessed it. Now you'll take—but you've hardly got time——"

No, Mrs. Fair was feeling rather travel weary; this was Saturday; they would pass Sunday here and start refreshed on Monday.

In the crowded elevator, when March was gone, Barbara heard Mrs. Fair say to her husband,

"You must know men here whom it would be good for him to see; why don't you offer to——" Mrs. Fair ceased and there was no response, except that Barbara said, behind her smiling lips,

"It's because he's in bad hands, and still I have not warned him."

March did not see them again that day. In the evening, two men, friends, sitting in the hotel's rotunda, were conjecturing who yonder guest might be to whose inquiries the clerk was so promptly attentive.

"He's a Southerner, that's plain; and a *gentleman*, that's just as certain."

"Yes, if he were not both he would not be so perfectly at home in exactly the right clothes and yet look as if he had spent most of his life in swimming."

"He hasn't got exactly the right overcoat; it's too light and thin."

"No, but that's the *crowning proof* that he's a Southerner."

They hearkened to the clerk. "He's just gone to the theatre, Mr. March, he and both ladies. He was asking for you. I think he wanted you to go."

"I reckon not," said John, abstractedly, and in his fancy saw Miss Garnet explaining to her friends, with a restrained smile, that in Suez to join the church was to abjure the theatre. But another clerk spoke:

"Mr. March, did you—here's a note for you."

The clerk knew it was from Miss Garnet, and was chagrined to see John, after once reading it, dreamily tear it up and drop it to the floor. Still it increased his respect for the young millionaire—Mr. March, that is. It was as if he had lighted his cigar with a ten-dollar bill.

John wrote his answer upstairs, taking a good deal of time and pains to

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give it an air of dash and haste, and accepting, with cordial thanks, Mr. and Mrs. Fair's invitation to go with them (and Miss Garnet, writing at their request) next day to church. Which in its right time he did.

On his way back to the hotel with Miss Garnet after service, John was nothing less than pained—though he took care not to let her know it—to find how far astray she was as to some of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. For fear she might find it out, he took his midday meal alone. And indeed, Miss Garnet may have had her suspicions, for over their ice-cream and coffee she said amusedly to Mrs. Fair, and evidently in reference to him,

"I am afraid it was only the slightness of our acquaintance that kept him from being pos-i-tive-ly pet-u-lent."

She seemed amused, I say, but an hour or so later, in her own room, she called herself a goose and somebody else another, and glancing at the mirror, caught two tears attempting to escape. She drove them back with a vigorous stamp of the foot and proceeded to dress for a cold afternoon walk among the quieted wonders of a resting city, without the Fairs, but not wholly alone.

LXIV

THIS TIME SHE WARNS HIM

As Miss Garnet and her escort started forth upon this walk, I think you would have been tempted to confirm the verdict of two men who, meeting and passing them, concluded that the escort was wasting valuable time when they heard him say,

"It did startle me to hear how lightly you regard what you call a memorized religion."

But this mood soon passed. A gentleman and lady, presently overtaking them, heard her confess, "I know I don't know as much as I think I do; I only wish I knew as much as I don't." Whereat her escort laughed admiringly, and during the whole subsequent two hours of their promenade scarcely any observer noticed the slightness of their acquaintance.

Across the fields around Suez their conversation would have been sprightly enough, I warrant. But as here they saw around them one and another amazing triumph of industry and art, they grew earnest, spoke exaltedly of this great age, and marvelled at the tangle of chances that had thrown them here together. John called it, pensively, a most happy fortune for himself, but Barbara in reply only invited his attention to the beauty of the street vista behind them.

Half a square farther on he came out of a brown study.

"Miss Barb"— It was the first time he had ever said that, and though she lifted her glance in sober inquiry, the music of it ran through all her veins.

"—Miss Barb, isn't it astonishing, the speed with which acquaintance can grow, under favorable conditions?"

"Is it?"

"Oh, well, no, it isn't. Only that's not its usual way."

"Isn't the usual way the best?"

"Oh—usually—yes! But there's nothing usual about this meeting of ours. Miss Barb, my finding you and your friendship is as if I'd been lost at midnight in a trackless forest and had all at once found a road. I only wish"—he gnawed his lip—"I only wish these three last days had come to me years ago. You might have saved me some big mistakes."

"No," Barbara softly replied, "I'm afraid not."

"I only mean as a sister might influence an older brother—cheering—helping—warning."

"Warning!" murmured Barbara, with drooping head and slower step. "You don't know what an evil gift of untimely silence I've got. If I've failed all my life long as a daughter, in just what you're supposing of me——"

"O come, now, Miss——"

"Don't stop me! Why, Mr. March"—she looked up, and as she brushed back a hair from her ear John thought her hand shook; but when she smiled he concluded he had been mistaken—"I've been wanting these whole three days to warn you of something which, since it concerns your fortunes, concerns nearly everyone I know, and especially

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my father. Is it meddlesome for me to be solicitous about your ambitions and plans for Widewood, Mr. March?"

"Now, Miss Garnet! You know I'd consider it an honor and a delight—Miss Barb. What do you want to warn me against? Mind, I don't say I'll take your warning; but I'll prize the friendship that——"

"I owe it to my father."

"Oh, yes, yes! I don't mean to claim—aha! I thought that tolling was for fire! Here comes one of the engines!—Better take my arm a minute—I—I think you'd better—till the whirlwind passes."

She took it, and before they reached a crossing on whose far side she had promised herself to relinquish it, another engine rushed by. This time they stood aside with her hand resting comfortably in his elbow. It still rested there when they had resumed their walk, only stirring in the self-reproachful, sunrise dream of a tardy sleeper when John incautiously remarked the street's restored quietness.

Barbara was silent. When they had gone some distance farther John asked,

"Have I forfeited your solicitude? Will you not warn me, after all?" He looked at her and she looked at him, twice, but speech would not come; her lips only parted, broke into a baffled smile, and were grave again.

"I suppose, of course, it's against measures, not men, as they say, isn't it?"

"It's against men," said Barbara.

"That surprises me," replied John, with a puzzled smile.

"Why, Mr. March, you can't suppose, do you, that your high ambitions and purposes——"

"Oh, they're not mine; they're my father's. The details and execution are mine——"

"But, anyhow, you share them; you've said so. You don't suppose your associates——"

"What, share them the same way I do? Why, no, Miss Barb; it wouldn't be fair to expect that, would it? And yet, in a certain way, on a lower plane—from a simply commercial standpoint—they do. I don't include your father with them! I only wish I could reflect the spirit of my father's wishes and hopes as perfectly as he does."

"Mr. March, don't men sometimes go into such enterprises as yours simply to plunder and ruin those that go in honestly with them?"

"Oh, undoubtedly. You see, in this case——"

"Mr. March——"

"Yes, Miss Barb——"

"I believe certain men are in your company with that intention."

"But you don't know it, do you? Else you would naturally tell your father instead of me. You only——" He hesitated.

"I only see it."

"Oh—oh! have you no other evidence—only an intuition?"

"Yes, I have other evidence."

"Ah!" laughed John. "You've got higher cards, have you?"

Her eyes softly brightened in response to his. The next instant the hand in his arm awoke, but lay very still, as four men passed, solemnly raised their silk hats to March, and disappeared around a corner. They were the commercial travellers!

Her hand left his arm to brush something from her opposite shoulder, and did not return, but hid somewhere in her wrap, tingling with a little anguish all its own, in the realization that discovery is almost the only road to repentance. At the same time it could hear, so to speak, its owner telling, with something between a timorous courage and a calm diffidence, how, in Suez, she had drawn out a business man, unnamed, but well approved and quite disinterested, to say that she might tell Mr. March that, in his conviction, unless he god rid of certain persons—etc.

"I can tell you who it was, if you care to know. He said I might."

"No," said John, thoughtfully. "Never mind." And they heard their own footsteps for full two minutes. Then he said, "Miss Barb, suppose he is disinterested and sincere. Say he were my best friend. The thing's a simple matter of arithmetic. So long as your father and Jeff-Jack and I hang together there are not enough votes in the company to do anything we don't want done. I admit we've given some comparative strangers a strong foothold; but your father trusts them, and,

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if need be, can watch them. Does anybody know men better than Jeff-Jack does? But he knew just what we were doing when he consented to take charge of the three counties' interests; however, I admit that doesn't prove anything. Miss Barb, I know who said what you told me, and I esteem and honor and love him as much as you do —wait, please. O smile ahead, if you like, only let me finish. You know we must take some risks, and while I thank him—and you, too, even if you do speak merely for your father's sake —I tell you the best moves a man ever makes are those he makes against the warnings of his friends! 'Try not the pass, the old man said,' don't you know?"

"This wasn't an old man."

"Wasn't it General Halliday?"

"No, sir, it was the younger Mr. Fair."

"Henry Fair," said John very quietly. He slackened his pace. He did not believe Fair cared that much for him; but it was easy to suppose he might seize so good a chance for Miss Garnet's own sake.

"Miss Barb, I don't doubt he thinks what he says. I see now why he failed to subscribe to our stock, after coming so far entirely, or almost entirely, to do it. He little knows how he disappointed me. I didn't want his capital, Miss Barb, half as much as his fellowship in a beautiful enterprise."

"He was as much disappointed as you, Mr. March; I happen to know it."

John looked at his informant; but her head was down once more.

"Well," he said, cheerily, "I'll just have to wait till—till I—till I've shown" —a beggar child was annoying him— "shown Fair and all of them that I'm not so green as I——" He felt for a coin, stood still, and turned red. "Miss —Miss Barb——" A smile widened over his face, and he burst into a laugh that grew till the tears came.

"What's the matter?" asked Barbara anxiously, yet laughing with him.

"Oh, I—I've let somebody pick my pockets. Yes, every cent's gone and my ticket to New York. I had no luck here yesterday, and I was going on to New York to-morrow." He laughed again, but ceased abruptly. "Good gracious, Miss Barb! my watch — my father's watch!" The broad smile on his lips could not hide the grief in his eyes.

LXV

A PERFECT UNDERSTANDING

As they resumed their way Barbara did most of the talking. She tried so hard to make his loss appear wholly attributable to her, that only the sweetness of her throat and chin and the slow smoothness of her words saved her from seeming illogical. She readily got his admission that the theft might have been done in that archway as the engine rushed by. Very good! And without her, she reasoned, he would not have stopped. "Or, if you had stopped," she softly droned, with her eyes on her steps, "you would have had——"

"Oh, now, what would I have had?"

"Your hands in your pockets."

"That's not my habit."

"Oh, Mr. March!"

"My d-ear Miss Barb, I should think I ought to know."

"Yes, sir; that's why I tell you." They laughed in partnership.

Mr. March was entirely right, Barbara resumed, not to tell his mishap to the Fairs, or to any one, anywhere, then or thereafter. "But you're cruel to me not to let me lend you enough to avoid the rev-e-la-tion." That was the utmost she would say. If he couldn't see that she would rather *lose*—not to say lend —every dollar she had, than have any one know where her hand was when his pocket was picked, he might stay just as stupid as he was. She remained silent so long that John looked at her inquiringly; but he did not perceive that she was ready to cry. She wore a glad smile as she said:

"I've got more money with me than I ought to be carrying, anyhow."

"Why, Miss Barb, you oughtn't to do that; how does that happen?" He spoke with the air of one who had never in his life lost a cent by carelessness.

"It's not so very much," was her re-

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ply. "It's for my share of Rosemont. I sold it to pop-a."

"What! just now when the outlook for Rosemont—why, Miss Barb, I do believe you did it to keep clear of our land company, didn't you?"

"Mr. March, I wish you would let me lend you some of it, won't you?"

"No, I'll be—surprised if I do. Oh, Miss Barb, I thank you just the same; but my father, Miss Barb, gave it to me, as a canon of chivalry, never to make a money bargain with a lady that you can't make with a bank. If I'm not man enough to get out of this pinch without—oh, pshaw!"

In the hotel, at the head of the ladies' staircase, they stood alone.

"Good-by," said John, unwillingly. "I'll see you this evening, shan't I, when I come up to say good-by to your friends?"

Barbara said he would. They shook hands, each pair of eyes confessing to the other the superfluity of the ceremony.

"Good-by," said John again, as if he had not said it twice already.

"Good-by," she responded. "Mr. March, if you want to give securities—as you would to a bank—I—I shouldn't want anything better than your mother's poems."

He glowed with gratitude and filial vanity, his big hand tightening on hers. "Oh, Miss Barb! no, no! But God bless you! I wonder if any one else was ever so much like sunshine in a prison window! Good-by!" She felt her hand lifted by his; but, when she increased its weight the merest bit, he let it sink again and slide from his fingers.

He was gone, and a moment later she was with the Fairs again, talking slowly, with soft smiles; but her head swam, she heard their pleasant questions remotely, as through a wall, and could feel her pulse to her fingers and feet. He had almost kissed her hand. "The next time—the next time—sweet heaven send this poor hand strength to resist just enough and—and not too much." So raved the prayer locked in her heart, or so it would have raved had she dared give it the liberty even of unspoken words.

Meanwhile, John March lay on his bed with the back of his head in his hands.

"I've offended her! There was no mistaking that last look. This wouldn't have happened if she hadn't let her hand linger in mine. Oh, I wish to heaven girls were not so senselessly innocent and sisterly! Great Cæsar! I'd give five hundred dollars not to have drooled that drivel about being her brother! George! She ought to know that only a fool or a scamp could make such an absurd proposal. I wonder if she still wants to lend me her money! I'd rather face a whole bank directorate with an overdrawn account than those Fairs this evening. I know exactly how they'll look. For it will be just like her to tell Mrs. Fair, who'll tell her husband, and they'll bury the thing right there, with me under it, and 'Miss Garnet' will excuse herself on the plea of fatigue, and the conversation will drag, and I'll wish I had cut my throat in Pulaski City, and"—a steeple clock tolled the hour—— "Oh, can it be that that's only six!"

At tea he missed them. Returning to his room, he had hardly got his hands under his head again, trying not to think of his financial embarrassments because it was Sunday, when a new idea brought him to his feet. Church! Evening service! Would she go? He had not asked her when she had intimated that the Fairs would not. In his selfish enjoyment of her society he had quite forgotten to care for her soul! He ought to go himself. And all the more ought she, for he was numbered among the saved now, and she was not. She must go. But how could she unless he should take her? His Christian duty was clear. He would write an offer of his services, and by her answer he would know how he stood in her regard.

The reply was prompt, affirmative, and confined to the subject. And yet, in some inexplicable, irresistible way it conveyed the impression that she had never suspected him of the faintest intention to carry her hand to his lips.

The sermon was only so-so, but they enjoyed the singing, particularly their own. Both sang from one book, with much reserve, yet with such sweetly

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pervasive voices that those about them first listened and then added their own very best. The second tune was "Geer," and, with John's tenor going up every time Barbara's soprano came down, and *vice versa*, it was as lovely see-sawing as ever thrilled the heart of youth with pure and undefiled religion. They sang the last hymn to "Dennis." It was,

> "Blest be the tie that binds
> Our hearts in Christian love!"

and they gratefully accepted the support of four good, sturdy, bass voices behind them. But it was the words themselves, of the fourth and fifth stanzas, that inspired their richest yet softest tones, while the four basses behind them rather grew louder:

> "When we asunder part,
> It gives us inward pain;
> But we shall still be joined in heart
> And hope to meet again.
>
> "This glorious hope revives
> Our courage by the way;
> While each in expectation lives,
> And longs to see the day."

On the sidewalk the four basses again raised their four silk hats and vanished. They were the commercial travellers.

As the two worshippers returned toward their hotel, Barbara spoke glowingly of Mr. and Mrs. Fair; their perfect union; their beautiful companionship. John, in turn, ventured to tell of the unbounded esteem with which he had ever looked upon Barbara's mother. They dwelt, in tones of indulgent amusement, on the day, the hour, the scene, of John's first coming to the college, specially memorable to him as the occasion of his first real meeting of the Rose of Rosemont. Barbara said the day would always be bright to her as the one on which she first came into personal contact with Judge March. John spoke ardently of his father.

"And, by the by, that day was the first on which I ever truly saw you."

"Or Johanna!" said Barbara. "Johanna's keeping Fannie Ravenel's new house. She's to stay with her till I get back." But John spoke again of Barbara's mother, asking permission to do so.

"Yes, certainly," murmured his companion. "In general I don't revere sacred things as I should," she continued, with her arm in her escort's, and "Blest be the tie"—still dragging in their adagio footsteps; "but my mother has all my life been so sacred to me—not that she was of the sort that they call otherworldly—I don't care for otherworldliness nearly as much as I should——"

"Don't you?" regretfully asked John; "that's one of my faults too."

"No; but I've always revered mom-a, so deeply that, except once or twice to Fannie, when Fannie spoke first, I've never talked about her." Yet Barbara went on telling of her mother from a full heart, her ears ravished by the music of John's interjected approvals. They talked again of his father also, and found sweet resemblances between the two dear ones. Only as they re-entered the hotel were both at once for a moment silent. Half way up the stairs, among the foliage plants of a landing ablaze with gas, they halted, while John, beginning,

> "Two hearts that love the same fair things"—

recited one of his mother's shorter poems.

"Why, Mr. March!" His hearer's whisper only emphasized her sincere enthusiasm. "Did your mother—why, that's per-fect-ly beau-ti-ful!"

They parted, but soon met again in one of the parlors. Mrs. Fair came, too, but could not linger, having left Mr. Fair upstairs asleep on a lounge. She bade Barbara stay and hear all the manuscript poems Mr. March could be persuaded to read, and only regretted that her duty upstairs prevented her remaining herself. "Good-by," she said to John. "Now, whenever you come to Boston, remember, you're to come directly to us."

John responded gratefully, and Barbara, as the two sat down upon a very small divan with the batch of manuscript between them, told him, in a melodious undertone, that she feared she couldn't stay long.

"What's that?" she asked, as he took up the first leaf to put it by.

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"This? Oh, this is the poem I tried to recite to you on the stairs."

"Read it again," she said, not in her usual monotone, but with a soft eagerness of voice and eye quite new to him, and extremely stimulating. He felt an added exaltation when, at the close of the middle stanza, he saw her hands knit into each other and a gentle rapture shining through her drooping lashes; and at the end, when she sighed her admiration in only one or two half-formed words, twinkled her feet and bit her lip, his exaltation rose almost to inebriety. He could have sat there and read to her all night.

Yet that was the only poem she heard. The title of the next one, John said as he lifted it, was, "If I should love again;" but Barbara asked a dreamy question of a very general character; he replied, then asked one in turn; they discussed—she introducing the topic—the religious duty and practicability of making all one's life and each and every part of it good poetry, and the inner and outer conditions essential thereunto; and when two strange ladies came in and promptly went out again John glanced at the mantel-clock, exclaimed his surprise at the hour, and, gathering up the manuscript, rose to say his parting word.

"Good-by." His hand-grasp was fervent.

"Good-by," replied the maiden.

"Miss Barb"—he kept her hand—"I want a word, and, honestly—I—I don't know what it is! Doesn't good-by seem to you mighty weak, by itself?"

"Why, that depends. It's got plenty of po-ten-ti-al-i-ty if you give it its old sig-nif-i-ca-tion."

"Well, I do—every bit of it! Do you, Miss Barb—to me?"

She gave such answer with her steady eyes that her questioner's mind would have lost its balance had she not smiled so lightly.

"Still," he responded, "good-by is such unclaimed property that I want another word to sort o' fence it in, you know."

The maiden only looked more amused than before.

"I don't want it to mean too much, you understand," explained he. The hand in his grew heavier, but his grasp tightened on it. "Yet don't you think these last three days' companionship deserves a word of its own? Miss Barb, you've been—and in my memory you will be henceforth—a crystalline delight! The word's not mine, it's from one of my mother's sweetest things. Can't I say good-by, thou 'crystalline delight'?"

"Why, Mr. March," said Barbara, softly pulling at her hand, "I don't particularly like the implication that I'm per-fect-ly trans-par-ent."

"Now, Miss Barb! as if I—oh pshaw! Good-by." He lifted her hand. She made it very light. He held it well up, looking down on it fondly. "This," he said, "is the little friend that wanted to help me out of trouble. Good-by, little friend; I"—his lips approached it—"I love you."

It flashed from his hand like a bird from the nest. "No-o!" moaned its owner.

"Oh, Miss Gar—Miss Barb!" groaned John, "you've utterly misunderstood."

"No"—Barbara had not yet blushed, but now she crimsoned—"I've not misunderstood you. I simply don't like that way of saying——"

"I didn't mean——"

"I know it, Mr. March. I know perfectly well you don't expect ever to mean anything to anybody any more; you consider it a sheer im-pos-si-bil-i-ty. That's the keystone of our friendship."

John hemmed. "I wouldn't say impossibility; I'd say impracticability. It's an impracticability, Miss Barb, that's all. Why, every time I think of my dear sweet little mother——"

"Oh, Mr. March, that's right! She *must* have your whole thought and care!"

"She shall have it, Miss Barb, at every cost! as completely as I know your father has and ought to have yours!" He took her hand. "Good-by! The understanding's perfect now, isn't it?"

"I think so—I hope so—yes, sir."

"Say, 'Yes, John.'"

"Oh, Mr. March, I can't say that."

"Why, then, it isn't perfect."

"Yes, it is."

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"Well, then, Miss Garnet, with the perfect understanding that the under standing is perfect, I propose to bid this hand good-by in a fitting and adequate manner, and trust I shall not be inter—!—rupted! Good-by."

"Oh, Mr. March, I don't think that was either fair or right!" Her eyes glistened.

"Miss Barb, it wasn't! Oh, I see it now! It was a wretched mistake! Forgive me!"

Her eyes, staring up into his, filled to the brim. She waved him away and turned half aside. He backed to the door and paused.

"Miss Barb, one look! Oh, one look, just to show I'm not utterly unforgiven and cast out! I promise you it's all I'll ever ask—one look!"

"Good-by," she murmured, but could not trust herself to move.

He stifled a moan. She gave a start of pain. He thought it meant impatience. She took an instant more for self-command and then lifted a smile. Too late! he was gone.

LXVI

A SICK MAN AND A SICK HORSE

"THANK you, no," said Miss Garnet at the door of Mrs. Fair's room, refusing to enter. "I rapped only to say good-night."

To the question whether she had heard all the poems read she replied, "Not all," with so sweet an irony in her grave smile that Mrs. Fair wanted to tell her she looked like the starlight. But words are clumsy, and the admirer satisfied herself with a kiss on the girl's temple. "Good-night," she said; "dream of me."

Several times next day, as the three travellers wound their swift course through the mountains of Pennsylvania, Mrs. Fair observed Barbara sink her book to her lap and with an abstracted gaze on the landscape softly touch the back of her right hand with the fingers of her left. It puzzled her at first, but by and by—

"Poor boy!" she said to herself, in that inmost heart where no true woman ever takes any one into council, "and both of you Southerners! If that's all you got, and you had to steal that, you're both of you better than I'd have been."

When about noon she saw her husband's eyes fixed on Barbara, sitting four seats away, she asked, with a sparkle: "Thinking of Mr. March?"

"Yes, I've guessed why he's stayed behind."

"Have you? That's quick work—for a man."

"It looks to-day as if he were out of the game, doesn't it?"

The lady mused. This time the husband twinkled:

"If he is, my dear, whom should we congratulate: all three or which two?"

"I don't know yet, my love. Wait. Wait till we've tried her in Boston."

At this hour John March was imperatively engrossed by an unforeseen discovery. Tossing on his bed the night before, he had decided not to telegraph to Suez for money until he had searched all the hotels for some one from Dixie who would exclaim, "Why, with the greatest pleasure," or words to that effect. In the morning he was up betimes and off on this errand, asking himself why he had not done it the evening before, but concluding he must have foreborne out of respect for the Sabbath.

At the first hotel his search had no reward. But in the second he found a Pulaski City man, whose acquaintance he had never previously prized, yet from whom he now hid four-fifths of his surprised delight and still betrayed enough to flatter the fellow dizzy. John took him back to his own hotel for breakfast, made himself sure he had only to ask a loan and to get it, and let him go at last, unable to get the request through his own teeth.

He went to a third hotel, but found only strangers. Then he went to a fourth, explored its rotunda in vain, turned three or four leaves of its register, and was giving a farewell glance to the back page, when he started with surprise.

"I see," he said to the clerk, "I see you have—will you kindly look this way a moment? Are these persons still with you?"

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"They are, sir," said the clerk, gazing absently beyond him, and took March's card. "Front! I'll have to send it to the lady, sir; Colonel Ravenel's sick. What? Oh, well, sir, if *you* think pneumonia's slight— Yes, sir, that's what he's got." He was turning away contemptuously, but John said:

"Oh!—eh—one moment more, if you please."

"Well, sir, what is it?" The man gave his ear instead of his eye; but he gave both eyes, as John, giving both his, asked, deferentially:

"Do you own all the hotels in this town, sir, or are you only a clerk of this one?"

The card went, and a bell-boy presently led the way to Fannie's door. It stood unlatched. The boy pushed it ajar, and John, stepping in, found himself met only by his frowning image reflected full length in the mirror front of a folding-bed, until a door opened softly from the adjoining room and closed again, and Fannie, pale and vigil worn, but with ecstasy in her black eyes, murmured:

"Oh, John March, I never knew I could be quite so glad to see you!"

She pressed his hand rapturously between her two, dropped it playfully, and saw that there had come between them a nearness and at the same time a farness different from any that had ever been. John felt the same thing, but did not guess that this was why her smile was suddenly grateful and yet had a pang in it. There was a self-oblivious kindness in his murmured tone as he refused a seat.

"No, I mustn't keep you a moment. Only tell me what I can do for you."

She explained that she would have to go back into the sick-room and return again, as the physician was in there, and Jeff-Jack was unaware, and ought probably to be kept unaware, of any other visitor's presence.

John said he would wait and hear the doctor's pronouncements and her commands. When she came the second time this person appeared with her. Beyond a softly spoken introduction there were only a few words, and the two men went away together. As Fannie returned and bent cheerily over the bridegroom's bed, she was totally surprised by his feeble, bright-eyed request.

"When John March comes back with the medicine I want to see him."

The man to whom Fannie had introduced John was of a sort much newer to him than to travellers generally—a typical physician-in-ordinary to a hotel. He wore a dark-blue overcoat abundantly braided and frogged; his sheared mustaches were dyed black, and his diamond scarf-pin, a pendant, was chained to his shirt. As they drove to a favorite apothecary's some distance away, John told why he had come North, and the doctor said he had a cousin living at the hotel who had capital, and happened just then to be looking for investments. It would be no trouble at all to drive Mr. March back from the apothecary's and make him acquainted with Mr. Bulger. Was Mr. March fond of horses? Good! Bulger owned the fastest span in the city, and drove them every morning at ten.

In fact, before they quite reached the hotel again they came upon the capitalist, ribbons in hand, just leaving a public stable behind such a pair of trotters that John exclaimed at sight of them and accepted with alacrity a seat by his side. As for the medicine, the physician himself took it to Mrs. Ravenel, explained that John would be along in an hour or two, and said, "Yes, the patient could see Mr. March briefly, but must talk as little as possible."

Four or five times during the next seven or eight hours the sick man's eyes compelled Fannie to say: "I don't know why he doesn't come." And at evening, with an open note in her hand, a smile on her lips, and a new loneliness in her heart, she announced: "He says he will be here early in the morning."

Mr. Bulger was large, heavy, and clean-shaven, as became a capitalist; but his overcoat was buff, with a wide trimming of fur, and his yellow hair was parted in the back and perfumed. March did not mind this, but he was truly sorry to notice, very quickly, that his companion's knowledge of horses was mostly a newspaper knowledge. While Mr. Bulger quoted turf records, John said to himself:

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"Wonder how far he'll drive before he sees his nigh horse is sick."

But very soon the owner of the team remarked: "The mare seems droopy."

"Yes, Mr. Bulger," replied John, almost explosively, "she's going to be a very sick animal before you can get her back to the stable, if you ever get her back at all. If we don't do the right thing right off, you'll lose her. I wouldn't stop them, sir. My conscience! don't let her stand here, or she'll be so stiff, directly, you can't make her go!"

"Yes, I guess you're right," said Bulger, moving on. "If I can just get her home and out of harness and let her lie down."

"If you do," interrupted John, "she'll never get up again."

"By Jo'!" exclaimed the owner of the horse, "I don't want that!" He looked grimly on the gentle sufferer. "See her," he presently said; "why, I never saw anything get sick so fast. Why, Mr. March, I'm afraid she's going to die right here! Half an hour ago I wouldn't 'a' sold that mare for two thousand dollars! Mr. March, if you can save her you may have all the doctors you want, and I'll pay you a hundred dollars yourself as quick as I'd pay you one!"

"Give me the reins," was John's response. "Where's the very nearest good stable?"

There was one not far away. He turned and soon reached it. As they stopped in its door the beautiful creature in his care was trembling in all her flesh, and dripping sweat from every pore. The ready grooms helped him unharness.

"I'll send for a doctor, shan't I?" said Bulger, twice, before John heard him.

"Yes, if you know a real one; but I'll have everything done before he gets here. Here, you, fetch a blanket. Somebody bring me some fine salt—oh, a double handful—a tumblerful—only be quick! I want to rub her back with it."

In a moment the harness had given place to halter and blanket, and the weak invalid stiffly followed John's firm leading over the sawdust.

Three hours later Bulger said, "She's a good deal better, ain't she?" and when March smiled fondly on her and replied that he "should say so," her owner suggested luncheon.

"No," said John, "you go and eat; I shan't leave her till she's well. She mustn't lie down, and I can't trust anyone to keep her from doing it."

Two or three times more Bulger went and came again, and the lamps were being lighted in the streets when at last John remarked,

"Well, sir, you can harness her up now and drive her home. Nice gyirl! Nice gyirl! Did you think us was gwine to let you curl up and die out yond' in the street? No, missie, no! you nice ole gyirl, doggon yo' sweet soul, no!"

"Mr. March," said Bulger, "I said I'd pay you a hundred dollars if you'd cure her, didn't I? Well, here's my check for half of it, and if you just say the word I'll make another for the other half."

John pushed away the proffering hand with a pleased laugh. "I can't take pay for doctoring a horse, sir, but I will ask a favor of you—in fact, I'll ask two; and the first is, Come and have dinner with me, will you?"

And when John called on Fannie the next morning, Mr. Bulger had taken a train for Suez, expecting to return in three days, subscriber for all the land company's stock left untaken through the prudence of the younger Fair. John had treated himself to a handsome new pocketbook.

LXVII

COLONEL RAVENEL FEELS COMPELLED

"So you'll be leaving us at once!" said Fannie, as the two sat by Ravenel's bed.

"No, not till Mr. Bulger gets back. I can be up to my neck in work till then on the colonization side of the business." They bent to hear the bridegroom's words:

"Wish you wouldn't go East till Friday evening, and then go with us."

"Why Jeff-Jack Ravenel," exclaimed Fannie, with a careworn laugh, "what are you talking about?"

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"Not much fun for John," was the languishing reply, "but big favor to us."

"But, my goodness!" said the bride, "the doctor won't even let you get up."

"Got to," responded the smiling invalid. "Got to be in Washington next Sunday."

"That's simply ridiculous," laughed Fannie, with a pretty toss, and sauntered into the next room, closing the door between. The sick man's smile increased:

"She's gone in there to cry," he softly drawled.

"You can't go, Ravenel," said March. "Why, it'll kill you, like as not."

"Got to go, John. Politics."

"Oh, the other fellows can work it without you."

"Yes," replied the smiling lips, "that's why I've got to be there."

The subject was dropped. That was Tuesday morning. John called twice a day until Thursday evening. Each time he came Fannie seemed more and more wan and blighted, though never less courageous.

"She'll be sick herself if she doesn't hire a nurse and get some rest," said the doctor to John; but her idea of a hired nurse was Southern, and she would not hear of it. John was not feeling too honest these days. On the evening of Thursday he came nerved up to mention Miss Garnet, whom, as a theme, he had wholly avoided whenever Fannie had spoken of her. But the moment he met Fannie, in the outer room, he was so cut to the heart to see how her bridal beauty had wasted with her strength that he could only beg her to lie down an hour, two, three, half the night, the whole of it, while he would watch and tend in her place. He would take it unkindly if she did not.

"Oh, John," she laughingly replied, "you forget!" He faintly frowned.

"Yes, Miss Fannie, I try to." He did not add that he had procured assistance.

Her response was a gleam of loving approval. John noticed seven or eight minute spots on her face and recognized for the first time in his life that they were freckles.

"John, did the doctor tell you it was my fault that Jeff-Jack got this sickness?"

"No, and I shouldn't have believed it if he had."

"Thank you, John"—her lifted eyes filled—"thank you; but it was; it was my fault, and nobody shall watch him in my place." It would have made a great difference to several persons besides herself, had she known that the doctor on both his last two visits had forgotten to say that no one need any longer sit up all night.

John called again Friday morning. School himself as best he could, still an energy in his mien showed there was news from Suez.

"What is it, old man," asked the slow-voiced invalid, "have they made the new slate?"

"Yes, and the bill's passed empowering the three counties to levy the tax and take the stock. Oh, Garnet's a wheel-horse, yes, sir-ee!—and Gamble and Bulger are a team! Bulger isn't coming back for a while at all; they've made him secretary."

A perceptible shade came over Ravenel's face, although he smiled as he said,

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder. Have they made you vice-president?"

"Yea, they have! I no more expected such a thing—I knew Gamble, of course, would be president and Champion treasurer; but—Well, they say I can push things better as vice-president, and I reckon that's so;" said John and ceased without adding that his salary was continued and that Bulger would draw none.

"Where does Major Garnet come in?" asked Fannie.

"Oh, he still declines any appointment whatever, but he's made up a construction company to take our contracts. Proudfit's president. It's not strongly officered; but, as Garnet says, better have men we can dictate to than men who might try to dictate to us. And besides, except Crickwater, they're all Suez men. Mattox is treasurer; Pettigrew's secretary."

Fannie wanted to say that Proudfit had no means except his wife's, but was still because a small rosy spot on

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either cheek-bone of the invalid was beginning to betray the intensity of his thought. She would have motioned to John to tell no more, if she could have done so unseen by Ravenel. However, the bridegroom himself turned the theme.

"Are you going down there before you go East?"

"No, Garnet and Bulger both urge me to go straight on. I'm mighty sorry I can't wait till you're well enough to go; but——"

On the pallid face in the pillow came the gentlest of smiles. Its fair, thin hand held toward Fannie a bunch of small keys, and their owner said,

"I wish, while you're getting your fare and berth tickets, you'd get two of each for us, John, will you?" He still smilingly held out the keys.

Fannie sat still. She tried to smile but turned very pale. "Jeff-Jack," she gasped, "you can't go. I beg you, don't try. I beg you, Jeff-Jack."

"Got to, Fannie." He sat up in the bed. John thrust a pillow behind him.

"Well, I—" her bloodless lips twitched painfully—"I can't let you go. The doctor says he mustn't, John."

Ravenel smiled on.

"Got to, Fannie. Come, take these and get John my pocketbook."

Fannie rose, but shook her head. "No, I tell you the solemn truth, even if you could go, I can't. I shouldn't get there alive. You certainly wouldn't —" she tried to speak playfully—"leave me behind, would you?"

"Have to, Fannie. State interest—simply imperative. Leave you plenty money." He gave the keys a little shake. Her eyes burned through him, but he smiled on.

She took the keys. As she passed through the door between the two rooms she supported herself against the jamb. John rose hurriedly, but stood dumb. In a few seconds she returned. As she neared him she seemed to trip on the carpet, staggered, fell, and would have struck the floor at full length but for John's quick arms. For an instant he held her whole slight weight. Her brow had fallen upon his shoulder. But quickly she lifted it and with one wild look into his face moaned, "No," and pushed herself from him into a rocking chair.

The pocketbook lay on the floor. He would have handed it to her, but she motioned for him to give it to her husband. Ravenel drew from it three bank-notes, saying, as he passed them to John—"Better engage two berths, but buy only one ticket. Then we can either——"

March, busy with his own pocketbook, made a sign that he understood. His fingers trembled, but when he lifted his eyes from them there was a solemn calm in his face and his jaws were set like steel. He handed back one of the notes, and with it something else which was neither coin nor currency.

"Does this mean——" quietly began Ravenel.

"Yes," said John, "I sell you my ticket. I shan't leave town till Miss Fannie's fit to travel."

"Why, John!" For a single instant the sick man reddened. In the next he had recovered his old serenity. "Why, that's powerful kind of you."

"Oh, no," said March, with a boyish smile to Fannie, who was rising to move to a lounge, "it's a mighty old——" He was going to say "debt," but before Ravenel could more than catch his breath or John start half a step forward she had struck the lounge like a flail.

March sprang to her, snatched up a glass of water, and seeing Ravenel's hand on the bell-pull at the bed's head cried, "Ring for the maid, why don't you? She's fainted away."

"Keep cool, old man," said the bridegroom, with his quiet gaze on Fannie. Her eyes opened, and he withdrew his hand.

At seven that evening Ravenel, sitting in his sleeping-car seat, gave March his hand for good-by.

"Yes," said John, "and if the nurse I've got her isn't tip-top—George! I'll find one that is!"

"I'll trust you for that, John."

But John frowned. "What right have you got to trust me this way at all?"

"Because, old man, this time you're in love with another girl."

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"No, sir! No sir!" said March, backing away as the train began to move. "Don't you fool yourself with *that* notion."

"I sha'n't," drawled the departing traveller.

LXVIII

LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS

No one ever undertook to argue anything with Ravenel unless invited to do so, and very few ever got such an invitation. Fannie had not intended to be left behind. Out of her new care of him she had made her first and last effort to bend his will to hers, and even while she burned under the grief and shame of his treatment she would have gone with him at his beckon, though death threatened her at every step.

At any rate so she felt as she came out of her faint and bravely resumed her care of him, retaining it even when the doctor declared she had fever and ought to be in bed. But she felt also that Jeff-Jack knew he had only to beckon; and when he did not do so, either by hand or tone, she saved herself the idle torture of asking him to take a sick bride on a journey from which a sick bride could not deter him.

Yet she made one mistake, when she took at its face value the equal absence of fondness and resentment with which the bridegroom had behaved throughout. It was easy enough to read John March's deep indignation under the surface of his courteous silences; but neither she nor John guessed that the bridegroom's only reason for not being vexed with both of them was that he was not of the sort to let himself be vexed. Each had disappointed him seriously; Fannie by setting up domestic love and felicity as a purpose instead of an appliance, squandering her care and strength in a short-sighted devotion to his physical needs, and showing herself unfit to co-operate with him in the things for which he thought it no great matter to risk his life; and John by failing so utterly to discern the true situation in Suez that the only thing to do with him was to let him alone until time and hard luck might season him to better uses than any one could make of him yet.

If Ravenel were going to allow himself the luxury of either vexation or chagrin, he had far more profound occasion in quite another person. Probably never before in their acquaintance had he been so displeased with Garnet. Some hours before he rose to dress for the train he had filled out two telegraph blanks. The contents of the first he read to Fannie, and with her approval sent it to her father by wire. It read:

"Have been sick. Much better now. Fannie tired out, nursing. Wants Johanna. Send her in care Southern Express Company. R."

He did not read to her the second missive. But when he had made it ready—for the mail, not the telegraph,—getting her to address it in one of her envelopes and seal it with her own new seal, he said, with a pensive smile that made him very handsome,

"Garnet will think it's from a woman—till he opens it."

It read as follows:

"Your Construction Co. smells. Halliday sure to fight it. Courier mum but firm—money all got to stay in Three Counties, no matter who's on top. Last man one Yank too many. Courier may have to combine with Halliday.

"Yours to count on. J. J."

John did not see Fannie that evening on his return from the station. He only received at second hand her request to call in the morning. She had gone to bed and taken her medicine, and was resting quietly, said the nurse. But when John asked if the patient was asleep, the nurse confessed she hardly thought so. She might have told how, listening kindly at the patient's door, she had heard her turn in bed and moan, "Oh, God! why can't I die?" But she had often heard such questions asked by persons with only a headache. And besides, there is always the question, To *whom* to tell things. Where did this most winning young man stand? The only fact quite clear either to her, the clerks, bell-boys or chamber-

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maids, was that when he stood in front of the bridegroom he completely hid him from view.

Though lost to sight, however, Fannie was still a tender care in the memory of John March—if we may adapt one of his mother's gracefulest lines. He went to his hotel fairly oppressed with the conviction that for Fannie's own sake it was his duty to drop a few brief lines to Barbara Garnet—ahem! Mr. March's throat was absolutely sound, but sometimes, when he wasn't watching, it would clear itself that way. To forestall any rumors that might reach Miss Garnet from Suez, it was but right to send her such a truthfully garbled account of the Ravenels and himself that she would see at a glance how perfectly natural, proper, and unsignificant it was, for him to be lingering in a strange city with a sick bride whom he had once hoped to marry, the bridegroom being sick also and several hundred miles away. At the same time this would give him opportunity to explain away the still mortifying awkwardness of his last parting with Miss Garnet—without, however, really alluding to it. No use trying to explain a thing of that sort at all unless you can explain it without alluding to it.

He was ready, early in the evening, to begin; but lost some time trying to decide whether to open with Miss Garnet, or My dear Miss Garnet, or Dear Miss Garnet, or My dear Miss Barbara, or My dear Miss Barb, or Dear Miss Barb, or just Dear Friend as you would to any ordinary acquaintance. He tried every form, but each in turn looked simply and dreadfully impossible, and at length he went on with the letter, leaving the terms of his salutation to the inspiration of the last moment. It was long after midnight when he finished. The night sky was inviting and the post-office near by; he mailed the letter there instead of trusting the hotel. And then he stood by the mute slot that swallowed it, and because he could not get it back for amendment called himself by as large a collection of flaming and freezing invectives as ever a Southern gentleman — "member in good standing of any evangelical church"— poured upon himself in the privacy of his own counsels. He returned to his hotel, but was back again at sunrise smiling his best into a hand-hole, requesting so-and-so and so-and-so, while he pencilled and submitted examples of his handwriting. To which a voice within replied,

"Oh, yes, the watchman; but the watchman told you wrong. I tell you again, that mail's gone."

"How long has—? However!—Oh, that's all right, sir; I only wanted—ahem!" The applicant moved away chewing his lip. What he had "only wanted" was to change the form of his letter's salutation. In the street it came to him that by telegraphing the postmaster at the other end of the route he could—"Oh, thunder! Let it go!" He had begun it, "Dear Miss Barb."

And so it went its way, while he went his—on a business of whose pure unselfishness it is to be feared he was a trifle proud—I mean, to see how Mrs. Ravenel was and ask what more he could do for her. He was kindly received, by a sweet little woman of thirty or so, who lived in a small high room of the hotel, taught music in an academy, and had nothing to do on Saturdays and Sundays—this was Saturday. Through the doctor, who was her doctor too, she had found access to Fannie's bedside and even into her grateful regard. Her soft, well-trained voice was of the kind that rests the sick and weary. The nurse, she said, was getting a little sleep on the lounge in Mrs. Ravenel's room. "Satisfactory?" Yes, admirable every way, and already as fond of Mrs. Ravenel as she herself.

"Isn't she lovely?" she exclaimed in melodious undertone, and hardly gave Mr. March time for a very dignified yes. "When she sat up in her pillows half an hour ago, with her breakfast, so delicate and tempting, lying before her forgotten, and she looking *so* frail and yet *so* pretty, with that look in her eyes as if she had been seeing ghosts all night, she seemed to me as though she'd just finished one life and begun another. How long has she had that look, Mr. March? I noticed it the morning she arrived, though it wasn't anything like so plain as it is now. But it only makes her more interesting and

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poetical. If I were a man—hmph!—I'd wish I were Colonel Ravenel, that's all! No, I don't know that I should, either; but if I were not, I'm afraid I'd give him trouble." John thought she watched him an instant there, but——

"Mr. March," she went on, "I wish you could hear the beautiful, tender, winning way in which she boasts of her husband. She's as proud of him for going and leaving her as she is of you for staying! Fact is, *I* can't tell which of you she's proudest of." She gave her listener a fascinated smile, with which he showed himself at such a loss to know what to do that she liked him still better than before.

"Mrs. Ravenel asked me to tell you how grateful she is. But she also——"

A bell-boy interrupted with two telegrams, both addressed to Fannie.

"She also, what?" asked John, mantling.

"Mr. March, do you suppose either of these is bad news?"

"No, ma'am, one's probably from Suez to say the black girl's coming, and the other's from her husband; but if it were not good news, he was to send it to me."

She took the telegrams in and was soon with him again. "Oh, Mr. March, they're just as you said! Mrs. Ravenel says tell you she's better—which is true—and to thank you once more, but to say that she can't any longer—" the little musician poured upon him her most loving beams—"let you make the sacrifice you're——"

John solemnly smiled. "Why she hasn't *been* letting me. She never asked me to stay and she needn't ask me to go. I gave my word to *him*, and I shall keep it—to myself." His manner grew more playful. "That's what you'd do, wouldn't you, if you were a man?"

But at that moment his hear r was not fancying herself a man; she was only wishing she were a younger woman. A gleam of the wish may have got into her look as she gave him her hand at parting, for somehow he began to have a sort of honey-sickness against feminine interests and plainly felt his land company's business crowding upon his conscience.

LXIX

JUDICIOUS JOHANNA

One thing that gives play for sentiment concerning a three hours' belated railway train is the unapologetic majesty with which at last it rolls into a terminal station.

There had been rain-storms and freshets down in Dixie, and a subdued anxiety showed itself on Johanna's face as she stepped down from the crowded platform; but she shone with glad astonishment when she found John March taking her forgotten satchel from her hands and her checks from the express messenger.

A great many people looked at them, once for curiosity and again for pleasure; for she was almost as flattering a representative of her class as he of his, and in meeting each other they seemed happy enough to have been twins. The hotel's conveyance was an old-fashioned stage coach, but very new and blue. It made her dumb with delight to see the owner-like serenity with which Mr. March passed her into it and by and by out of it into the gorgeous hotel. But to double the dose of some drugs reverses their effect, and her supper, served in the ladies' ordinary and by a white man-servant, actually brought her to herself. As she began to eat—blissfully, for only a yard or so away sat Mr. March smilingly holding back a hundred inquiries—she managed, herself, to ask a question or two. She grew pensive when told of Miss Fannie's sickness and of the bridegroom's being compelled to go to Washington, but revived in reporting favorably upon the health of Mrs. March, whom, she said, she had seen at a fair given by both the Suez churches to raise money to repair the graveyard fence—"on account o' de hawgs' breakin' in so awfm."

"And you say everybody was there, eh?" indolently responded John, as he resharpened his lead pencil. "Even including Professor Pettigrew?"

"No, seh, I observe he not 'mongs' de comp'ny, 'caze yo' maw's Jane, she call my notice to dat."

"I wonder how my mother likes Jane. Do you know?"

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Johanna showed a pretty embarrassment. "Jane say yo' maw like her. She say yo' maw like her caze she always done tole yo' maw ev'thing what happm when yo' maw not at home. Seh? Oh, no, seh," the speaker's bashfulness increased, "'tis on'y Jane say dat; same time she call my notice to de absence o' Pufesso' Pedigree, — yass, seh."

John gave himself a heartier manner. "I reckon, Johanna, you'd be rather amazed to hear that I travelled nearly all the way from Pulaski City with yo' young missie and stayed at the same hotel here with her and her friends a whole Saturday and Sunday, wouldn't you?"

Johanna's modest smile glittered across her face as she slowly replied, "No-o, seh, I cayn't 'zac'ly fine myseff ama-aze', 'caze Miss Barb done wrote me about it in her letteh."

"Psheh!" said John, playing incredulous, "you ain't got air letter from Miss Barb."

The girl was flattered to ecstasy. "Yass, seh, I is," she said; but her soft laugh meant also that something in the way he faltered on the dear nickname made her heart leap.

"Now, Johanna," murmured John, looking more roguishly than he knew from under his long lashes, you' a-foolin' me. If you had a letter you'd be monst'ous proud to show it. All you've got is a line or two saying 'Send me my shawl' or something o' that sort."

Johanna glanced up with injured surprise and then tittered, "Miss Barb wear a shawl—fo' de Lawd's sa ake! Why, Mr. March, even you knows betteh 'n dat, seh." Her glow of happiness stayed while she drew forth a letter and laid it by her cup of coffee.

"Oh!"—the sceptic tossed his head—"seein's believin'; but I can't see so far off."

Johanna could hardly speak for grinning. "Dass heh letteh, seh, writ de ve'y same night what she tell you good-by."

"She wrote it"—John's heart came into his mouth—"that same night?"

"Dass what it sa-ay, seh. D'ain't nothin' so ve'y private in it; ef yo' anteress encline you to read it, why——"

"Thank you," said the convert as his long arm took the prize.

There were three full sheets of it. He found himself mentioned again and again, but covertly drew his breath through his clenched teeth to see how necessary he had made himself to every page of her narrative and how utterly he was left out when not so needed. "She'll not get the same chance again," he thought as he finished.

"Johanna, have you—never mind, I was——" And he began to read it again.

Sitting thus absorbed, he was to the meek-minded girl before him as strong and fine a masculine nature as she had ever knowingly come near. But his intelligence was only masculine at last—a young man's intelligence. She kept her eyes in her plate; yet she had no trouble to see, perfectly, that her confidence was not ill-advised—a confidence that between the letter's lines he would totally fail to read what she had read.

One thing was disappointing. As often as read to her, the letter had seemed to sparkle and overflow with sweet humor and exquisite wit to that degree that she had to smother her laughter from beginning to end. Mr. March was finishing it a second time and had not smiled. Twice or thrice he had almost frowned. Yet as he pushed its open pages across the table he said ever so pleasantly,

"That's a mighty nice letter, Johanna; who's going to answer it for you?"

"Hit done answ'ed, seh. I ans' it same night it come. My fatheh writ de answeh; yass, seh, Unc' Leviticus."

"Oh, yes. Well, you couldn't 'a' chosen better.—Oh! Miss Barb says here"—Mr. March gathered up the sheets again—'Write me all you hear about the land company.' That's just so's to know how her father gets on, I reckon, ain't it?" He became so occupied with the letter that the girl did not have to reply. He was again reading it through. This time he repeatedly smiled, and as he folded it and gave it up he said once more,

"Yes, it's a nice letter. Does Miss Barb know where to mail the next one to you?"

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"I ain't had no chaynce to sen' her word, seh."

"Why, that's a pity! You ought to do that at once, Johanna, and let her know you've got here safe and well—if only for her sake. I'll do it for you to-night, if you'd like me to."

Johanna thankfully assented.

Mr. March did not ponder, this time, as to what the opening phrase of the letter should be; and as he sealed the "hurried note" he did so with the air of a man who is confident he has made no mistake. It began, "Dear Miss Barb."

(To be continued.)

FROM MACEDONIA

By Mary Tappan Wright

IT was a gray day in the country, gray overhead, gray on all sides. Above a broad suburban road the leafless branches of the trees interlaced in a hazy net-work of fine-drawn boughs; and, following the middle of the way, sweeping in generous curves now to the left, now to the right, the wet, shining rails of a car-track shot out of sight, gleaming in dull reflection of the leaden sky.

In the languid morning air little trails of mist dragged themselves slowly through the short green grass of the adjacent lawns, or lingered in bluish shadow amidst the brown clinging leaves of the thick-set clumps of shrubbery; and sounding from somewhere in the distance came the smooth roll of carriage wheels and regular trot of rapidly approaching horses.

At the window of a small coupé that soon turned the corner an old gentleman was sitting, scanning the passing landscape with regretful interest. Years before, he had come this way, a boy, rambling through woods and lanes in search of chestnuts. Now prim lawns and glistening purple concrete pavements replaced the fields and narrow foot-paths; ornate shingled houses of strange colors, with complicated roofs, stood where the nut-trees had bordered the pastures; delicate laces draped the windows; long vines, brilliant in the reds and browns of autumn, hung from the porches; well-managed shrubbery served alike for seclusion and display, and there were neither boundary lines nor fences.

"Everybody seems to live in everybody else's front yard!" growled the old gentleman, disapprovingly.

He was Bishop of a golden territory, where men were particular as to boundaries, and he had come this long distance in order to preach that morning at the cathedral in the neighboring city, at the consecration of the recently elected Bishop of Macedonia. For months the old man had been looking forward to the leisurely refinement, the delicacy, the appreciation he would encounter in an older and more advanced civilization. With the needs of a cultivated, learned, brilliant community in his mind, he had for the first time in many years given himself the pleasure of preparing a thoroughly scholarly sermon, untrammelled by the limitations of comparatively illiterate hearers.

And yet, at intervals, during the past few days spent among these fresh surroundings, he had been assailed by doubts as to the fitness of this carefully studied discourse. Once or twice, as it lay on his table in its embroidered velvet case, a mad impulse had come over him to throw it, case and all, into the fire, and to preach from his heart, in plain, rough words, the thoughts that had haunted him in the wakeful silence of the previous nights. He had, however, not given way to the impulse; and now, his sermon on the seat before him, ill-content with it and himself, he sat staring from under his thick white eyebrows, frowning at the much-changed home of his early youth.

They were nearing a large suburban town which lay between them and the city beyond. The sidewalks were now

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paved ; the wide lawns had contracted to tiny patches of green in front of block after block of dreary brick houses ; doctors' signs became frequent, and little shops grew and multiplied until whole rows of them stood together.

"Driver," said the Bishop, putting his head out of the window, "what part of the old town are we coming to ?"

"It is the old green, sir," was the answer.

The Bishop glanced up and about him. They had entered a wide square, the cobblestone pavement of which was cut in every direction by intersecting curves of bright steel rails. Overhead stretched a spider-web of wires ; tall shops with great glass windows stood on all the corners, and from the broad side-streets shuttle-like cars dashed in and out, throwing up long iron feelers with a repulsive semblance of intelligence.

"The sooner you get out of it the better !" he called to the driver, peremptorily ; for his nerves that morning were not in their normal condition ; and although he would hardly acknowledge it, he felt much safer when they had left the tangle of tracks behind them. Coming out to the suburbs late on the night before his way had lain necessarily through a crowded portion of the city ; repulsive faces had pressed against the carriage-windows, strange sights had half-revealed themselves ; facts of which the old Bishop had often read unheeding suddenly leapt into horrible, vibrant reality, and later on he had found it impossible to sleep.

"And every evening men by hundreds retire to the ease and luxury of their homes, secure, content, unthinking, and leave a thing like that throbbing behind them !" he now growled aloud, for in the long, lonely rides across his half-savage diocese he had acquired a habit of talking to himself, and his thoughts had recurred to his chief preoccupation. "And what infernal industry have we here ?"

The carriage had turned into one of the more crowded streets again, and a block of vehicles in the way had brought it to a stand-still. They were in front of a row of low wooden sheds with long roofs, raised here and there in ridges, to allow free play to the ponderous monsters generated from the rumbling, clanking machinery beneath them.

Through the wide open doors and thin walls came a Babel of resonant noise, irregular and deafening, as heavy rivets were driven into hollow cylinders of ringing metal that stood, covered with black bosses, like hairless beasts. Away in the background, gigantic wheels whirled and wound incessantly behind a dancing screen of flames, and the red glare shone on the grimy moving figures of the workmen about it. They were rough fellows, huge and brawny, yet beside the frightful powers they were evoking they seemed sad and wan ; moving spectres, silent in an evil din. The old Bishop sighed. "A perfectly legitimate industry, of course," he muttered, grudgingly, as the mass of vehicles in front of them moved slowly forward upon a long reach of causeway. "But what is this ?" he said, turning a startled glance from one window of the carriage to the other. On either hand lay wide stretches of malodorous waste, where the refuse of that brutal complication we call civilization was slowly accumulating ; gathering as if the rags and scraps, the bits of tin and strays of shard possessed a creeping magnetism for their kind.

"Filth, disease, cast-away uncleanliness of every species systematically set apart in carefully graded squares, and impudently advertised as a foundation for human habitation," cried the old Bishop, indignantly. "And these are the marshes that rose green every day, fresh washed from the sea !—The whole region has become an abomination !"

They had come at last to a wide bridge under which the level gray water of a lazy tidal river crept sluggishly seaward, reflecting on its satin surface the misty spires, towers, and gilded dome of the city toward which they journeyed. Monotonous red buildings, tall, with many windows, lined the water-edge, and through the iron supports at the sides of the bridge the Bishop looked down upon the dully floating craft towed by the sooty tugboats below. Near the channel squat, rhythmically moving machines plunged long, jointed beams into the ooze of the river-bed, drawing up a pouring black

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mass and slowly turning it into the flat-boats ready to receive it; every board and railing was crusted thick with a frightful black slime, and the brimming buckets turned, and dipped, and rose again, with a certain satisfaction and shameless complacency. "And men live by this!" said the Bishop, and turned away.

Far down toward the mouth of the river, above the heavy outlines of the buildings, a forest of masts intermingled against the sky, looking fleeting and impermanent, telling of wider, freer things, impatient to be gone. Before the old man's eyes arose visions of the blowing grass on vast reaches of prairie, of far clear mountains, and of wild, unfettered lives spent in the open air. "I am going back to-night!" he promised himself.

On the other side of the river they joined the endless procession of all sorts of conveyances that was moving forward into the din and roar of the city. A crowd of idle men with villainous faces and in cheap, showy clothing, lingered on the pavement; a brass band played at one side of the street, and further on, standing in the gutter, a huge hand-organ ground and pounded to a furious accompaniment on the tambourine. On all the walls, in all the windows of the little shops adjacent, even swung across the street itself, flaunted great colored posters, advertising in gaudy tints and outrageous outlines the human creatures who show themselves for hire. The Bishop looked at them as he passed, incredulously, almost imploringly.

"And the least horrible of these," he said, with a break in his voice as his eye wandered from hideous monstrosities to half-veiled vice, "the least horrible of these are those whom their God has contorted!"

Slowly the patient coachman wended his way in and out among the thronging press. As they neared the more prosperous part of the city, the quality of the buildings improved and the shops and theatres assumed a better character; but the din increased until it became intolerable, and traffic blocked the narrow streets at every turn. Iron trucks loaded with swaying bars of clanking metal made the air vibrate painfully in the ears; mingled with the increasing roar of wheels and the clamor of innumerable bells, came the wild cries of countless hawkers, attuned in harmony with Bedlam; and overhead the long droning shriek of the electric wires rose and fell persistently as the gaudy painted cars hurled to and fro, while the foot-passengers fled on the crossings.

The sidewalks swarmed with people, dividing the way in two opposing streams of close-wedged humanity, a veritable dance of death. Shoulder to shoulder with painted vice went youth and innocence, ignorant of the horror of the contact. Wealth and ease jostled against want and misery, and because privation was universal believed that it could not pinch; for custom had hardened the whole world.

It seemed to the old Bishop as if in each vacant doorway, and at the entrances of all the squalid alleys, creatures of every type of human wretchedness stood doggedly selling worthless wares; hungry women, tired men, reckless girls, little children, with the evil eyes of hoary iniquity shining out of gaunt baby faces; the blind, the lame, the wicked, and the aged, all of them ranging in expression from sodden misery to brazen effrontery, all of them worn and hollow-eyed, and all stamped into one terrific likeness by the leaden die of poverty.

Enormous windows piled high with tawdry uselessness lined the way; damaged goods, flimsy silks, half-made toys, spurious jewelry, and imperfect china, arranged with infinite attractiveness. On all sides were imitations of richer things; cunningly graded traps to excite the covetousness of every creature, and adjusted to the limits of every purse. The world, up from the veriest poverty-stricken imp in the gutters, seemed bent on acquisition, and the sight of all this worthlessness created a demand that strengthened with the growth of the ever-increasing supply, until it ended in a frenzied race for possession.

"Oh! the agony of being shepherd to this flock!" cried the old man, indignantly. "For all this is built up,

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one thing upon another, until it seems as if it never could cease or be bettered. To cure one abuse is only to inaugurate ten others in its place. To stop one fabrication but throws upon the world the starving, helpless fabricators —to do worse things."

He leaned forward, and taking up the manuscript of his sermon began to look it over, his dissatisfaction increasing with every page. He was going first to the house of a brotherhood where the young Bishop-elect had spent the last few years of his priesthood, and thence they were to drive together to the cathedral.

"How old must a man be," he said, suddenly casting the papers back on to the seat in front of him, "how old must a man be before he ceases to add to the number of his lost opportunities?"

The coachman was turning the horses in toward the sidewalk. They had stopped in front of a high black wall; toward the middle of it was an archway surmounted by a cross; behind rose the tower of a little church. A narrow door in the archway opened inward, and the Bishop-elect of Macedonia crossed the sidewalk and entered the carriage. At first, beyond a brief word of greeting, they did not speak; there was something in the worn, intent expression of the younger face that told of watching, of struggle, and of prayer; it was the look of one still in the shadow of another world whose silence is sacred.

A pang shot through the old man's heart. "This life is telling upon you horribly," he said, at last. "You show yourself no mercy."

The other shook his head. "There is no question of mercy," he answered, "no question of anything but of God's will. Tell me, am I blind in that I feel that He has called me? Have I, after all, no right to enter upon this service? At this last moment, I am filled with doubts where hitherto my way seemed clear. And yet I dare not withdraw. I have concealed nothing, extenuated nothing——"

The old Bishop started. "Under the circumstances that was wholly unnecessary!" he exclaimed, hastily.

"It was right."

The old Bishop turned away and looked out of the carriage-window.

"You know it was right," the younger man persisted, gently.

"Yes, God bless you! It was right, it was right!" said the older impetuously, wiping his eyes. "But I doubt whether I should have done it myself. What did they say?"

"They—they said nothing but what you have just said yourself; some of them broke down completely. But, answer me, you have loved me, I know, beyond measure, from my boyhood. You know my life, you know my—sin. Is it fitting that I should enter upon this work? Think."

The old Bishop put his hand over his eyes, his lips moved, there was a long silence.

"I know your life," he said, at last; "I know your sin; far be it from me to palliate or condone. You, yourself, have never flinched in condemnation; no lapse of time has softened the rigor of your judgment, and that has been just; for a man's sin is measured by the distance of his fall, and among God's chosen you stood high. And yet, to turn back now would but add to your guilt. For the good of God's cause and the welfare of your fellowmen, you may not, dare not, falter. Who can execute the plans which you have originated? Who can wield your influence? Who fill your place?"

The young man stretched out his hand, and the old Bishop took it in both of his, retaining it a moment as he asked a question.

"About Winstead?"

For a moment the young Bishop did not answer. "You must leave Winstead to me," he said at last, gently.

"What is there to leave?" asked the old man, quickly. "Has he refused to present the papers?"

"He has said nothing to the Committee."

"Does he mean to be present?"

"He does."

"If he is present," said the old Bishop, "he means to behave himself, for Winstead, however vindictive, is not wholly without honor; and this is one

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of those times when, so long as the whole cannot possibly be told, there is no lie so damaging as half the truth. I have too much faith in Winstead's better self to believe him capable of such perfidy; besides, he would not dare."

"I am not sure that he may not dare."

"You—are—not—sure—? You have let things go on. Oh! here we are at the church! But this must be seen to!"

They had reached the cathedral and the carriage had drawn up to the sidewalk. The grassy squares all about it were ornamented with palms and gigantic tropical ferns. The young man's eyes wandered over it all, taking in the gala look in which the old building seemed to have clothed itself.

"They love me," he murmured; "they wish to do me honor!"

"Stephen!" said the old Bishop, almost violently, "this man's lips must be closed!"

"Except God close them Himself, none shall molest him," said the younger, opening the carriage door.

"It is madness!"

"It is justice."

A blue-and-white awning secluded a narrow stairway that led down the outer walls from some upper room; the younger Bishop crossed toward it, followed by the older. At the foot of the stair they stood a moment talking even more earnestly than hitherto, then they passed under the awning and disappeared.

For an hour or more every loaded car moving up and down on the broad streets, on either side of the great building, had come to a standstill, pouring out crowds of well-dressed men and women carrying prayer-books and red-lettered cards of admission. There was an air of anticipation on all faces, of interest tempered by decorum, as for something a little less cheerful than the theatre and somewhat more entertaining than church. They had assembled in parochial droves, each apparently from a different suburb, and a regiment of discriminating ushers was busily employed in driving them politely to their places. Numerous stragglers strove against this, feeling that of necessity the seat adjudged them must be inferior, a becoming modesty that generally resulted in their attaining what they feared they deserved!

A gentle buzz of conversation arose from all parts of the church, and every now and then some devout woman would hurriedly bethink herself and kneel down, to the temporary embarrassment of her neighbors. In a certain sense, either individually or collectively, they all knew each other and commented on each other after a manner which in that part of the country had become stereotyped.

"Those people in the opposite gallery are the St. Jameses from Silchester," whispered a woman who sat among the St. Judes. "You can always tell the Silchester people by the smell of camphor and the wrinkles in their clothes. They keep all their things in chests, and never take them out until just before they put them on. That red-faced creature in front of the pillar is Mrs. Pennyngton."

"Do you mean to say that she is the one who writes the novels?" returned her neighbor.

"Why shouldn't she be?"

"The refined, delicate——"

"Oh! if you must retain your illusions you had better not look at the Silchester people. That little old maid next to Mrs. Pennyngton, with the bunch of curls behind, is Miss Fanshawe, the one for whom the poet Harriman killed himself when she refused him; and that big fat man, also, he is a poet——"

"That is enough, one of my favorite poets lives in Silchester."

"This poet is a genuine Silchester article — never heard of outside the place."

"Still, I refuse to have any more celebrities pointed out to me. Between the ones we have met coming over in the cars, and the ones we have seen since we arrived, I am utterly bereft of ideals."

On the other side of the church Mrs. Pennyngton was talking.

"Did you ever see such windows, such agonizing crudities?"

"Shut your eyes," suggested Miss Fanshawe.

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"Then she would have nothing to divert her mind from that organ," said the fat man, who composed the music for his own songs.

"Nonsense," said Miss Fanshawe. "They have got the best organist in the city."

"His phrasing is abominable!"

"I don't believe you know what phrasing is—in music," said Miss Fanshawe, standing up and staring about her.

"I have always contended that Harriman killed himself because he was afraid she might change her mind and take him back again," whispered the poet, with malice.

"Do take care!" warned Mrs. Pennyngton. "She writes for the papers."

"Who is that with Jackson?" said Miss Fanshawe, looking over her shoulder at them suspiciously. "Don't you see him? Leaning forward to talk to the woman next him, there, at the end of the gallery where the Winchester St. Judes are sitting."

"Don't ask me," said Mrs. Pennyngton, putting up a lorgnette. "I can't tell one of those Winchester women from another."

"You are not looking in the right place. There! She turned her head. Right in front!"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Pennyngton, "that one! What a beautiful woman!"

"Does she belong to the St. Judes?" asked Miss Fanshawe.

"Not she!" said Mrs. Pennyngton. "In Winchester that gown would be considered immoral: it fits. Distinguished, isn't she?"

"If you choose to call it so," said Miss Fanshawe. "For my part I find her conspicuous—people of that class nearly always are."

"People of what class?" said Mrs. Pennyngton, impatiently. "What nasty things you always say, Julia! You don't suppose——"

"Of course I don't suppose anything, I have too much respect for the house of God!"

"You will be pleased to know," said the poet, leaning across Mrs. Pennyngton and speaking distinctly, "you will be pleased to hear that the woman over there with Jackson is his cousin, the beautiful Mrs. Bellingham." Miss Fanshawe sat down, hastily producing her note-book.

"Where is she staying? How long has she been here? Do you suppose she came on purpose to go to this? I wonder if anybody knows whether she and the Bishop-elect knew each other when he was rector——"

"Do hush!" said Mrs. Pennyngton. "Here come the clergy."

"I think I should see better if I moved into the back seat," said Miss Fanshawe, stooping down and hunting for her umbrella and overshoes.

"There is not an inch of space up there."

"Oh, yes, there is plenty of room, if they will only move up. When they rise for the processional I mean to slip in behind them and sit down."

She rose and elbowed her way through the crowded aisle; there was a motion to take her place, but Mrs. Pennyngton and the poet promptly moved along, and with the aid of the other occupants of the pew, comfortably filled the vacancy; those who had been standing remained standing still.

The boys' voices in the hitherto murmuring choir sounded out in full volume, and everybody rose.

Two by two a long procession of men in robes poured down the aisle to the chancel, lining the walls of the apse, slowly filling the pews in the body of the church, and lighting up the reddish gloom of the vast dim nave with the white reflections of their gowns. The air was filled with a soft rustling, heard even above the music. The rich borders of the stained-glass windows shone above the galleries like strings of jewels hung on the walls, and the spreading pillars, stretching up like great trees, were lost amid the cross-beams and arches of the shadowy vault above.

"Who is that?" whispered Mrs. Bellingham, indicating a tall man with his hands full of papers, who seated himself near the foot of a column directly opposite them. "Not Winstead?"

"And why not Winstead?" returned her cousin, softly. "He is the Secretary of the Diocese, and presents the credentials for the new Bishop."

"Not *Winstead!*"

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"Ah, ha!" said Jackson. "You don't mean to say that the hero of the Winstead catastrophe is our new— Why! —of course it is! What a numskull I've been not to put two and two together long ago. Of all the stupendous jokes——!"

"How can you?" said Mrs. Bellingham, suddenly sitting down.

"There is no reason for you to take it to heart," whispered Jackson, looking at her keenly as he followed her example. "Why, you've turned the color of chalk! It can't concern you, and even if it did, nothing is going to happen. But the new Bishop! It is a pity that circumstances make it out of the question to repeat it. Awfully good story!"

"What you call an awfully good story is one of the black spots in a perfect life."

"Black spot? Where?" said Jackson. "He behaved like an idiot, I'll grant you, but aside from that I can't see what particular harm he did."

"He behaved like an angel of God!" said Mrs. Bellingham.

"Then the angels of God are uncommon fools," returned Jackson. "What earthly harm did he do?"

"No harm for a man like you, perhaps. For a man like him—well, I do not like to think what it has cost him —and me too."

"All nonsense," whispered Jackson. "You women are forever making idols! I know men, and as far as I can see, they are all pretty much alike—angels of God, bishops, club-men, and other clergy!"

"Who told you about Winstead?" said Mrs. Bellingham, unmoved by his pessimism.

"No one told me. I learned it by a happy combination of accidents and observation.—How did you come to know of it?"

"The old Bishop told me—Bishop Dennison," said Mrs. Bellingham, hastily, and almost defensively.

"Rather an extraordinary breach of confidence."

"The young Bishop was our rector then—he told Bishop Dennison to tell me."

Jackson was silent for a moment.—"And that is why you have compelled me to move heaven and earth to get you a card of admission to this thing?" he said, at last.

Mrs. Bellingham was looking away from him; she did not turn her head. "It was not the reason," she said, steadily.

"It is curious," said Jackson, irrelevantly, "how you never will tell a lie. It is the only weak spot I have found in your character."

"I cannot be troubled with lying," said Mrs. Bellingham.

"But you might be a little less reckless about revealing the truth at times," said Jackson.

"I never reveal anything that I would prefer to conceal," said Mrs. Bellingham.

"Oh, miracle among women!" said Jackson.

"Stand up and sing," she said. "We are attracting attention."

The south gallery, where they were seated, widened into a little balcony that almost jutted over the chancel. The pulpit was immediately below them, a barrel-shaped affair built out of the pillar corresponding to that against which the Secretary was seated. Mrs. Bellingham leaned back in her place and watched him. He was dressed in a voluminous robe that covered his feet and spread out like a snow-drift on the floor. There was not a touch of black about him—his hair, his beard, everything was white except his extraordinarily dark eyes that with wide-open lids scanned the people provingly, as a general might scan a field whereon he shortly means to give battle. He carried some papers that occasionally he glanced down upon, sorting them mechanically, one package into his right, the other into his left, hand. By the time they were fully arranged he had finished his leisurely survey of the floor of the church and raised his eye to the gallery.

"He does not know you; we all grow old," whispered Jackson, as Winstead's gaze passed steadily from Mrs. Bellingham to her neighbors.

"People who do not know me do not behave that way," said Mrs. Bellingham. "See, why is he getting up? Where is he going?"

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"It being church," said Jackson, "I can't say."

Winstead had risen hastily from his seat, and hurrying down the chancel steps, left the church by a side-door that led directly to the foot of the covered outside stair down which the clergy were still filing. The last men who passed him nodded with a look of curiosity as they went by, and one of them turned his head as he disappeared round the corner of the nave.

For a moment Winstead stood alone, looking upward. The high stone tower, draped in deeply-colored Virginia creeper, rose into the sky overhead, and from a sharp corner of its upper edge a light pennon of scarlet branch fluttered across a patch of blue in the midst of the autumn gray. He turned away a moment as if in indecision; then, at the sound of voices behind the awning, stood still.

The consecrating bishops were following the clergy, descending leisurely, the natural dignity of their carriage made even more imposing by the long, stately lines of their heavy robes.

"Ah, Mr. Secretary," said one of them. "Some change in your arrangements?"

The Secretary drew himself up; there was a rich episcopal note of condescension in the voice that irritated him. "I wished for a word with the Bishop-elect," he said.

"We left him a moment alone," said another. "He will follow almost immediately;" and resuming their interrupted talk, they also passed out of sight around the corner.

Again Winstead hesitated; then with impatient haste he strode under the awning and ran up the stairs.

He was turning abruptly into a large upper room when something he saw there stayed his feet. The young Bishop was kneeling in front of a long open window, his face turned toward the sky. In the absolute certainty of being alone he spoke aloud, as if to one bending above him.

"I am in Thy hands," he said. "Judge Thou. Even at the last moment, shouldst Thou find me unworthy, I bend before Thee!" He stopped, but after a moment's pause resumed, as if in a spontaneous burst of adoration: "*For Thou only art holy! Thou only art the Lord!*" Reluctantly he rose; in turning his eye fell upon the man at the door. "Why are you here?" he asked, gently.

"To mitigate the scandal into which you are hurrying us," was the answer. "It is too late to prevent it altogether, but—feign illness—anything——"

"I do not feign," said the other, and turning toward the window, he raised his eyes again to the sky.

"You will not understand that my decision is unalterable?" pursued the Secretary.

"I understand," said the Bishop.

"Not all the beautiful women in Christendom shall hinder me!" said Winstead, loudly. "Do you know who is in the church?"

The sun that had been struggling with the mists for some time suddenly shone brightly through the window. The young Bishop took a step in the direction of the gray white figure in the doorway.

"Be silent!" he said.

"I will not be deterred," Winstead cried. "If you do not wish to be disgraced before her you had better stop while you can. No power can hinder me!"

A long beam from the stained glass at the top of the sash fell on the Bishop's hair, irradiating it in a golden glory; like a young archangel he towered above his tormentor.

"Go," he said, "my thoughts must be with other things. Yet—if it is just — the Power that has deterred you from the beginning will deter you now. We are but instruments in the hands of God! If I am fit for His work, He will not set me aside."

"On your own head, then, be the consequences," said the other, and was gone.

The young Bishop stood a moment looking upward. A smile lit up his face, a smile of utter self-surrender and loving confidence. His God had not given him the spirit of fear.

Winstead, in the meantime, retraced his steps and gained his old place. The choir, after singing quite through the hymns, and finding that the re-

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mainder of the procession did not appear, began all over again, and were well along to the closing verses before a general craning of necks announced the coming of the consecrating bishops.

Stately, large, and slow, they swept up the aisle, while the clergy rose on all sides to receive them. The crowd in the galleries bent over the railings; people on the back seats even came down the steps between the pews, and leaned upon the shoulders of those in front. Mrs. Bellingham frowned upon them indignantly and turned away.

A little behind the rest of the procession the Bishop-elect entered, the two presenting bishops with him; Jackson watched his cousin as they came forward. Directly below the chancel steps, three chairs were placed at the head of the aisle, and in front of these the three men knelt together. Mrs. Bellingham, resting her elbow on the flat balustrade in front of her, looked down; as the young Bishop knelt, he was clearly in view. For some time she studied every line of his face with grave, attentive interest. Her head was turned a little way from Jackson; he could only catch the outline of her cheek. Suddenly her color rose, a tear brimmed over her eyelashes and rolled downward. Jackson started impatiently and she leaned back, wiping her wet cheek with her handkerchief.

"Real tears!" whispered Jackson, incredulously.

"He is so miserably changed!" she answered.

"And how does that concern you?" said Jackson.

"It concerns me very deeply," said Mrs. Bellingham.

"What do you wish me to understand?" whispered Jackson, slowly. "Or is this merely an enigmatical pose?"

"I do not wish to be amused—now," said Mrs. Bellingham.

"If you want something serious, then, look at your Secretary. Under any other circumstances I should say he meant mischief."

Mrs. Bellingham turned her eyes thoughtfully in the direction of the chancel. Winstead was sitting rigidly still, staring in front of him, a hand grasping a sheaf of papers on either knee. "He does mean mischief," she said.

"Fortunately he must wait some time before he can get at it," whispered Jackson.

Mrs. Bellingham shook her head doubtfully. "You do not know him. No one can predict what he may do," she said. "Hush!"

The service had begun and the people, from sheer force of habit, knelt to pray, but the thoughts of all were centred upon the slender figure between the two bishops below the chancel. They wondered of what he was thinking; whether he was nervous; if he might not be regretting the glory of certain fame which a Bishop's duties would inevitably quench. A few believed that he was dazzled by the honor of the episcopate, guided by an overweening desire for authority; others whispered that unmistakable symptoms had warned him of the early decay of his mental powers, and congratulated him on the craft that inspired him to accept a position in which his decadence would not be conspicuous.

Only Mrs. Bellingham, with her hands clasped upon the railing of the gallery, looked down upon the bowed head below her, and knew. "He is thinking of God," she told herself. "Not of Winstead, nor of honors, nor of disgrace; he is not even thinking of——" She made a little rueful face, but to her own heart she did not finish the sentence. "We are all nothing to him; he has outlived—everything! I saw it when he first came in." She covered her eyes, and forgot to follow the service, until Jackson touched her arm, and she rose hurriedly.

With a sudden thunder of voices the whole body of men in the nave began to repeat their creed: a plain confession of faith, a simple line of division; and yet, so saturated with feeling, so permeated with the storm and stress that went to its making, that, unconsciously, men to this day roll it forth defiantly, with an aggressive menace that out of the demarcation creates a curse.

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Mrs. Bellingham grew a little pale, and forgot to bow her head, while Jackson from over her shoulder scanned the clergy curiously. "It never came over me before that they really believed all that," he muttered, but his companion by a quick movement silenced him.

A few prayers and a short hymn were all that preceded the sermon. Old Bishop Dennison slowly mounted to the pulpit and, in that clear musical voice which seems to be a part of the Apostolic succession, began to speak. The whole congregation stirred a moment in their places, and then, for the most part, settled themselves to other things. Miss Fanshawe finished her notes for the evening paper — Mrs. Bellingham had been invaluable to her. Mrs. Pennyngton nervously planned a fresh combination of colors and a new arrangement of curtains over her whole house. She had of late been haunted by a troublesome idea which during the sermon she had hoped to develop into a plot, but the curtains and the colors took demoniacal possession of her imagination and led her away captive, repining. The poet fixed his eyes on space and entered Nirvana.

The speaker himself, delivering one sonorous, well-prepared period after another, found that, as time went on, his mind began to wander. Pictures of the night before started up between him and the manuscript; the crowds of the morning strayed in among his sentences; the roll of the city still in his ears deadened the sound of his own voice, and the apathy of the faces before him blotted out his interest in his subject. But his thoughts, running on in disjointed soliloquy, gained in clearness as his reading became more and more mechanical.

"Look at this clergy!" he commented, savagely, to himself; "wooden, wooden, wooden, sitting in judgment. There are thinkers among them, scholars, men of might, men of heart, all of them wearing that expressionless neutrality of countenance that the servants of the Church reserve for the hearing of their brethren. They are not here to sympathize, or to learn, or to receive counsel, they are come to—but," remorsefully, "what is this interminable sermon I am preaching but wooden also? They are no more weary of it than I am myself. Fortunately, it is nearly done.—That strange, beautiful—yes, *good* woman, why is she here?—My poor young brother! How often in our paths through life do our renunciations start up, endowed afresh with agony! And yet, who dares pity him? He hears and sees to-day as from a Mount of Transfiguration: the sorrows of earth cannot touch him; his thoughts commune with better things, in other worlds than ours. Surely he is the chosen of God! Even in that dark time when he slipped and stumbled, the light of God's consecration still shone from him, the hand of God still upheld him. And how unflinchingly he has taken up his burden and carried it. Never a thought in palliation; not one cowardly impulse of concealment; no single maudlin surrender to self-reproach!—*I have lost my place!*"

He turned to his manuscript and for awhile gave it his undivided attention, unconsciously raising his voice.

"This building would ruin a throat of brass," his mind went on, perversely, "and yet why should I make such an effort to be heard, when none are listening? What a gathering! Representatively, these people are the best of the land; wealth, position, scholarship, fashion, family, beauty—all serene and tranquil, while outside of their lives, whirls that howling pandemonium of hideous misery and homelessness. They know it, they look down at it every day, as from an Olympus—Oh, my God, why hast Thou denied me one moment of strength, one burst of inspiration, to make them see it and feel it, until it enters into their souls with the keen, fresh pang of absolute novelty?

"What empty words I pour out to them! In this horrible time should men gather together to hear intricate quibbles for the authenticity of this or the genuineness of that, and ingenious reconciliations of the irreconcilable? Will these things open the people's eyes to the crisis that confronts them?

"Oh, my brother, my brother! Single-handed he goes up to perish against

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this serried phalanx of indifference! He will strive; he will agonize and entreat, but because it is he, they will not heed! They would listen to a man's very heart's blood, falling a drop at a time, and, because of his office, they would call it perfunctory!

"When will this people be gathered together again? Not until he lies stretched in this chancel before them, and they see in death the majesty that in life they could not understand! My God, my God, I am old and feeble! Lift from my shoulders the intolerable burden of this lost opportunity! Let me speak with power to this blind, deaf, heartless generation of the Comfortable! Let me turn them to the aid of their brother!

"IN THE GREED OF RICHES, THE VANITY OF LEISURE, THE UNCHARITABLENESS OF GOODNESS, AND THE ALOOFNESS OF LEARNING; IN THE NARROWNESS OF ECCLESIASTICISM, THE OBSTINACY OF AGE, THE INTOLERANCE OF YOUTH, AND THE BLINDNESS OF INEXPERIENCE, YOU STAND ASIDE AS IF THE FATE OF YOUR BRETHREN CONCERNED YOU NOT!"

It was as though the wind had blown through a grove of poplars. The whole congregation rustled and a thousand white faces turned all at once in a flash of intelligence toward the pulpit, for the old Bishop was speaking his hidden thought aloud!

"All the great dark world around you cries out to you for help. Men and women starve at your gates, they plead beneath your windows, and dragging themselves up your stairways, they knock with fleshless hands upon the very panels of your doors. Desolate, oppressed, trodden down, ground into the mire; even through these mighty walls their cry rings in to you; far up in the dim shadows of these arches broods the mist of their tears. You see it, and you close your eyes; you hear it, and you place your hands upon your ears.

"All of you, all of you! Saint and sinner alike, you steel your hearts to the unspeakable suffering of the world about you; cruel beyond all cruelty recorded in the slow torture to which you leave the miserable; hard beyond all savage hardness in the years upon years during which you have stood, like adamant, for your own, absolutely untouched to any active issue. You talk; you may think you act; but, save a devoted few, you none of you act.

"Carried onward by the impetus of your own selfishness, you all roll forward, hardening your hearts. I with the rest, an old man. I, too, have lain down softly when my brother shivered in the icy air; have eaten daintily when my brother became a very brute for hunger; have turned the light God gave me to the pleasant illumination of my own soul, when the lamp of my brother, starving for oil, guiding falsely, made his path among the pitfalls more fatal than the darkness itself.

"And in this mad race to destruction are there none to reach out by the way? None to cry a halt?

"Scholars, men of learning! How will you help our brother? In the calm of retirement, when do you give these things a thought? To what do you turn your efforts? Where is your land? The love of country, the love of man, the love of God, seem *dead* within you! Thousands of souls are intrusted to you. Into your hands is given the formation of our future. Who among you remembers it? The task laid upon your shoulders surpasses all other tasks. How do you perform it?

"You train up scholars and gentlemen, but where are our statesmen? Where are the youth that out of leisure and knowledge turn to their country as their most sacred charge? The young men whom you send into life learn first of all that their hands should be clean; they cannot heal the nation's sores lest they sicken at the corruption of the nation's wounds! They cannot espouse the nation's cause lest the mud that the nation's spoilers cast up against them cling to their garments.

"Young men, strong men, come to us and help us! You I arraign not, on you I cast no reproach. Steel your nerves, keep clean your hearts, and forget your garments. Counselled by folly and shallow ignorance, gathering to themselves every element of wrong, offering opportunity to vice, and confounding justice with spoliation, great

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hordes of our fellow-creatures surge, in the blind wrath of pain, up against the bulwarks of order and honesty. Who shall turn them from a menace to a defence? Never in the whole history of the world was there such need of a man!—a man of action and of thought, a man of power and of sympathy, who could yet for this cause lay aside the rewards that thought and power bring in their train; for there are better things than calm, nobler things than knowledge. In the fierce pleasure of the strife for right, in the absolute self-forgetfulness of the struggle against wrong, in profound study of the problems that confront us, and in unceasing consideration of the welfare of others, that man would gain surpassing wisdom, knowledge deep as beneficial, and the calm of the strong in Spirit who wait on God.

"But you, oh, you whose unjust gains lengthen out slavery to the free; you who are strong in the power of wealth, fixed firm in your places; you who with stony eyes ride forward to destruction, dragging us all captive, the statesman in your company, the scholar in your train, the patriot beneath your wheels—to you I turn with warning and with threat. *How will you help our brother?* You set us this pace! At the doors of your conscience lie the blackest atrocities of this atrocious age; the grinding of the poor, the multiplication of useless exactions, the ostentations of meaningless expenditure, the building up of colossal abuses, the oblivion to human suffering, the deafness to human cries! All of you in comfort, all of you in power, and a howl of desperation, a shriek of despair filling the very portals of your ears! The victims of your rapacity go about the streets daily in grinding toil or slowly cankering inaction. Holding the fate of men in your hands, you deal out starvation or slavery as your grasping interests dictate; in your colossal self-seeking you would drag a universe to destruction! And you will not be warned. When my brother calls you will stand aside, a priesthood of Mammon, you and your women and your children, until the fire of the Lord ascends from the riven earth to destroy you!

"And you, also, oh women who sit at ease! Our hope and our destruction, what can I say to move you? Will you nurse the sick in emulation, visit the poor in ostentation, and in the name of charity make heartless pilgrimages to look on the suffering and degradation of earth's prostrate children? Will you attain learning and throw away wisdom? Strive for material equality where God has given you spiritual precedence; and make of yourselves slaves to convention, where in simplicity you might rule?

"Woe unto you! Steeped in useless luxury, scattering temptation, covetousness, and infamy from your very garments, setting up a standard for the tiring of your bodies higher than the ideal you strive for in the adornment of your souls, while the evil you have wrought in the hearts of your sisters cries unto heaven!

"You hold us all in your hands. For your sakes we heap up riches; for your sakes we strive for fame; for your sakes we forget our country, our duties, and our God! The children are yours; the men are yours: all, all of us are as you make us, great or small, and you turn to the mirror of your own self-consciousness and—forget us!

"Oh you, at once the most spiritual and most material of God's created beings, how you could raise up the whole wide world! How you do debase!"

The old man's voice faltered; he stopped a moment and looked as if bewildered; tears were running down his face; he dashed them aside, his gaze fixed on all the assembled crowd of white-robed clergy in the nave. Stretching his hands out over them half in supplication, half in blessing:

"Brethren," he said, "peace be unto you! When I look down upon all this concourse the walls of the church seem to fall away; I see wide plains and fertile valleys and far hilly countries with hundreds of villages nestling among the trees. The spires of the churches gleam softly, the smoke from quiet homes rises gently, and the still glory of the autumn lies over it all like a benediction from God.

"Even when my eyes turn to crowded

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towns, thundering city streets, atmospheres dimmed with dust and choked with murk, in your hearts I see peace, in your homes quiet and love. For with you there need be no ignoble strife for favor, or struggle for success. And yet, set aside from the spur of ordinary human emulation, how many of you forget to strive? Hemmed in by unsympathetic souls, held down by uncomprehending minds, how many of you still ungrudgingly give your best, and try in humility to make high things clear for those whose limitations hold them low?

"There are old men in your midst, men who through long authority rule by instinct: how will they help our brother?

"Oh, friends, dear and valued companions of a life-long work, look to your hardened wills!

"If time has narrowed the range of your judgment, and bitter experience taught you distrust, pray that God will grant you clearer insight and fill you with a broader courage; for in the shell that routine has formed about you, you cannot help us! Set not your faces over against the young world; remember your own errors and be merciful, remember your own successes and have faith.

"But the old are few, while the young are many.

"Oh, hot young blood! vowed to lives of self-restraint; rash young hearts! pledged to obscurity; what have you undertaken? To you will our brother turn for sympathy, from you must come his chief support. How will you give it? In contention or in peace? In grudging misconception or in generous alliance? Strong in your early manhood, strong in your numbers, strong in your unity, will you array yourselves against him and, with the sullen instinct of opposition, leave him as you have so often left God's servants, to work out his task alone?

"Young men, young men! how little you know of the loneliness of authority, the impotence of power. How often, in the mere pride of rebellion, have you left us helpless when we turned to you for aid! How many times refused us when the fire of your enthusiasm would breathe new life into the plans our wisdom leaves coldly inadequate! Oh, intolerant youth! narrow, unyielding, and blind. Merciless in judgment, pitiless to condemn, you know not how you wound. I, an old man, grown gray in authority, stand here pleading for you against yourselves — pleading for my brother's work, for the love you could give him, the fealty you could pledge him; for the strong arms with which you might uphold him and the stout hearts with which you could defend!

"But nay; why should I plead?

"In the name of God I command you! Stand firm by your leader. These are no times for dissensions in the household of our Master, and when my brother in his greater wisdom cannot yield, then, *yield you!*"

The old Bishop thundered out the last sentence, the echoes of his voice died away, and the church was silent. He paused a moment; then, resting his elbow on the cushion in front of him, he leaned forward.

"Brother beloved!" he said, softly, "what shall I say to you?"

As if moved by some inward impulse the young Bishop rose to his full height; there was a flutter over all the church, and people began to rise in the galleries; but as the old man's voice proceeded they seated themselves, loath to miss a word.

"Brother beloved!"—there was infinite pity and sweetness in the tone—"*the way is hard!* Out of fifty years of service and of toil I cry to you. Many a day will pass wherein you shall see no answer to your effort, no reward for your pain; you will pour out love without return, life itself without recognition. Brother, are you ready for this?

"Are you ready to be patient under misunderstanding, silent under detraction; self restrained when justly incensed, yielding when thwarted, generous when wronged? Can you be wise in dilemma, calm in confusion, and a rock in time of storm?

"Brother, when God calls you to the rescue of his down-trodden children, are you ready to smite without mercy, to cry out without fear, to denounce without flinching, to expose without ruth? Will you fall like a lion on the enemies

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of justice, scatter them, scatter them like chaff before the wind? God's man of war! Strong in battle, undismayed when vanquished, mightiest in defeat!

"Brother, brother! Our hope, our watchword. *God's Future!* We who have striven and failed turn to you for strength! *Fail us not! Fail us not!*"

The old man's voice sank to a whisper, and in all the great church there was utter silence. Then he lifted his hands, white, thin, shaking, and, with a rustle like the oncoming of a tempest, the people rose while he tremulously said the invocation.

After the last word he stood for a moment, looking dazed and troubled. Winstead, starting up from his seat, hastily crossed the chancel and offered his arm as a support down the narrow pulpit stairs. Disregarding it, the old man put his hand on the priest's shoulder. "God will bless you, Winstead," he murmured, "for if you had not conquered the black revenge in your heart you would not be here!"

Winstead opened his mouth and turned his head with a startled gesture of denial, but the loving pressure of the hand on his shoulder silenced him, and the next instant the Bishop had left him and was walking unsteadily to his place. For a moment after seating himself the old man felt vainly about with the gesture of one who misses something that he cannot recall; it was the forgotten manuscript of his sermon.

Speaking from the episcopal chair, the Presiding Bishop began the Order of Consecration. There was a new stir among the people as the three men at the head of the aisle rose and came forward to the steps of the chancel. The young Bishop was very pale, but absolutely calm and untroubled. Winstead, at the foot of the column, in profound abstraction was again shifting his papers. Those in his left hand he had laid upon his knee; those in his right he was rolling in a tight package as if he intended to put them aside; for one moment the steadfast gaze of the Bishop-elect met and caught the flickering obstinacy of his. A dark red flush mounted to Winstead's forehead; his eyes turned to the ground as if he dared not look lest his resolution falter.

The young Bishop drew in a long breath, and unconsciously squared his shoulders.

"The Secretary does mean mischief!" said Jackson, leaning forward to his cousin again and speaking with a quiver of excitement in his voice.

Mrs. Bellingham's hands were clasped in her lap, her breath was coming shortly in little dry gasps, almost audible.

"The other knows it is coming and is not afraid," whispered Jackson. "Look at him! By George, he's magnificent!"

"Oh," breathed Mrs. Bellingham, helplessly, "this is miserable!"

The voice of the Presiding Bishop ceased. A long pause followed. In the gallery over the chancel Mrs. Bellingham rose slowly to her feet. So many people were already standing in the aisles near at hand that her motion was scarcely conspicuous, yet Jackson whispered to her angrily to sit down.

"Stand up behind me," she returned, "I may need you."

"Good God!" breathed the scandalized Jackson, and his knees smote together, "I do believe she means to interfere!"

In the chancel all eyes were turned on Winstead, who sat immovable, still looking at the ground. Under cover of an ample sleeve the man next him twitched his gown. "What are you waiting for?" he whispered, impatiently. Winstead turned on him with uncomprehending eyes, and then, finding himself the focus of universal observation, rose hurriedly. The papers in his lap scattered far and wide; but he did not even see them. With the step and manner of a man aroused from the most intense preoccupation he moved to the front of the chancel railing. Unwinding the papers he held in his hand—

"*In behalf of the Diocese of Macedonia*—" he began, in a loud, clear voice, and then stopped short.

Mrs. Bellingham leaned suddenly forward and bent far over the edge of the gallery, her hands resting on the balustrade. The face of the young Bish-

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op remained unchanged. Miss Fanshawe opposite, standing on the seat in order to see, made a note for the evening paper on the indecorous behavior of fashionable people in church.

"He meant to read the other papers," whispered Jackson, excitedly. "He has got hold of the right ones in spite of himself!"

In another instant it was all over; regaining his self-control as quickly as he had lost it, Winstead read to the end the formal credentials from the diocese and returned to his seat.

"I don't wonder at your bungling things," said the clergyman next him, handing him the papers he had just finished gathering from the floor. "A man who brings the greater part of his private correspondence into church deserves to make a mess of it."

Winstead took the papers from him. "We are but instruments in the hands of God," he said, softly.

"It seems to me you've all lost your wits," said the other. "What has come over the new Bishop?" But Winstead neither looked nor made answer; covering his face with his hands he leaned his elbow on his knee and prayed, while the young Bishop, with bowed head and trembling lips, burdened with an unutterable weight of humiliation, took upon himself the vows of his office.

"*To withstand and convince gainsayers*"—"*to drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines*"—"*to deny all ungodliness and worldly lusts*"—"*to show, in all things, an example of good works unto others, that the adversary may be ashamed*"—"*to maintain quietness, love, and peace.*

"A simple little contract," whispered Jackson to Mrs. Bellingham, "and easy to carry out." But Mrs. Bellingham, conscious only of an overwhelming sense of relief, had fallen back in her seat with closed eyes; she did not heed, did not even hear.

With quaint antiphony the stately old bishops gathered about the man kneeling in their midst, praying and solemnly laying their hands upon his head.

"In ten minutes it will all be over," whispered Jackson, flippantly.

Mrs. Bellingham opened her eyes, drew a short, sudden breath, and for an instant caught her lower lip sharply in her teeth; then she sank slowly to her knees, her hands clasped in front of her, her thoughts afar. Jackson wondered what she was thinking of.

But she was not thinking. She was saying: "Good-by! ah, good-by!"

Hitherto, from him, she had been shut out; henceforth, for him, she should not exist.

"Good-by! ah, good-by!" She claimed nothing; in her inmost soul there was not so much as the echo of his name, only—"Good-by! ah, good-by!"

"Come," said Jackson, as the choir began a triumphant recessional hymn. "Come; let us get out before the crowd."

Mrs. Bellingham rose. Already the service had reached far into the afternoon. Streaming through the western windows, lighting up long beams of motes all the way down the nave, the sunlight fell in streaks of dim, rich color. All the clergy were on their feet, and the procession of bishops was moving out between them. Prelate and priest, all singing, they advanced toward the great entrance of the cathedral, while the heavy throbs of the organ beat on the air; the procession passed under the choir-loft and a darker shade fell on the towering fair head of the young Bishop walking in front of the rest; then the wide doors opened and a great wash of white light faded the darkly brilliant interior. The Bishop's tall form stood out a moment, black, against the glare, a line of sunshine gilding the edge of his satin robe and coloring his full white sleeve with blue—a step downward—he was gone!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

It seems odd that almost only in the sphere of literature—which Carlyle defined as the "Thought of Thinking Souls"—should the capacity for doing something involve the obligation to do it. Many persons are conscious of powers which they do not in the least think it incumbent upon them to illustrate. A man who can dance well, for example, does not seek opportunities for displaying his accomplishment; neither does a person with a gift for languages think it necessary to engage in lexicography, nor a good horseman to exhibit his skill in equestrianism. Instances might be multiplied indefinitely—up to the point where literature is reached. There, a different feeling is universal. As soon as the question is whether or no to write if you can write, everyone's attention appears conscientiously concentrated upon the enormity of burying one's talent in a napkin. "You could do this or that and do it so well," say one's friends, "why do you not show people that you can? You know perfectly well that what you were telling me the other day would make an excellent short story, that the thought, the epigram, the situation you only yesterday communicated to us might easily be 'worked up' into something 'worth printing'—why do you not do it?" The obligation is taken for granted. Undoubtedly a large number of potential authors are only restrained from committing authorship by the thought that what they could so easily write would wound some sensibilities connected with the material they would otherwise be delighted to manipulate; and we owe the blessing that we have no more books than we have to the sense of delicacy and self-control on the part of persons who if grosser-minded would unquestionably add to the present stock.

And yet it can hardly be disputed that there is almost no other department of intellectual effort to which purely voluntary contributions are less necessary or valuable. Instead of regretting that someone whom we know to be possessed of an unusual literary gift does not exercise it, it seems to me that we should call the watch together and be thankful that we are rid of what at best in nine cases out of ten could only illustrate our friend's capacity, without doing very much good to the accumulated "Thought of Thinking Souls." There have been a great many books written upon a great many subjects since the Preacher complained that there was no end of the making of them, and the multiplication of them considered as an end in itself—that is, the production of more books as books—is surely an absurdity.

The true makers of literature have never felt this obligation of making books because they could. They have never had this ideal. "We are not martyrs nor apostles, my dear Barnet," says Thackeray, "but poor tradesmen working for bread." That is the true feeling, I think. One trade may be better than another, but at least let it be a trade. Let the amateur, however splendidly gifted, keep out of it and not fancy it in any need of his participation. Let not a man who can do a particularly good piece of literary work fancy there is any need at all for him to do it. It will certainly enough be done without the need of effort on his part to conquer his indolence. He may be "mute" and "inglorious," but literature has received more harm than good, incontestably, from

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persons who mistrusted themselves Miltons in embryo. Moreover, it is to be pointed out that the inducement of potential writers to formulate in writing the thoughts stirring within them and demanding utterance is their own advantage and not that of literature. The illustration of their capacity is not commended to them on the ground of the resultant good to any but themselves. And this circumstance makes it pertinent to cite in their interest the recent remark of a sensible French writer: C'est sur les esprits faibles et les caractères paresseux que la manie d'écrire sevit particulièrement." "It is feeble minds and indolent characters that the mania of writing particularly attacks."

I see that Mr. Zangwill regrets that Tennyson "should have throughout his life pandered to the popular conception of a poet," and says "there was something of a robuster quality in Browning, who managed to be a seer and a mystic in despite of afternoon teas." There is certainly justice in the second part of this remark, and the "robuster quality" in Browning is not limited to his conduct of life; but as to the regret about Tennyson Mr. Zangwill will probably be put on his defence.

A year or two ago a writer in the Point of View took the ground (under the title "A Poet and not Ashamed") that precisely what Mr. Zangwill means to condemn was one of Tennyson's strengths; and to my mind he made an excellent case. Tennyson, "having demonstrated that he was a poet . . . took his work seriously, and himself seriously as the man to whom it was appointed to do the work. . . . That a poet should be picturesque and poetical seemed no more a thing to smile at than kingliness in a king. . . . He did not pose, but simply behaved as he felt."

I thought then, and still think on reading them over, that this whole matter of the self-consciousness of men of genius and its exhibition was very well dealt with in these sentences. (They have been included since in Mr. Edward S. Martin's "Windfalls of Observation," like many other good sayings first contributed by him anonymously to these columns.) Has a man proved beyond question that what we call "genius" is his? Does he believe in his work with absolute seriousness? Is he acting as he feels? If these three questions can be answered in the affirmative, and our genius wants to do nothing to the obvious hurt of society at large, let us stop cavilling; and in whose case are they more likely to be truly so answered than in Tennyson's? Yet it is curious to see how many men his manner of taking himself had power to irritate, and how many insist on calling it by a wrong name.

The irritating quality is not insincerity, but absence of a sense of humor—than which nothing is harder for a true modern to forgive. No one disputes that the highest of them all have nearly always had that sense in plenty — from Shakespeare and Rabelais and Cervantes to Thackeray and Mr. Zangwill's own citation, Browning; but "regret" as you will, gentlemen, you cannot always have a sense of humor furnished with your geniuses; and *sine qua non* as we have come to think it at a time when the world seems too complicated and too generally cynical to face without it, it is no doubt just as well that some of them should not have it, after all. It is just possible that an occasional man who couples with great powers a seriousness of ideal that touches the solemn, and who has a way of seeing the fitness of things his way and not ours, may be a useful corrective even now. "Prig," a well-known English man of letters is said to have declared, "is a name Philistines call each other." If we are getting a little too much into the habit of applying the name or the idea to every man who takes himself and his functions seriously, let us keep it among the Philistines of that ilk—there are plenty of them—and there stop. If we can get our geniuses with a sense of humor, too, no doubt they will not wear unconventional costumes, or indulge in what we consider poses; but if we cannot have them so let us be thankful for one occasionally with these drawbacks.

In the landscape of the current October two comparatively new features are prominent. Neither are brand new. One has been growing more and more familiar for a whole decade until now it is everywhere.

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That is the all-conquering bicycle, which goes persistently on its gainful course, holding its adherents, and daily gaining new victims.

The bicycle's advance has been so gradual, so noiseless, and so easy that it is doubtful if American society appreciates what it is about or what are its possibilities. Starting as a toy, and continuing on a democratic basis as a means of transportation for the comparatively poor, it has worked its way steadily on and up. Sportsmen have scoffed at it; horsemen have flouted it; high dignitaries of the church have denounced it to their women adherents; solid citizens have held it to be a nuisance on the highway; timid people have deprecated its presence on the sidewalk, but it has rolled along practically unhindered, increasing in numbers, growing in popularity, until now it threatens to dispute with the horse for the patronage of fashion. It is time to take the bicycle seriously, as a thing, like the cotton-gin, the steam-engine, the telegraph, and the sewing-machine, that is to have an effect upon society.

As an annihilator of space it is the able coadjutor of the railroad. It deals with details, covering the distances which are too far to walk, and the ground which the steam-engine sweeps one past before he knows it. The ground one goes over on a bicycle he does know, hence it promises to bring back to human acquaintance the numberless nooks and corners of the civilized earth that the locomotive rushes by, and which have sunk out of ken since steam travel became universal. It is still a toy in some hands, but it is also a great vehicle, giving every performer (where the roads are good) an available door-yard at least ten miles square, and making fresh air and exercise more easily obtainable. At the same time it amuses the rider, and everybody knows how important it is that with one's air and exercise a share of amusement should be thrown in.

But the most startling tendency of the bicycle is its effect upon women. As sure as taxes, or the destruction of the peach crop, or anything that is inevitable, it is about to emancipate that suffering creation from the dominion of skirts. No woman of sense will ever discard skirts altogether. They are far too seemly and becoming for that. But woman has marked the bicycle for her own, and no woman can ride on a bicycle without discovering that skirts have their place and their uses, and that there are times and situations where they are in the way. The habit of sea-bathing has done much to break down the tyranny of women's clothes. Bicycles will do the rest. Already the divided skirt is used by women on horseback without exciting the beholder's dismay, but that is not a fashion that gives assurance of extensive growth. But that the woman who rides bicycles will wear knickerbockers is a bit of concluded destiny; that once having found them acceptable for one form of exercise she may find them convenient for divers others is very possible, and yet not appalling, since knickerbockers do not look ill. That she will dance in them, or dine in them, is not likely enough to give anyone valid grounds for anxiety, but once she has learned how, she will wear them without compunction on fit occasions where skirts too much restrain, as when she plays golf.

For the other new feature of the October landscape is golf. Golf has been threatening to cross the seas these last five years. It came unobtrusively, and this year has fairly taken root and spread itself. All the country clubs have it. Veteran tennis-players have cast aside their bats and taken up with "drivers" and "putting-irons," and, more extraordinary still, horsemen of mature convictions are found tramping around golf-links day after day and spending the solid evening hours bragging of the strokes they made, and raising futile lamentations over scores spoiled by wanton misses. One does not fully realize the fascination of golf until he has heard it talked by confirmed horsemen in times when they might be talking horse. It commends itself as a serious sport, fit to engage the well-preserved but not too boisterous energies of the middle-aged, suitable for stout men to apply to the correction of obese tendencies, and yet not too violent for the spare frames of the thin. It is neither dangerous nor costly, and yet the philosophical mind finds satisfaction in it, while the sportsman admits that it possesses the indispensable qualities of a true game. There can be little doubt that it will possess all America as tennis has. It has the best literature of any known game, which is due possibly to its Scotch

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origin, and the instruments with which it is cultivated are of so fascinating an aspect that the palm instinctively itches to clutch them and see how they work. Once seen, golf cannot be forgotten; once experienced, it will not be neglected. It has fairly got us now, and it may be trusted to keep us.

When the Scientist remarked at the club table the other evening, with a merry smile, that "the only way to be sure you know your intended wife is to marry her great-grandmother" we recognized in his epigram the sparkle of crystallized study in the field—closed to most of us—of philosophic theory and observation. Had he cared to do so, he could have cited pages of Spencer and Taine, and of profounder thinkers, to show that your wife's temper and looks and availability or otherwise for domestic partnership are due much more to her ancestry than to any causes that you can yourself perceive or analyze. If you had asked him how, as a matter of practical prudence, you are to ascertain the remote and obscure elements that determine a matter of such peculiar interest, he would probably have repeated to you in some other form the suggestion as to the clearly impossible great-grandmother.

It is obvious that these "thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls," if they do not "shake our disposition," do occupy many of us to an extent that would have amazed and shocked our predecessors of two or three generations gone. Heredity and the freaks of heredity defray the expense of chance conversation in circles where the grave study of the elusive and complex facts from which the principle is induced is neither habitual nor quite practicable. Even M. Taine might have been a little startled had there fallen under his eye the gibe I saw ascribed recently to a French woman of literary note, at the expense of a fluent rival: *Affaire d'atavisme, ma chère; son grand-père était barbier.* The generalizations, vaguely enough comprehended, of the evolutionists, must be having an influence that cannot easily be estimated.

For one thing it is pretty clear that they are not strengthening the sense of personal responsibility, but are producing in many minds a dreamy fatalism—optimistic or the reverse as temperament and digestion may determine—which can hardly fail to affect conduct. If this be not an unmixed good—what a delightful surprise if it were!—it can be accepted with resignation by those who believe that the mischief of it will be tried out in the slow furnace of experience. If the principles which we amuse ourselves with turning and twisting under the electric lights at the club table shall prove to be all that their discoverers think—as far-reaching and imperious as they imagine—duty and virtue and my accountability for myself will not be abolished. I shall find in practice, however much my *aïeux* may have influenced my tendencies or inclinations, that I shall largely suffer the consequences of my own acts. If I learn that tough lesson soon enough, the long backward receding line will not wholly prevent me from deciding what those acts shall be.

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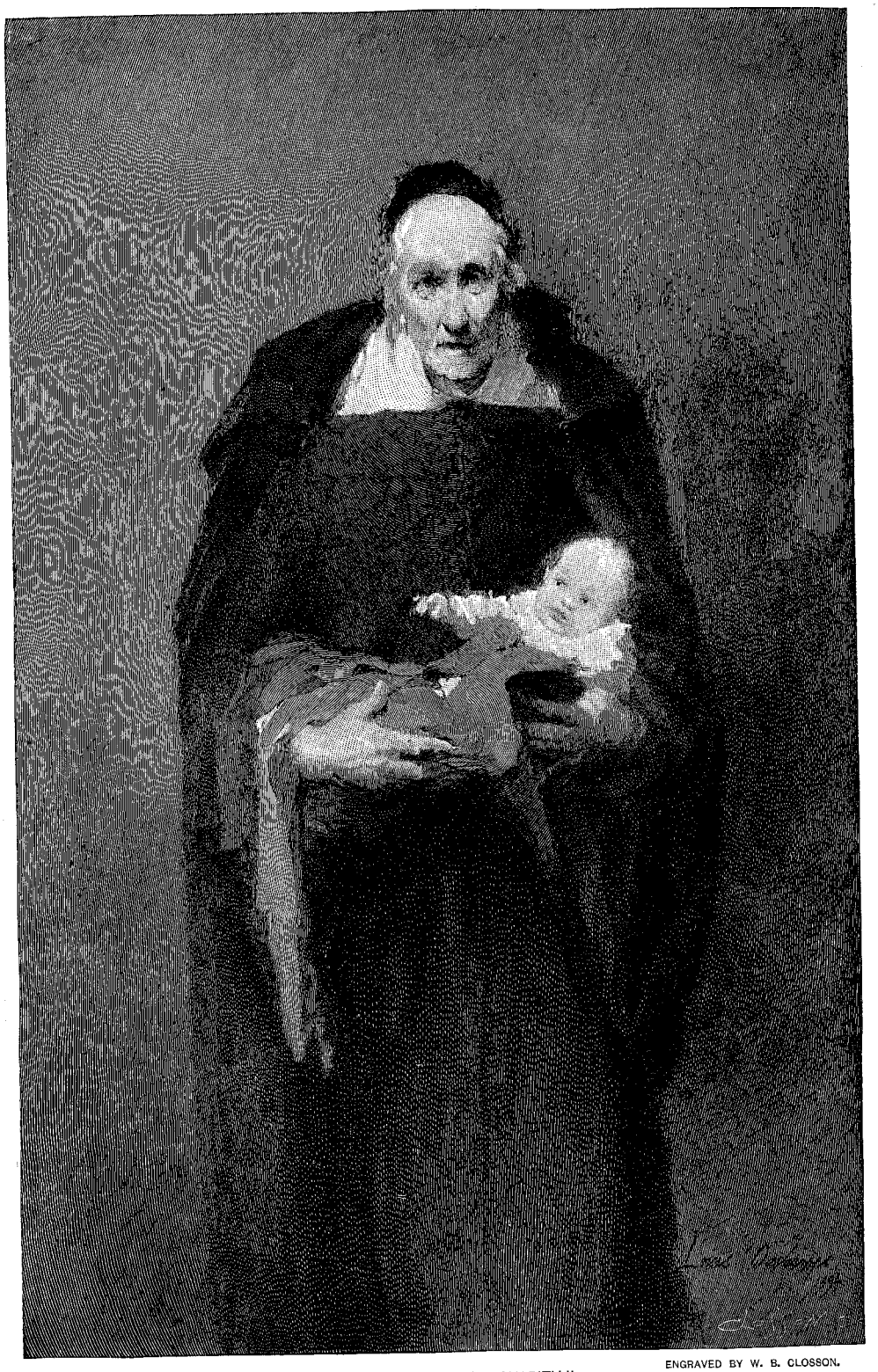

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LOUIS DESCHAMPS' "CHARITY."

[Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting. See p. 562.]

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